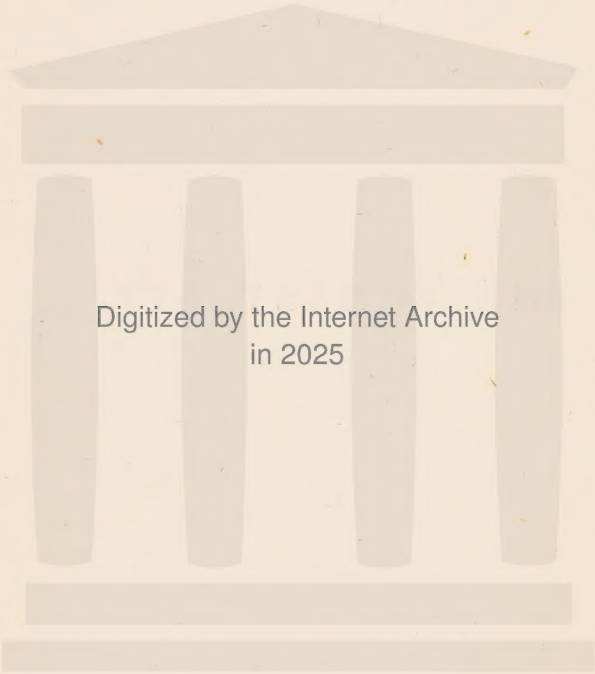
THE ROMANY RYE.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THE

ROMANY RYE;

A SEQUEL TO "LAVENGRO."

BY GEORGE BORROW,

AUTHOR OF
"THE BIBLE IN SPAIN," "THE GYPSIES OF SPAIN," ETC.

"Fear God, and take your own part."

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

Page

The Morning after a Fall.—The Teapot.—Unpretending Hospitality.—The Chinese Student 1

CHAPTER II.

Convalescence.—The Surgeon's Bill.—Letter of Recommendation.—Commencement of the Old Man's History . 13

CHAPTER III.

The Old Man's Story continued.—Misery in the Head.—The Strange Marks.—Tea-dealer from London.—Difficulties of the Chinese Language 34

CHAPTER IV.

The Leave-taking.—Spirit of the Hearth.—What's o'Clock? 50

CHAPTER V.

Arrival at Horncastle.—The Inn and Ostlers.—The Garret.—Figure of a Man with a Candle 54

CHAPTER VI.

Horncastle Fair 61

CHAPTER VII.

High Dutch 76

CHAPTER VIII.

Page
The Hungarian 81

CHAPTER IX.

The Horncastle Welcome.—Tzernebock and Bielebock . 111

CHAPTER X.

The Jockey's Tale.—Thieves' Latin.—Liberties with Coin.—The Smasher in Prison.—Old Fulcher.—Every one has his Gift.—Fashion of the English 122

CHAPTER XI.

A Short-tempered Person.—Gravitation.—The Best Endowment.—Mary Fulcher.—Fair Dealing.—Horse-witchery.—Darius and his Groom.—The Jockey's Tricks.—The two Characters.—The Jockey's Song 152

CHAPTER XII.

The Church 185

CHAPTER XIII.

An old Acquaintance 191

CHAPTER XIV.

Murtagh's Tale 206

CHAPTER XV.

Murtagh's Story continued.—The Priest, Exorcist, and Thimble-engro.—How to check a Rebellion . . . 220

CHAPTER XVI.

Departure from Horncastle.—Recruiting Sergeant.—Kauloes and Lolloes. 242

APPENDIX.

CHAPTER I.

Page

A Word for Lavengro 245

CHAPTER II.

On Priestcraft 259

CHAPTER III.

On Foreign Nonsense 271

CHAPTER IV.

On Gentility Nonsense.—Illustrations of Gentility . . 276

CHAPTER V.

Subject of Gentility continued 281

CHAPTER VI.

On Scotch Gentility-Nonsense.—Charlie o'er the Waterism 300

CHAPTER VII

Same subject continued 312

CHAPTER VIII.

On Canting Nonsense 321

CHAPTER IX.

Pseudo-Critics 334

CHAPTER X.

Pseudo-Radicals 348

CHAPTER XI.

The Old Radical 359

THE ROMANY RYE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MORNING AFTER A FALL.—THE TEAPOT.—UNPRETENDING HOSPITALITY.—THE CHINESE STUDENT.

It might be about eight o'clock in the morning when I was awakened by the entrance of the old man. "How have you rested?" said he, coming up to the bedside, and looking me in the face. "Well," said I, "and I feel much better, but I am still very sore." I surveyed him now for the first time with attention. He was dressed in a sober-coloured suit, and was apparently between sixty and seventy. In stature he was rather above the middle height, but with a slight stoop, his features were placid, and expressive of much benevolence, but, as it appeared to me, with rather a melancholy cast—as I gazed upon them, I felt ashamed that I should ever have conceived in my brain a vision like

that of the preceding night, in which he appeared in so disadvantageous a light. At length he said, "It is now time for you to take some refreshment. I hear my old servant coming up with your breakfast." In a moment the elderly female entered with a tray, on which was some bread and butter, a teapot and cup. The cup was of common blue earthenware, but the pot was of china, curiously fashioned, and seemingly of great antiquity. The old man poured me out a cupful of tea, and then, with the assistance of the woman, raised me higher, and propped me up with pillows. I ate and drank; when the pot was emptied of its liquid (it did not contain much), I raised it up with my left hand to inspect it. The sides were covered with curious characters, seemingly hieroglyphics. After surveying them for some time, I replaced it upon the tray. "You seem fond of china," said I, to the old man, after the servant had retired with the breakfast things, and I had returned to my former posture; "you have china on the mantelpiece, and that was a remarkable teapot out of which I have just been drinking."

The old man fixed his eyes intently on me, and methought the expression of his countenance

became yet more melancholy. "Yes," said he, at last, "I am fond of china—I have reason to be fond of china—but for china I should . . . ." and here he sighed again.

"You value it for the quaintness and singularity of its form," said I; "it appears to be less adapted for real use than our own pottery."

"I care little about its form," said the old man; "I care for it simply on account of . . . however, why talk to you on a subject which can have no possible interest for you. I expect the surgeon here presently."

"I do not like that surgeon at all," said I; "how strangely he behaved last night, coming back, when I was just falling asleep, to ask me if I would sell my horse."

The old man smiled. "He has but one failing," said he, "an itch for horse-dealing; but for that he might be a much richer man than he is; he is continually buying and exchanging horses, and generally finds himself a loser by his bargains: but he is a worthy creature, and skilful in his profession—it is well for you that you are under his care."

The old man then left me, and in about an hour returned with the surgeon, who examined me and reported favourably as to my case. He

spoke to me with kindness and feeling, and did not introduce the subject of the horse. I asked him whether he thought I should be in time for the fair. "I saw some people making their way thither to-day," said he; "the fair lasts three weeks, and it has just commenced. Yes, I think I may promise you that you will be in time for the very heat of it. In a few days you will be able to mount your saddle with your arm in a sling, but you must by no means appear with your arm in a sling at Horncastle, as people would think that your horse had flung you, and that you wanted to dispose of him because he was a vicious brute. You must, by all means, drop the sling before you get to Horncastle."

For three days I kept my apartment by the advice of the surgeon. I passed my time as I best could. Stretched on my bed, I either abandoned myself to reflection, or listened to the voices of the birds in the neighbouring garden. Sometimes, as I lay awake at night, I would endeavour to catch the tick of a clock, which methought sounded from some distant part of the house.

The old man visited me twice or thrice every day to inquire into my state. His words were few on these occasions, and he did not stay long.

Yet his voice and his words were kind. What surprised me most in connection with this individual was, the delicacy of conduct which he exhibited in not letting a word proceed from his lips which could testify curiosity respecting who I was, or whence I came. All he knew of me was, that I had been flung from my horse on my way to a fair for the purpose of disposing of the animal; and that I was now his guest. I might be a common horse-dealer for what he knew, yet I was treated by him with all the attention which I could have expected, had I been an alderman of Boston's heir, and known to him as such. The county in which I am now, thought I at last, must be either extraordinarily devoted to hospitality, or this old host of mine must be an extraordinary individual. On the evening of the fourth day, feeling tired of my confinement, I put my clothes on in the best manner I could, and left the chamber. Descending a flight of stairs, I reached a kind of quadrangle, from which branched two or three passages; one of these I entered, which had a door at the farther end, and one on each side; the one to the left standing partly open, I entered it, and found myself in a middle-sized room with a large window, or rather glass-door, which

looked into a garden, and which stood open. There was nothing remarkable in this room, except a large quantity of china. There was china on the mantelpiece—china on two tables, and a small beaufet, which stood opposite the glass-door, was covered with china—there were cups, teapots, and vases of various forms, and on all of them I observed characters—not a tea-pot, not a tea-cup, not a vase of whatever form or size, but appeared to possess hieroglyphics on some part or other. After surveying these articles for some time with no little interest, I passed into the garden, in which there were small parterres of flowers, and two or three trees, and which, where the house did not abut, was bounded by a wall ; turning to the right by a walk by the side of the house, I passed by a door—probably the one I had seen at the end of the passage—and arrived at another window similar to that through which I had come, and which also stood open ; I was about to pass by it, when I heard the voice of my entertainer exclaiming, "Is that you? pray come in."

I entered the room, which seemed to be a counterpart of the one which I had just left. It was of the same size, had the same kind of furniture, and appeared to be equally well

stocked with china; one prominent article it possessed, however, which the other room did not exhibit—namely, a clock, which, with its pendulum moving tick-a-tick, hung against the wall opposite to the door, the sight of which made me conclude that the sound which methought I had heard in the stillness of the night was not an imaginary one. There it hung on the wall, with its pendulum moving tick-a-tick. The old gentleman was seated in an easy chair a little way into the room, having the glass-door on his right hand. On a table before him lay a large open volume, in which I observed Roman letters as well as characters. A few inches beyond the book on the table, covered all over with hieroglyphics, stood a china vase. The eyes of the old man were fixed upon it.

"Sit down," said he, motioning me with his hand to a stool close by, but without taking his eyes from the vase.

"I can't make it out," said he, at last, removing his eyes from the vase, and leaning back on the chair; "I can't make it out."

"I wish I could assist you," said I.

"Assist me," said the old man, looking at me, with a half smile.

"Yes," said I, "but I don't understand Chinese."

"I suppose not," said the old man, with another slight smile; "but—but . . . ."

"Pray proceed," said I.

"I wished to ask you," said the old man, "how you knew that the characters on yon piece of crockery were Chinese; or, indeed, that there was such a language?"

"I knew the crockery was china," said I, "and naturally enough supposed what was written upon it to be Chinese; as for there being such a language—the English have a language, the French have a language, and why not the Chinese?"

"May I ask you a question?"

"As many as you like."

"Do you know any language besides English?"

"Yes," said I, "I know a little of two or three."

"May I ask their names?"

"Why not?" said I. "I know a little French."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, a little Welsh, and a little Haik."

"What is Haik?"

"Armenian."

"I am glad to see you in my house," said the old man, shaking me by the hand; "how singular that one coming as you did should know Armenian!"

"Not more singular," said I, "than that one living in such a place as this should know Chinese. How came you to acquire it?"

The old man looked at me, and sighed. "I beg pardon," said I, "for asking what is, perhaps, an impertinent question; I have not imitated your own delicacy; you have never asked me a question without first desiring permission, and here I have been days and nights in your house an intruder on your hospitality, and you have never so much as asked me who I am."

"In forbearing to do that," said the old man, "I merely obeyed the Chinese precept, 'Ask no questions of a guest;' it is written on both sides of the teapot out of which you have had your tea."

"I wish I knew Chinese," said I. "Is it a difficult language to acquire?"

"I have reason to think so," said the old man. "I have been occupied upon it five-and-thirty years, and I am still very imperfectly

acquainted with it; at least, I frequently find upon my crockery sentences the meaning of which to me is very dark, though it is true these sentences are mostly verses, which are, of course, more difficult to understand than mere prose."

"Are your Chinese studies," said I, "confined to crockery literature?"

"Entirely," said the old man; "I read nothing else."

"I have heard," said I, "that the Chinese have no letters, but that for every word they have a separate character—is it so?"

"For every word they have a particular character," said the old man; "though, to prevent confusion, they have arranged their words under two hundred and fourteen what we should call radicals, but which they call keys. As we arrange all our words in a dictionary under twenty-four letters, so do they arrange all their words, or characters, under two hundred and fourteen radical signs; the simplest radicals being the first, and the more complex the last."

"Does the Chinese resemble any of the European languages in words?" said I.

"I am scarcely competent to inform you," said the old man; "but I believe not."

"What does that character represent?" said I, pointing to one on the vase.

"A knife," said the old man; "that character is one of the simplest radicals or keys."

"And what is the sound of it?" said I.

"Tau," said the old man.

"Tau!" said I; "tau!"

"A strange word for a knife! is it not?" said the old man.

"Tawse!" said I; "tawse!"

"What is tawse?" said the old man.

"You were never at school at Edinburgh, I suppose?"

"Never," said the old man.

"That accounts for your not knowing the meaning of tawse," said I; "had you received the rudiments of a classical education at the High School, you would have known the meaning of tawse full well. It is a leathern thong, with which refractory urchins are recalled to a sense of their duty by the dominie. Tau—tawse—how singular!"

"I cannot see what the two words have in common, except a slight agreement in sound."

"You will see the connection," said I, "when I inform you that the thong, from the middle to the bottom, is cut or slit into two or three parts,

from which slits or cuts, unless I am very much mistaken, it derives its name—tawse, a thong with slits or cuts, used for chastising disorderly urchins at the High School, from the French tailler, to cut; evidently connected with the Chinese tau, a knife—how very extraordinary!"

CHAPTER II.

CONVALESCENCE.—THE SURGEON'S BILL.—LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.—COMMENCEMENT OF THE OLD MAN S HISTORY.

Two days—three days passed away—and I still remained at the house of my hospitable entertainer; my bruised limb rapidly recovering the power of performing its functions. I passed my time agreeably enough, sometimes in my chamber, communing with my own thoughts; sometimes in the stable, attending to, and not unfrequently conversing with, my horse; and at meal-time—for I seldom saw him at any other—discoursing with the old gentleman, sometimes on the Chinese vocabulary, sometimes on Chinese syntax, and once or twice on English horseflesh; though on this latter subject, notwithstanding his descent from a race of horse-traders, he did not enter with much alacrity. As a small requital for his kindness, I gave him one day, after dinner, unasked, a brief account of my history and pursuits. He listened with attention; and

when it was concluded, thanked me for the confidence which I had reposed in him. "Such conduct," said he, "deserves a return. I will tell you my own history; it is brief, but may perhaps not prove uninteresting to you—though the relation of it will give me some pain." "Pray, then, do not recite it," said I. "Yes," said the old man, "I will tell you, for I wish you to know it." He was about to begin, when he was interrupted by the arrival of the surgeon. The surgeon examined into the state of my bruised limb, and told me, what indeed I already well knew, that it was rapidly improving. "You will not even require a sling," said he, "to ride to Horncastle. When do you propose going?" he demanded. "When do you think I may venture?" I replied. "I think, if you are a tolerably good horseman, you may mount the day after to-morrow," answered the medical man. "By-the-by, are you acquainted with anybody at Horncastle?" "With no living soul," I answered. "Then you would scarcely find stable-room for your horse. But I am happy to be able to assist you. I have a friend there who keeps a small inn, and who, during the time of the fair, keeps a stall vacant for any quadruped I may bring, until he knows whether I am

coming or not. I will give you a letter to him, and he will see after the accommodation of your horse. To-morrow I will pay you a farewell visit, and bring you the letter." "Thank you," said I; "and do not forget to bring your bill." The surgeon looked at the old man, who gave him a peculiar nod. "Oh!" said he, in reply to me, "for the little service I have rendered you, I require no remuneration. You are in my friend's house, and he and I understand each other." "I never receive such favours," said I, "as you have rendered me, without remunerating them; therefore I shall expect your bill." "Oh! just as you please," said the surgeon; and shaking me by the hand more warmly than he had hitherto done, he took his leave.

On the evening of the next day, the last which I spent with my kind entertainer, I sat at tea with him in a little summer-house in his garden, partially shaded by the boughs of a large fig-tree. The surgeon had shortly before paid me his farewell visit, and had brought me the letter of introduction to his friend at Horncastle, and also his bill, which I found anything but extravagant. After we had each respectively drank the contents of two cups—and it may not be amiss here to inform the reader that though I took cream

with my tea, as I always do when I can procure that addition, the old man, like most people bred up in the country, drank his without it—he thus addressed me :—"I am, as I told you on the night of your accident, the son of a breeder of horses, a respectable and honest man. When I was about twenty he died, leaving me, his only child, a comfortable property, consisting of about two hundred acres of land and some fifteen hundred pounds in money. My mother had died about three years previously. I felt the death of my mother keenly, but that of my father less than was my duty ; indeed, truth compels me to acknowledge that I scarcely regretted his death. The cause of this want of proper filial feeling was the opposition which I had experienced from him in an affair which deeply concerned me. I had formed an attachment for a young female in the neighbourhood, who, though poor, was of highly respectable birth, her father having been a curate of the Established Church. She was, at the time of which I am speaking, an orphan, having lost both her parents, and supported herself by keeping a small school. My attachment was returned, and we had pledged our vows, but my father, who could not reconcile himself to her lack of fortune, forbade our mar-

riage in the most positive terms. He was wrong, for she was a fortune in herself—amiable and accomplished. Oh! I cannot tell you all she was"—and here the old man drew his hand across his eyes. "By the death of my father, the only obstacle to our happiness appeared to be removed. We agreed, therefore, that our marriage should take place within the course of a year; and I forthwith commenced enlarging my house and getting my affairs in order. Having been left in the easy circumstances which I have described, I determined to follow no business, but to pass my life in a strictly domestic manner, and to be very, very happy. Amongst other property derived from my father were several horses, which I disposed of in this neighbourhood, with the exception of two remarkably fine ones, which I determined to take to the next fair at Horncastle, the only place where I expected to be able to obtain what I considered to be their full value. At length the time arrived for the commencement of the fair, which was within three months of the period which my beloved and myself had fixed upon for the celebration of our nuptials. To the fair I went, a couple of trusty men following me with the horses. I soon found a purchaser for the animals, a portly, plausible person, of about

forty, dressed in a blue riding coat, brown top boots, and leather breeches. There was a strange-looking urchin with him, attired in nearly similar fashion, with a beam in one of his eyes, who called him father. The man paid me for the purchase in bank-notes—three fifty-pound notes for the two horses. As we were about to take leave of each other, he suddenly produced another fifty-pound note, inquiring whether I could change it, complaining, at the same time, of the difficulty of procuring change in the fair. As I happened to have plenty of small money in my possession, and as I felt obliged to him for having purchased my horses at what I considered to be a good price, I informed him that I should be very happy to accommodate him; so I changed him the note, and he, having taken possession of the horses, went his way, and I myself returned home.

"A month passed; during this time I paid away two of the notes which I had received at Horncastle from the dealer—one of them in my immediate neighbourhood, and the other at a town about fifteen miles distant, to which I had repaired for the purpose of purchasing some furniture. All things seemed to be going on most prosperously, and I felt quite happy, when one morning, as I was overlooking some workmen

who were employed about my house, I was accosted by a constable, who informed me that he was sent to request my immediate appearance before a neighbouring bench of magistrates. Concluding that I was merely summoned on some unimportant business connected with the neighbourhood, I felt no surprise, and forthwith departed in company with the officer. The demeanour of the man upon the way struck me as somewhat singular. I had frequently spoken to him before, and had always found him civil and respectful, but he was now reserved and sullen, and replied to two or three questions which I put to him in anything but a courteous manner. On arriving at the place where the magistrates were sitting—an inn at a small town about two miles distant—I found a more than usual number of people assembled, who appeared to be conversing with considerable eagerness. At sight of me they became silent, but crowded after me as I followed the man into the magistrates' room. There I found the tradesman to whom I had paid the note for the furniture, at the town fifteen miles off, in attendance, accompanied by an agent of the Bank of England; the former, it seems, had paid the note into a provincial bank, the proprietors of which, discovering it to be a

forgery, had forthwith written up to the Bank of England, who had sent down their agent to investigate the matter. A third individual stood beside them—the person in my own immediate neighbourhood to whom I had paid the second note; this, by some means or other, before the coming down of the agent, had found its way to the same provincial bank, and also being pronounced a forgery, it had speedily been traced to the person to whom I had paid it. It was owing to the apparition of this second note that the agent had determined, without further inquiry, to cause me to be summoned before the rural tribunal.

"In a few words the magistrates' clerk gave me to understand the state of the case. I was filled with surprise and consternation. I knew myself to be perfectly innocent of any fraudulent intention, but at the time of which I am speaking it was a matter fraught with the greatest danger to be mixed up, however innocently, with the passing of false money. The law with respect to forgery was terribly severe, and the innocent as well as the guilty occasionally suffered. Of this I was not altogether ignorant; unfortunately, however, in my transactions with the stranger, the idea of false notes being offered to me, and my being brought into trouble by

means of them, never entered my mind. Recovering myself a little, I stated that the notes in question were two of three notes which I had received at Horncastle, for a pair of horses, which it was well known I had carried thither.

"Thereupon, I produced from my pocket-book the third note, which was forthwith pronounced a forgery. I had scarcely produced the third note, when I remembered the one which I had changed for the Horncastle dealer, and with the remembrance came the almost certain conviction that it was also a forgery; I was tempted for a moment to produce it, and to explain the circumstance—would to God I had done so!—but shame at the idea of having been so wretchedly duped prevented me, and the opportunity was lost. I must confess that the agent of the bank behaved, upon the whole, in a very handsome manner; he said that as it was quite evident that I had disposed of certain horses at the fair, it was very possible that I might have received the notes in question in exchange for them, and that he was willing, as he had received a very excellent account of my general conduct, to press the matter no farther, that is, provided . . . . And here he stopped. Thereupon, one of the

three magistrates, who were present, asked me whether I chanced to have any more of these spurious notes in my possession. He had certainly a right to ask the question, but there was something peculiar in his tone—insinuating suspicion. It is certainly difficult to judge of the motives which rule a person's conduct, but I cannot help imagining that he was somewhat influenced in his behaviour on that occasion, which was anything but friendly, by my having refused to sell him the horses at a price less than that which I expected to get at the fair; be this as it may, the question filled me with embarrassment, and I bitterly repented not having at first been more explicit. Thereupon the magistrate, in the same kind of tone, demanded to see my pocket-book. I knew that to demur would be useless, and produced it, and forthwith amongst two or three small country notes, appeared the fourth which I had received from the Horncastle dealer. The agent took it up and examined it with attention. 'Well, is it a genuine note,' said the magistrate? 'I am sorry to say that it is not,' said the agent; 'it is a forgery, like the other three.' The magistrate shrugged his shoulders, as indeed did several

people in the room. 'A regular dealer in forged notes,' said a person close behind me; 'who would have thought it?'

"Seeing matters begin to look so serious, I aroused myself, and endeavoured to speak in my own behalf, giving a candid account of the manner in which I became possessed of the notes; but my explanation did not appear to meet much credit: the magistrate, to whom I have in particular alluded, asked, why I had not at once stated the fact of my having received a fourth note; and the agent, though in a very quiet tone, observed that he could not help thinking it somewhat strange that I should have changed a note of so much value for a perfect stranger, even supposing that he had purchased my horses, and had paid me their value in hard cash; and I noticed that he laid a particular emphasis on the last words. I might have observed that I was an inexperienced young man, who meaning no harm myself, suspected none in others, but I was confused, stunned, and my tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth. The men who had taken my horses to Horncastle, and for whom I had sent, as they lived close at hand, now arrived, but the evidence which they could give was anything but

conclusive in my favour; they had seen me in company with an individual at Horncastle, to whom by my orders they had delivered certain horses, but they had seen no part of the money transaction; the fellow, whether from design or not, having taken me aside into a retired place, where he had paid me the three spurious notes, and induced me to change the fourth, which throughout the affair was what bore most materially against me. How matters might have terminated I do not know, I might have been committed to prison, and I might have been . . . . Just then, when I most needed a friend, and least expected to find one, for though amongst those present there were several who were my neighbours, and who had professed friendship for me, none of them when they saw that I needed support and encouragement came forward to yield me any, but, on the contrary, appeared by their looks to enjoy my terror and confusion—just then a friend entered the room in the person of the surgeon of the neighbourhood, the father of him who has attended you; he was not on very intimate terms with me, but he had occasionally spoken to me, and had attended my father in his dying illness, and chancing to hear that I was in trouble, he now

hastened to assist me. After a short preamble, in which he apologized to the bench for interfering, he begged to be informed of the state of the case, whereupon the matter was laid before him in all its details. He was not slow in taking a fair view of it, and spoke well and eloquently in my behalf—insisting on the improbability that a person of my habits and position would be wilfully mixed up with a transaction like that of which it appeared I was suspected—adding, that as he was fully convinced of my innocence, he was ready to enter into any surety with respect to my appearance at any time to answer anything which might be laid to my charge. This last observation had particular effect, and as he was a person universally respected, both for his skill in his profession and his general demeanour, people began to think that a person in whom he took an interest could scarcely be concerned in anything criminal, and though my friend the magistrate—I call him so ironically—made two or three demurs, it was at last agreed between him and his brethren of the bench, that, for the present, I should be merely called upon to enter into my own recognizance for the sum of two hundred pounds, to appear whenever it should be deemed requisite

to enter into any farther investigation of the matter.

"So I was permitted to depart from the tribunal of petty justice without handcuffs, and uncollared by a constable; but people looked coldly and suspiciously upon me. The first thing I did was to hasten to the house of my beloved, in order to inform her of every circumstance attending the transaction. I found her, but how? A malicious female individual had hurried to her with a distorted tale, to the effect that I had been taken up as an utterer of forged notes; that an immense number had been found in my possession; that I was already committed, and that probably I should be executed. My affianced one tenderly loved me, and her constitution was delicate; fit succeeded fit; she broke a blood-vessel, and I found her deluged in blood; the surgeon had just been sent for; he came and afforded her every possible relief. I was distracted; he bade me have hope, but I observed he looked very grave.

"By the skill of the surgeon, the poor girl was saved in the first instance from the arms of death, and for a few weeks she appeared to be rapidly recovering; by degrees, however, she became melancholy; a worm preyed upon her

spirit; a slow fever took possession of her frame. I subsequently learned that the same malicious female, who had first carried to her an exaggerated account of the affair, and who was a distant relative of her own, frequently visited her, and did all in her power to excite her fears with respect to its eventual termination. Time passed on in a very wretched manner. Our friend the surgeon showing to us both every mark of kindness and attention.

"It was owing to this excellent man that my innocence was eventually established. Having been called to a town on the borders of Yorkshire to a medical consultation, he chanced to be taking a glass of wine with the landlord of the inn at which he stopped, when the waiter brought in a note to be changed, saying, 'That the Quaker gentleman, who had been for some days in the house, and was about to depart, had sent it to be changed, in order that he might pay his bill. The landlord took the note, and looked at it. 'A fifty-pound bill,' said he; 'I don't like changing bills of that amount, lest they should prove bad ones; however, as it comes from a Quaker gentleman, I suppose it is all right.' The mention of a fifty-pound note aroused the attention of my friend, and he requested to be per-

mitted to look at it ; he had scarcely seen it, when he was convinced that it was one of the same description as those which had brought me into trouble, as it corresponded with them in two particular features, which the agent of the bank had pointed out to him and others as evidence of their spuriousness. My friend, without a moment's hesitation, informed the landlord that the note was a bad one, expressing at the time a great wish to see the Quaker gentleman who wanted to have it changed. 'That you can easily do,' said the landlord, and forthwith conducted him into the common room, where he saw a respectable-looking man, dressed like a Quaker, and seemingly about sixty years of age.

"My friend, after a short apology, showed him the note which he held in his hand, stating that he had no doubt it was a spurious one, and begged to be informed where he had taken it, adding, that a particular friend of his was at present in trouble, owing to his having taken similar notes from a stranger at Horncastle ; but that he hoped that he, the Quaker, could give information, by means of which the guilty party, or parties, could be arrested. At the mention of Horncastle, it appeared to my friend that the Quaker gave a slight start. At the conclusion of

this speech, however, he answered, with great tranquillity, that he had received it in the way of business at . . . .—naming one of the principal towns in Yorkshire—from a very respectable person, whose name he was perfectly willing to communicate, and likewise his own, which he said was James, and that he was a merchant residing at Liverpool; that he would write to his friend at . . . ., requesting him to make inquiries on the subject; that just at that moment he was in a hurry to depart, having some particular business at a town about ten miles off, to go to which he had bespoken a post-chaise of the landlord; that with respect to the note, it was doubtless a very disagreeable thing to have a suspicious one in his possession, but that it would make little difference to him, as he had plenty of other money, and thereupon he pulled out a purse, containing various other notes, and some gold, observing, 'that his only motive for wishing to change the other note was a desire to be well provided with change;' and finally, that if they had any suspicion with respect to him, he was perfectly willing to leave the note in their possession till he should return, which he intended to do in about a fortnight. There was so much plausibility in the speech of the Quaker, and his

appearance and behaviour were so perfectly respectable, that my friend felt almost ashamed of the suspicion which at first he had entertained of him, though, at the same time, he felt an unaccountable unwillingness to let the man depart without some farther interrogation. The landlord, however, who did not wish to disoblige one who had been, and might probably be again, a profitable customer, declared that he was perfectly satisfied; that he had no wish to detain the note, which he made no doubt the gentleman had received in the way of business, and that as the matter concerned him alone, he would leave it to him to make the necessary inquiries. 'Just as you please, friend,' said the Quaker, pocketing the suspicious note, 'I will now pay my bill.' Thereupon he discharged the bill with a five-pound note, which he begged the landlord to inspect carefully, and with two pieces of gold.

"The landlord had just taken the money, receipted the bill, and was bowing to his customer, when the door opened, and a lad, dressed in a kind of grey livery, appeared, and informed the Quaker that the chaise was ready. 'Is that boy your servant?' said the surgeon. 'He is, friend,' said the Quaker. 'Hast thou any reason for asking me that question?' 'And has he

been long in your service?' 'Several years,' replied the Quaker, 'I took him into my house out of compassion, he being an orphan, but as the chaise is waiting, I will bid thee farewell.' 'I am afraid I must stop your journey for the present,' said the surgeon; 'that boy has exactly the same blemish in the eye which a boy had who was in company with the man at Horncastle, from whom my friend received the forged notes, and who there passed for his son.' 'I know nothing about that,' said the Quaker, 'but I am determined to be detained here no longer, after the satisfactory account which I have given as to the note's coming into my possession.' He then attempted to leave the room, but my friend detained him, a struggle ensued, during which a wig which the Quaker wore fell off, whereupon he instantly appeared to lose some twenty years of his age. 'Knock the fellow down, father,' said the boy, 'I'll help you.'

"And, forsooth, the pretended Quaker took the boy's advice, and knocked my friend down in a twinkling. The landlord, however, and waiter, seeing how matters stood, instantly laid hold of him; but there can be no doubt that he would have escaped from the whole three, had not certain guests who were in the house, hearing the

noise, rushed in, and helped to secure him. The boy was true to his word, assisting him to the best of his ability, flinging himself between the legs of his father's assailants, causing several of them to stumble and fall. At length, the fellow was secured, and led before a magistrate; the boy, to whom he was heard to say something which nobody understood, and to whom, after the man's capture, no one paid much attention, was no more seen.

"The rest, as far as this man was concerned, may be told in a few words; nothing to criminate him was found on his person, but on his baggage being examined, a quantity of spurious notes were discovered. Much of his hardihood now forsook him, and in the hope of saving his life he made some very important disclosures; amongst other things, he confessed that it was he who had given me the notes in exchange for the horses, and also the note to be changed. He was subsequently tried on two indictments, in the second of which I appeared against him. He was condemned to die; but, in consideration of the disclosures he had made, his sentence was commuted to perpetual transportation.

"My innocence was thus perfectly established before the eyes of the world, and all my friends

hastened to congratulate me. There was one who congratulated me more than all the rest—it was my beloved one, but—but—she was dying . . . ."

Here the old man drew his hand before his eyes, and remained for some time without speaking; at length he removed his hand, and commenced again with a broken voice: "You will pardon me if I hurry over this part of my story, I am unable to dwell upon it. How dwell upon a period when I saw my only earthly treasure pine away gradually day by day, and knew that nothing could save her! She saw my agony, and did all she could to console me, saying that she was herself quite resigned. A little time before her death she expressed a wish that we should be united. I was too happy to comply with her request. We were united, I brought her to this house, where, in less than a week, she expired in my arms."

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY CONTINUED.—MISERY IN THE HEAD.—THE STRANGE MARKS.—TEA-DEALER FROM LONDON.—DIFFICULTIES OF THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

AFTER another pause the old man once more resumed his narration :—"If ever there was a man perfectly miserable it was myself, after the loss of that cherished woman. I sat solitary in the house, in which I had hoped in her company to realize the choicest earthly happiness, a prey to the bitterest reflections; many people visited and endeavoured to console me—amongst them was the clergyman of the parish, who begged me to be resigned, and told me that it was good to be afflicted. I bowed my head, but I could not help thinking how easy it must be for those who feel no affliction, to bid others to be resigned, and to talk of the benefit resulting from sorrow; perhaps I should have paid more attention to his discourse than I did, provided he had been a person for whom it was possible to entertain

much respect, but his own heart was known to be set on the things of this world.

"Within a little time he had an opportunity, in his own case, of practising resignation, and of realizing the benefit of being afflicted. A merchant, to whom he had entrusted all his fortune, in the hope of a large interest, became suddenly a bankrupt, with scarcely any assets. I will not say that it was owing to this misfortune that the divine died within less than a month after its occurrence, but such was the fact. Amongst those who most frequently visited me was my friend the surgeon; he did not confine himself to the common topics of consolation, but endeavoured to impress upon me the necessity of rousing myself, advising me to occupy my mind with some pursuit, particularly recommending agriculture; but agriculture possessed no interest for me, nor, indeed, any pursuit within my reach; my hopes of happiness had been blighted, and what cared I for anything; so at last he thought it best to leave me to myself, hoping that time would bring with it consolation; and I remained solitary in my house, waited upon by a male and a female servant. Oh, what dreary moments I passed! My only amusement—and it was a sad one—was to look at the things which once be-

longed to my beloved, and which were now in my possession. Oh, how fondly would I dwell upon them! There were some books; I cared not for books, but these had belonged to my beloved. Oh, how fondly did I dwell on them! Then there was her hat and bonnet—oh, me, how fondly did I gaze upon them! and after looking at her things for hours, I would sit and ruminate on the happiness I had lost. How I execrated the moment I had gone to the fair to sell horses! 'Would that I had never been at Horncastle to sell horses!' I would say; 'I might at this moment have been enjoying the company of my beloved, leading a happy, quiet, easy life, but for that fatal expedition;' that thought worked on my brain, till my brain seemed to turn round.

"One day I sat at the breakfast table gazing vacantly around me, my mind was in a state of inexpressible misery; there was a whirl in my brain, probably like that which people feel who are rapidly going mad; this increased to such a degree that I felt giddiness coming upon me. To abate this feeling I no longer permitted my eyes to wander about, but fixed them upon an object on the table, and continued gazing at it for several minutes without knowing what it was; at length, the misery in my head was

somewhat stilled, my lips moved, and I heard myself saying, 'What odd marks!' I had fastened my eyes on the side of a teapot, and by keeping them fixed upon it, had become aware of a fact that had escaped my notice before—namely, that there were marks upon it. I kept my eyes fixed upon them, and repeated at intervals, 'What strange marks!'—for I thought that looking upon the marks tended to abate the whirl in my head: I kept tracing the marks one after the other, and I observed that though they all bore a general resemblance to each other, they were all to a certain extent different. The smallest portion possible of curious interest had been awakened within me, and, at last, I asked myself, within my own mind, 'What motive could induce people to put such odd marks on their crockery? they were not pictures, they were not letters; what motive could people have for putting them there?' At last I removed my eyes from the teapot, and thought for a few moments about the marks; presently, however, I felt the whirl returning; the marks became almost effaced from my mind, and I was beginning to revert to my miserable ruminations, when suddenly methought I heard a voice say, 'The marks! the marks! cling to the marks! or. . . .'

So I fixed my eyes again upon the marks, inspecting them more attentively, if possible, than I had done before, and, at last, I came to the conclusion that they were not capricious or fanciful marks, but were arranged systematically; when I had gazed at them for a considerable time I turned the teapot round, and on the other side I observed marks of a similar kind, which I soon discovered were identical with the ones I had been observing. All the marks were something alike, but all somewhat different, and on comparing them with each other, I was struck with the frequent occurrence of a mark crossing an upright line, or projecting from it, now on the right, now on the left side; and I said to myself, 'Why does this mark sometimes cross the upright line, and sometimes project?' and the more I thought on the matter, the less did I feel of the misery in my head.

"The things were at length removed, and I sat, as I had for some time past been wont to sit after my meals, silent and motionless; but in the present instance my mind was not entirely abandoned to the one mournful idea which had so long distressed it. It was, to a certain extent, occupied with the marks on the teapot; it is true that the mournful idea strove hard with

the marks on the teapot for the mastery in my mind, and at last the painful idea drove the marks of the teapot out; they, however, would occasionally return and flit across my mind for a moment or two, and their coming was like a momentary relief from intense pain. I thought once or twice that I would have the teapot placed before me, that I might examine the marks at leisure, but I considered that it would be as well to defer the re-examination of the marks till the next morning; at that time I did not take tea of an evening. By deferring the examination thus, I had something to look forward to on the next morning. The day was a melancholy one, but it certainly was more tolerable to me than any of the others had been since the death of my beloved. As I lay awake that night I occasionally thought of the marks, and in my sleep methought I saw them upon the teapot vividly before me. On the morrow, I examined the marks again; how singular they looked! Surely they must mean something, and if so, what could they mean? and at last I thought within myself whether it would be possible for me to make out what they meant: that day I felt more relief than on the preceding one, and towards night I walked a little about.

"In about a week's time I received a visit from my friend the surgeon; after a little discourse, he told me that he perceived I was better than when he had last seen me, and asked me what I had been about; I told him that I had been principally occupied in considering certain marks which I had found on a teapot, and wondering what they could mean; he smiled at first, but instantly assuming a serious look, he asked to see the teapot. I produced it, and after having surveyed the marks with attention, he observed that they were highly curious, and also wondered what they meant. 'I strongly advise you,' said he, 'to attempt to make them out, and also to take moderate exercise, and to see after your concerns.' I followed his advice; every morning I studied the marks on the teapot, and in the course of the day took moderate exercise, and attended to little domestic matters, as became the master of a house.

"I subsequently learned that the surgeon, in advising me to study the marks, and endeavour to make out their meaning, merely hoped that by means of them my mind might by degrees be diverted from the mournful idea on which it had so long brooded. He was a man well skilled in his profession, but had read and

thought very little on matters unconnected with it. He had no idea that the marks had any particular signification, or were anything else but common and fortuitous ones. That I became at all acquainted with their nature was owing to a ludicrous circumstance which I will now relate.

"One day, chancing to be at a neighbouring town, I was struck with the appearance of a shop recently established. It had an immense bow-window, and every part of it, to which a brush could be applied, was painted in a gaudy flaming style. Large bowls of green and black tea were placed upon certain chests, which stood at the window. I stopped to look at them, such a display, whatever it may be at the present time, being, at the period of which I am speaking, quite uncommon in a country town. The tea, whether black or green, was very shining and inviting, and the bowls, of which there were three, standing on as many chests, were very grand and foreign looking. Two of these were white, with figures and trees painted upon them in blue; the other, which was the middlemost, had neither trees nor figures upon it, but, as I looked through the window, appeared to have on its sides the very same kind of marks which

I had observed on the teapot at home; there were also marks on the tea-chests, somewhat similar, but much larger, and, apparently, not executed with so much care. 'Best teas direct from China,' said a voice close to my side; and looking round I saw a youngish man, with a frizzled head, flat face, and an immensely wide mouth, standing in his shirt-sleeves by the door. 'Direct from China,' said he; 'perhaps you will do me the favour to walk in and scent them?' 'I do not want any tea,' said I; 'I was only standing at the window examining those marks on the bowl and the chests. I have observed similar ones on a teapot at home.' 'Pray walk in, sir,' said the young fellow, extending his mouth till it reached nearly from ear to ear; 'pray walk in, and I shall be happy to give you any information respecting the manners and customs of the Chinese in my power.' Thereupon I followed him into his shop, where he began to harangue on the manners, customs, and peculiarities of the Chinese, especially their manner of preparing tea, not forgetting to tell me that the only genuine Chinese tea ever imported into England was to be found in his shop. 'With respect to those marks,' said he, 'on the bowl and the chests, they are nothing

more nor less than Chinese writing expressing something, though what I can't exactly tell you. Allow me to sell you this pound of tea,' he added, showing me a paper parcel. 'On the envelope there is a printed account of the Chinese system of writing, extracted from authors of the most established reputation. These things I print, principally with the hope of, in some degree, removing the worse than Gothic ignorance prevalent amongst the natives of these parts. I am from London myself. With respect to all that relates to the Chinese real imperial tea, I assure you, sir, that . . . .' Well, to make short of what you doubtless consider a very tiresome story, I purchased the tea and carried it home. The tea proved imperially bad, but the paper envelope really contained some information on the Chinese language and writing, amounting to about as much as you gained from me the other day. On learning that the marks on the teapot expressed words, I felt my interest with respect to them considerably increased, and returned to the task of inspecting them with greater zeal than before, hoping, by continually looking at them, to be able eventually to understand their meaning, in which hope you may easily believe I was disappointed, though my

desire to understand what they represented continued on the increase. In this dilemma I determined to apply again to the shopkeeper from whom I bought the tea. I found him in rather low spirits, his shirt-sleeves were soiled, and his hair was out of curl. On my inquiring how he got on, he informed me that he intended speedily to leave, having received little or no encouragement, the people, in their Gothic ignorance, preferring to deal with an old-fashioned shopkeeper over the way, who, so far from possessing any acquaintance with the polity and institutions of the Chinese, did not, he firmly believed, know that tea came from China. 'You are come for some more, I suppose?' said he. On receiving an answer in the negative he looked somewhat blank, but when I added that I came to consult with him as to the means which I must take in order to acquire the Chinese language he brightened up. 'You must get a grammar,' said he, rubbing his hands. 'Have you not one?' said I. 'No,' he replied, 'but any bookseller can procure you one.' As I was taking my departure, he told me that as he was about to leave the neighbourhood, the bowl at the window, which bore the inscription, besides some other pieces of porcelain of a similar

description, were at my service, provided I chose to purchase them. I consented, and two or three days afterwards took from off his hands all the china in his possession which bore inscriptions, paying what he demanded. Had I waited till the sale of his effects, which occurred within a few weeks, I could probably have procured it for a fifth part of the sum which I paid, the other pieces realizing very little. I did not, however, grudge the poor fellow what he got from me, as I considered myself to be somewhat in his debt for the information he had afforded me.

"As for the rest of my story, it may be briefly told. I followed the advice of the shopkeeper, and applied to a bookseller, who wrote to his correspondent in London. After a long interval, I was informed that if I wished to learn Chinese, I must do so through the medium of French; there being neither Chinese grammar nor dictionary in our language. I was at first very much disheartened. I determined, however, at last to gratify my desire of learning Chinese, even at the expense of learning French. I procured the books, and in order to qualify myself to turn them to account, took lessons in French from a little Swiss, the usher of a neighbouring boarding-school. I was very stupid in acquiring French;

perseverance, however, enabled me to acquire a knowledge sufficient for the object I had in view. In about two years I began to study Chinese by myself, through the medium of the French."

"Well," said I, "and how did you get on with the study of Chinese?"

And then the old man proceeded to inform me how he got on with the study of Chinese, enumerating all the difficulties he had had to encounter; dilating upon his frequent despondency of mind, and occasionally his utter despair of ever mastering Chinese. He told me that more than once he had determined upon giving up the study, but then the misery in his head forthwith returned, to escape from which he had as often resumed it. It appeared, however, that ten years elapsed, before he was able to use ten of the two hundred and fourteen keys, which serve to undo the locks of Chinese writing.

"And are you able at present to use the entire number?" I demanded.

"Yes," said the old man; "I can at present use the whole number. I know the key for every particular lock, though I frequently find the wards unwilling to give way."

"Has nothing particular occurred to you," said I, "during the time that you have been prosecuting your studies?"

"During the whole time in which I have been engaged in these studies," said the old man, "only one circumstance has occurred which requires any particular mention—the death of my old friend the surgeon—who was carried off suddenly by a fit of apoplexy. His death was a great shock to me, and for a time interrupted my studies. His son, however, who succeeded him, was very kind to me, and, in some degree, supplied his father's place; and I gradually returned to my Chinese locks and keys."

"And in applying keys to the Chinese locks you employ your time?"

"Yes," said the old man, "in making out the inscriptions on the various pieces of porcelain, which I have at different times procured, I pass my time. The first inscription which I translated was that on the teapot of my beloved."

"And how many other pieces of porcelain may you have at present in your possession?"

"About fifteen hundred."

"And how did you obtain them?" I demanded.

"Without much labour," said the old man, "in the neighbouring towns and villages—chiefly at auctions—of which, about twenty years ago, there were many in these parts."

"And may I ask your reasons for confining your studies entirely to the crockery literature of China, when you have all the rest at your disposal?"

"The inscriptions enable me to pass my time," said the old man; "what more would the whole literature of China do?"

"And from those inscriptions," said I, what a book it is in your power to make, whenever so disposed. 'Translations from the crockery literature of China.' Such a book would be sure to take; even glorious John himself would not disdain to publish it."

The old man smiled. "I have no desire for literary distinction," said he; "no ambition. My original wish was to pass my life in easy, quiet obscurity, with her whom I loved. I was disappointed in my wish; she was removed, who constituted my only felicity in this life; desolation came to my heart, and misery to my head. To escape from the latter I had recourse to Chinese. By degrees the misery left my head, but the desolation of heart yet remains."

"Be of good cheer," said I; "through the instrumentality of this affliction you have learnt Chinese, and, in so doing, learnt to practise the duties of hospitality. Who but a man who

could read Runes on a teapot, would have received an unfortunate wayfarer as you have received me?"

"Well," said the old man, "let us hope that all is for the best. I am by nature indolent, and, but for this affliction, should, perhaps, have hardly taken the trouble to do my duty to my fellow-creatures. I am very, very indolent," said he, slightly glancing towards the clock; "therefore let us hope that all is for the best; but, oh! these trials, they are very hard to bear."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LEAVE-TAKING.—SPIRIT OF THE HEARTH.—WHAT 'S O'CLOCK.

THE next morning, having breakfasted with my old friend, I went into the stable to make the necessary preparations for my departure ; there, with the assistance of a stable lad, I cleaned and caparisoned my horse, and then, returning into the house, I made the old female attendant such a present as I deemed would be some compensation for the trouble I had caused. Hearing that the old gentleman was in his study, I repaired to him. "I am come to take leave of you," said I, "and to thank you for all the hospitality which I have received at your hands." The eyes of the old man were fixed steadfastly on the inscription which I had found him studying on a former occasion. "At length," he murmured to himself, "I have it—I think I have it ;" and then, looking at me, he said, "So you are about to depart ?"

"Yes," said I, "my horse will be at the front

door in a few minutes ; I am glad, however, before I go, to find that you have mastered the inscription."

"Yes," said the old man, "I believe I have mastered it ; it seems to consist of some verses relating to the worship of the Spirit of the Hearth."

"What is the Spirit of the Hearth?" said I.

"One of the many demons which the Chinese worship," said the old man; "they do not worship one God, but many." And then the old man told me a great many highly-interesting particulars respecting the demon worship of the Chinese.

After the lapse of at least half an hour I said, "I must not linger here any longer, however willing. Horncastle is distant, and I wish to be there to-night. Pray can you inform me what 's o'clock ?"

The old man, rising, looked towards the clock which hung on the side of the room at his left hand, on the farther side of the table at which he was seated.

"I am rather short-sighted," said I, "and cannot distinguish the numbers at that distance."

"It is ten o'clock," said the old man ; "I believe somewhat past."

"A quarter, perhaps ?"

"Yes," said the old man, "a quarter, or——"

"Or?"

"Seven minutes, or ten minutes past ten."

"I do not understand you."

"Why, to tell you the truth," said the old man, with a smile, "there is one thing to the knowledge of which I could never exactly attain."

"Do you mean to say," said I, "that you do not know what 's o'clock?"

"I can give a guess," said the old man, "to within a few minutes."

"But you cannot tell the exact moment?"

"No," said the old man.

"In the name of wonder," said I, "with that thing there on the wall continually ticking in your ear, how comes it that you do not know what 's o'clock?"

"Why," said the old man, "I have contented myself with giving a tolerably good guess; to do more would have been too great trouble."

"But you have learnt Chinese," said I.

"Yes," said the old man, "I have learnt Chinese."

"Well," said I, "I really would counsel you to learn to know what 's o'clock as soon as possible. Consider what a sad thing it would be to go out

of the world not knowing what 's o'clock. A millionth part of the trouble required to learn Chinese would, if employed, infallibly teach you to know what 's o'clock."

"I had a motive for learning Chinese," said the old man, "the hope of appeasing the misery in my head. With respect to not knowing what 's o'clock, I cannot see anything particularly sad in the matter. A man may get through the world very creditably without knowing what 's o'clock. Yet, upon the whole, it is no bad thing to know what 's o'clock—you, of course, do ? It would be too good a joke if two people were to be together, one knowing Armenian and the other Chinese, and neither knowing what 's o'clock. I 'll now see you off."

CHAPTER V.

ARRIVAL AT HORNCASTLE.—THE INN AND OSTLERS.—THE GARRET.—FIGURE OF A MAN WITH A CANDLE.

LEAVING the house of the old man who knew Chinese, but could not tell what was o'clock, I wended my way to Horncastle, which I reached in the evening of the same day, without having met any adventure on the way worthy of being marked down in this very remarkable history.

The town was a small one, seemingly ancient, and was crowded with people and horses. I proceeded, without delay, to the inn to which my friend the surgeon had directed me. "It is of no use coming here," said two or three ostlers, as I entered the yard—"all full—no room whatever;" whilst one added, in an under tone, "That ere a'n't a bad-looking horse." "I want to see the master of this inn," said I, as I dismounted from the horse. "See the master," said an ostler—the same who had paid the negative kind of compliment to the horse—"a likely thing,

truly; my master is drinking wine with some of the grand gentry, and can't be disturbed for the sake of the like of you." "I bring a letter to him," said I, pulling out the surgeon's epistle. "I wish you would deliver it to him," I added, offering a half-crown. "Oh, it 's you, is it?" said the ostler, taking the letter and the half-crown; "my master will be right glad to see you; why you ha'n't been here for many a year; I 'll carry the note to him at once." And with these words he hurried into the house. "That 's a nice horse, young man," said another ostler, "what will you take for it?" to which interrogation I made no answer. "If you wish to sell him," said the ostler, coming up to me, and winking knowingly, "I think I and my partners might offer you a summut under seventy pounds;" to which kind of half-insinuated offer I made no reply, save by winking in the same kind of knowing manner in which I had observed him wink. "Rather leary!" said a third ostler. "Well, young man, perhaps you will drink to-night with me and my partners, when we can talk the matter over." Before I had time to answer, the landlord, a well-dressed, good-looking man, made his appearance with the ostler; he bore the letter in his

hand. Without glancing at me, he betook himself at once to consider the horse, going round him, and observing every point with the utmost minuteness. At last, after having gone round the horse three times, he stopped beside me, and keeping his eyes on the horse, bent his head towards his right shoulder. "That horse is worth some money," said he, turning towards me suddenly, and slightly touching me on the arm with the letter which he held in his hand; to which observation I made no reply, save by bending my head towards the right shoulder as I had seen him do. "The young man is going to talk to me and my partners about it to-night," said the ostler who had expressed an opinion that he and his friends might offer me somewhat under seventy pounds for the animal. "Pooh!" said the landlord, "the young man knows what he is about; in the meantime lead the horse to the reserved stall, and see well after him. My friend," said he, taking me aside after the ostler had led the animal away, "recommends you to me in the strongest manner, on which account alone I take you and your horse in. I need not advise you not to be taken in, as I should say, by your look, that you are tolerably awake; but

there are queer hands at Horncastle at this time, and those fellows of mine, you understand me . . . . ; but I have a great deal to do at present, so you must excuse me." And thereupon went into the house.

That same evening I was engaged at least two hours in the stable, in rubbing the horse down, and preparing him for the exhibition which I intended he should make in the fair on the following day. The ostler, to whom I had given the half-crown, occasionally assisted me, though he was too much occupied by the horses of other guests to devote any length of time to the service of mine; he more than once repeated to me his firm conviction that himself and partners could afford to offer me summut for the horse; and at a later hour when, in compliance with his invitation, I took a glass of summut with himself and partners, in a little room surrounded with corn-chests, on which we sat, both himself and partners endeavoured to impress upon me, chiefly by means of nods and winks, their conviction that they could afford to give me summut for the horse, provided I were disposed to sell him; in return for which intimation, with as many nods and winks as they had all collectively used, I endeavoured to impress

upon them my conviction that I could get summut handsomer in the fair than they might be disposed to offer me, seeing as how—which how I followed by a wink and a nod, which they seemed perfectly to understand, one or two of them declaring that if the case was so, it made a great deal of difference, and that they did not wish to be any hindrance to me, more particularly as it was quite clear I had been an ostler like themselves.

It was late at night when I began to think of retiring to rest. On inquiring if there was any place in which I could sleep, I was informed that there was a bed at my service, provided I chose to sleep in a two-bedded room, one of the beds of which was engaged by another gentleman. I expressed my satisfaction at this arrangement, and was conducted by a maid-servant up many pairs of stairs to a garret, in which were two small beds, in one of which she gave me to understand another gentleman slept; he had, however, not yet retired to rest; I asked who he was, but the maid-servant could give me no information about him, save that he was a highly respectable gentleman, and a friend of her master's. Presently, bidding me good night, she left me with a candle; and

I, having undressed myself and extinguished the light, went to bed. Notwithstanding the noises which sounded from every part of the house, I was not slow in falling asleep, being thoroughly tired. I know not how long I might have been in bed, perhaps two hours, when I was partially awakened by a light shining upon my face, whereupon, unclosing my eyes, I perceived the figure of a man, with a candle in one hand, staring at my face, whilst with the other hand, he held back the curtain of the bed. As I have said before, I was only partially awakened, my power of perception was consequently very confused; it appeared to me, however, that the man was dressed in a green coat; that he had curly brown or black hair, and that there was something peculiar in his look. Just as I was beginning to recollect myself, the curtain dropped, and I heard, or thought I heard, a voice say, "Don't know the cove." Then there was a rustling like a person undressing, whereupon being satisfied that it was my fellow-lodger, I dropped asleep, but was awakened again by a kind of heavy plunge upon the other bed, which caused it to rock and creak, when I observed that the light had been extinguished, probably blown out, if I might judge

from a rather disagreeable smell of burnt wick which remained in the room, and which kept me awake till I heard my companion breathing hard, when, turning on the other side, I was again once more speedily in the arms of slumber.

CHAPTER VI.

HORNCASTLE FAIR.

It had been my intention to be up and doing early on the following morning, but my slumbers proved so profound, that I did not wake until about eight; on arising, I again found myself the sole occupant of the apartment, my more alert companion having probably risen at a much earlier hour. Having dressed myself, I descended, and going to the stable, found my horse under the hands of my friend the ostler, who was carefully rubbing him down. "There a'n't a better horse in the fair," said he to me, "and as you are one of us, and appear to be all right, I 'll give you a piece of advice — don't take less than a hundred and fifty for him; if you mind your hits, you may get it, for I have known two hundred given in this fair for one no better, if so good." "Well," said I, "thank you for your advice, which I will take, and, if

successful, will give you 'summut' handsome." "Thank you," said the ostler; "and now let me ask whether you are up to all the ways of this here place?" "I have never been here before," said I, "but I have a pair of tolerably sharp eyes in my head." "That I see you have," said the ostler, "but many a body, with as sharp a pair of eyes as yourn, has lost his horse in this fair, for want of having been here before, therefore," said he, "I 'll give you a caution or two." Thereupon the ostler proceeded to give me at least half a dozen cautions, only two of which I shall relate to the reader:—the first, not to stop to listen to what any chance customer might have to say; and the last—the one on which he appeared to lay most stress—by no manner of means to permit a Yorkshireman to get up into the saddle, "for," said he, "if you do, it is three to one that he rides off with the horse; he can't help it; trust a cat amongst cream, but never trust a Yorkshireman on the saddle of a good horse; by-the-by," he continued, "that saddle of yours is not a particularly good one, no more is the bridle. A shabby saddle and bridle have more than once spoiled the sale of a good horse. I tell you what, as you seem a decent kind of a young chap, I 'll lend you a

saddle and bridle of my master's, almost bran new; he won't object I know, as you are a friend of his, only you must not forget your promise to come down with summut handsome after you have sold the animal."

After a slight breakfast I mounted the horse, which, decked out in his borrowed finery, really looked better by a large sum of money than on any former occasion. Making my way out of the yard of the inn, I was instantly in the principal street of the town, up and down which an immense number of horses were being exhibited, some led, and others with riders. "A wonderful small quantity of good horses in the fair this time!" I heard a stout jockey-looking individual say, who was staring up the street with his side towards me. "Halloo, young fellow!" said he, a few moments after I had passed, "whose horse is that? Stop! I want to look at him!" Though confident that he was addressing himself to me, I took no notice, remembering the advice of the ostler, and proceeded up the street. My horse possessed a good walking step; but walking, as the reader knows, was not his best pace, which was the long trot, at which I could not well exercise him in the street, on account of the crowd of men and animals; however, as he

walked along, I could easily perceive that he attracted no slight attention amongst those who, by their jockey dress and general appearance, I imagined to be connoisseurs; I heard various calls to stop, to none of which I paid the slightest attention. In a few minutes I found myself out of the town, when, turning round for the purpose of returning, I found I had been followed by several of the connoisseur-looking individuals, whom I had observed in the fair. "Now would be the time for a display," thought I; and looking around me I observed two five-barred gates, one on each side of the road, and fronting each other. Turning my horse's head to one, I pressed my heels to his sides, loosened the reins, and gave an encouraging cry, whereupon the animal cleared the gate in a twinkling. Before he had advanced ten yards in the field to which the gate opened, I had turned him round, and again giving him cry and rein, I caused him to leap back again into the road, and still allowing him head, I made him leap the other gate; and forthwith turning him round, I caused him to leap once more into the road, where he stood proudly tossing his head, as much as to say, "What more?" "A fine horse! a capital horse!" said several of the connoisseurs. "What do you

ask for him?" "Too much for any of you to pay," said I. "A horse like this is intended for other kind of customers than any of you." "How do you know that?" said one; the very same person whom I had heard complaining in the street of the paucity of good horses in the fair. "Come, let us know what you ask for him?" "A hundred and fifty pounds!" said I; "neither more nor less." "Do you call that a great price?" said the man. "Why I thought you would have asked double that amount! You do yourself injustice, young man." "Perhaps I do," said I, "but that 's my affair; I do not choose to take more." "I wish you would let me get into the saddle," said the man; "the horse knows you, and therefore shows to more advantage; but I should like to see how he would move under me, who am a stranger. Will you let me get into the saddle, young man?" "No," said I; "I will not let you get into the saddle." "Why not?" said the man. "Lest you should be a Yorkshireman," said I; "and should run away with the horse." "Yorkshire?" said the man; "I am from Suffolk; silly Suffolk—so you need not be afraid of my running away with the horse." "Oh! if that 's the case," said I, "I should be afraid that the horse

would run away with you; so I will by no means let you mount." "Will you let me look in his mouth?" said the man. "If you please," said I; "but I tell you, he 's apt to bite." "He can scarcely be a worse bite than his master," said the man, looking into the horse's mouth; "he 's four off. I say, young man, will you warrant this horse?" "No," said I; "I never warrant horses; the horses that I ride can always warrant themselves." "I wish you would let me speak a word to you," said he. "Just come aside. It 's a nice horse," said he, in a half whisper, after I had ridden a few paces aside with him. "It 's a nice horse," said he, placing his hand upon the pommel of the saddle, and looking up in my face, "and I think I can find you a customer. If you would take a hundred, I think my lord would purchase it, for he has sent me about the fair to look him up a horse, by which he could hope to make an honest penny." "Well," said I, "and could he not make an honest penny, and yet give me the price I ask?" "Why," said the go-between, "a hundred and fifty pounds is as much as the animal is worth, or nearly so; and my lord, do you see . . ." "I see no reason at all," said I, "why I should sell the animal for less than he is worth,

in order that his lordship may be benefited by him; so that if his lordship wants to make an honest penny, he must find some person who would consider the disadvantage of selling him a horse for less than it is worth, as counterbalanced by the honour of dealing with a lord, which I should never do; but I can't be wasting my time here. I am going back to the . . . ., where if you, or any person, are desirous of purchasing the horse, you must come within the next half-hour, or I shall probably not feel disposed to sell him at all." "Another word, young man," said the jockey; but without staying to hear what he had to say, I put the horse to his best trot, and re-entering the town, and threading my way as well as I could through the press, I returned to the yard of the inn, where, dismounting, I stood still, holding the horse by the bridle.

I had been standing in this manner about five minutes, when I saw the jockey enter the yard, accompanied by another individual. They advanced directly towards me. "Here is my lord come to look at the horse, young man," said the jockey. My lord, as the jockey called him, was a tall figure, of about five-and-thirty. He had on his head a hat somewhat rusty, and on his back a surtout of blue rather the worse for wear.

His forehead, if not high, was exceedingly narrow; his eyes were brown, with a rat-like glare in them; the nose was rather long, and the mouth very wide; the cheek-bones high, and the cheeks, as to hue and consistency, exhibiting very much the appearance of a withered red apple; there was a gaunt expression of hunger in the whole countenance. He had scarcely glanced at the horse, when drawing in his cheeks, he thrust out his lips very much after the manner of a baboon, when he sees a piece of sugar held out towards him. "Is this horse yours?" said he, suddenly turning towards me, with a kind of smirk. "It 's my horse," said I; "are you the person who wishes to make an honest penny by it?" "How!" said he, drawing up his head with a very consequential look, and speaking with a very haughty tone, "what do you mean?" We looked at each other full in the face; after a few moments, the muscles of the mouth of him of the hungry look began to move violently, the face was puckered into innumerable wrinkles, and the eyes became half closed. "Well," said I, "have you ever seen me before? I suppose you are asking yourself that question." "Excuse me, sir," said he, dropping his lofty look, and speaking in a very

subdued and civil tone, "I have never had the honour of seeing you before, that is"—said he, slightly glancing at me again, and again moving the muscles of his mouth, "no, I have never seen you before," he added, making me a bow, "I have never had that pleasure; my business with you, at present, is to inquire the lowest price you are willing to take for this horse. My agent here informs me that you ask one hundred and fifty pounds, which I cannot think of giving —the horse is a showy horse, but look, my dear sir, he has a defect here, and there in his near fore leg I observe something which looks very like a splint—yes, upon my credit," said he, touching the animal, "he has a splint, or something which will end in one. A hundred and fifty pounds, sir! what could have induced you ever to ask anything like that for this animal? I protest that, in my time, I have frequently bought a better for . . . . Who are you, sir? I am in treaty for this horse," said he to a man who had come up whilst he was talking, and was now looking into the horse's mouth. "Who am I?" said the man, still looking into the horse's mouth; "who am I? his lordship asks me. Ah, I see, close on five," said he, releasing the horse's jaws, and looking at me.

This new comer was a thin, wiry-made individual, with wiry curling brown hair; his face was dark, and wore an arch and somewhat roguish expression; upon one of his eyes was a kind of speck or beam; he might be about forty, wore a green jockey coat, and held in his hand a black riding whip, with a knob of silver wire. As I gazed upon his countenance, it brought powerfully to my mind the face which, by the light of the candle, I had seen staring over me on the preceding night, when lying in bed and half asleep. Close beside him, and seemingly in his company, stood an exceedingly tall figure, that of a youth, seemingly about one-and-twenty, dressed in a handsome riding dress, and wearing on his head a singular hat, green in colour, and with a very high peak. "What do you ask for this horse?" said he of the green coat, winking at me with the eye which had a beam in it, whilst the other shone and sparkled like Mrs. Colonel W . . . .'s Golconda diamond. "Who are you, sir, I demand once more?" said he of the hungry look. "Who am I? why who should I be, but Jack Dale, who buys horses for himself and other folk; I want one at present for this short young gentleman," said he, motioning with his finger to the gigantic youth. "Well,

sir," said the other, "and what business have you to interfere between me and any purchase I may be disposed to make?" "Well, then," said the other, "be quick and purchase the horse, or, perhaps, I may." "Do you think I am to be dictated to by a fellow of your description?" said his lordship, "begone, or . . . ." "What do you ask for this horse?" said the other to me, very coolly. "A hundred and fifty," said I. "I shouldn't mind giving it you," said he. "You will do no such thing," said his lordship, speaking so fast that he almost stuttered. "Sir," said he to me, "I must give you what you ask; Symmonds, take possession of the animal for me," said he to the other jockey, who attended him. "You will please to do no such thing without my consent," said I, "I have not sold him." "I have this moment told you that I will give you the price you demand," said his lordship; "is not that sufficient?" "No," said I, "there is a proper manner of doing everything—had you come forward in a manly and gentlemanly manner to purchase the horse, I should have been happy to sell him to you, but after all the fault you have found with him, I would not sell him to you at any price, so send your friend to find up another." "You behave in this manner, I

suppose," said his lordship, "because this fellow has expressed a willingness to come to your terms. I would advise you to be cautious how you trust the animal in his hands; I think I have seen him before, and could tell you . . . ." "What can you tell of me?" said the other, going up to him; "except that I have been a poor dicky-boy, and that now I am a dealer in horses, and that my father was lagged; that is all you could tell of me, and that I don't mind telling myself: but there are two things they can't say of me, they can't say that I am either a coward, or a screw either, except so far as one who gets his bread by horses may be expected to be; and they can't say of me that I ever ate up an ice which a young woman was waiting for, or that I ever backed out of a fight. Horse!" said he, motioning with his finger tauntingly to the other; "what do you want with a horse, except to take the bread out of the mouth of a poor man—to-morrow is not the battle of Waterloo, so that you don't want to back out of danger, by pretending to have hurt yourself by falling from the creature's back, my lord of the white feather—come, none of your fierce looks—I am not afraid of you." In fact, the other had assumed an expression of the deadliest malice, his teeth

were clenched, his lips quivered, and were quite pale; the rat-like eyes sparkled, and he made a half spring, à la rat, towards his adversary, who only laughed. Restraining himself, however, he suddenly turned to his understrapper, saying, "Symmonds, will you see me thus insulted? go and trounce this scoundrel; you can, I know." "Symmonds trounce me!" said the other, going up to the person addressed, and drawing his hand contemptuously over his face; "why, I beat Symmonds in this very yard in one round three years ago; didn't I, Symmonds?" said he to the understrapper, who held down his head, muttering, in a surly tone, "I didn't come here to fight; let every one take his own part." "That 's right, Symmonds," said the other, "especially every one from whom there is nothing to be got. I would give you half-a-crown for all the trouble you have had, provided I were not afraid that my Lord Plume there would get it from you as soon as you leave the yard together. Come, take yourselves both off; there 's nothing to be made here." Indeed, his lordship seemed to be of the same opinion, for after a further glance at the horse, a contemptuous look at me, and a scowl at the jockey, he turned on his heel, muttering something which sounded like fellows, and

stalked out of the yard, followed by Symmonds.

"And now, young man," said the jockey, or whatever he was, turning to me with an arch leer, "I suppose I may consider myself as the purchaser of this here animal, for the use and behoof of this young gentleman," making a sign with his head towards the tall young man by his side. "By no means," said I, "I am utterly unacquainted with either of you, and before parting with the horse I must be satisfied as to the respectability of the purchaser." "Oh! as to that matter," said he, "I have plenty of vouchers for my respectability about me;" and, thrusting his hand into his bosom below his waistcoat, he drew out a large bundle of notes. "These are the kind of things," said he, "which vouch best for a man's respectability." "Not always," said I; "indeed, sometimes these kind of things need vouchers for themselves." The man looked at me with a peculiar look. "Do you mean to say that these notes are not sufficient notes?" said he, "because if you do I shall take the liberty of thinking that you are not over civil, and when I thinks a person is not over and above civil I sometimes takes off my coat; and when my coat is off . . . ." "You

sometimes knock people down," I added; "well, whether you knock me down or not, I beg leave to tell you that I am a stranger in this fair, and that I shall part with the horse to nobody who has no better guarantee for his respectability than a roll of bank-notes, which may be good or not for what I know, who am not a judge of such things." "Oh! if you are a stranger here," said the man, "as I believe you are, never having seen you here before except last night, when I think I saw you above stairs by the glimmer of a candle—I say, if you are a stranger, you are quite right to be cautious; queer things being done in this fair, as nobody knows better than myself," he added, with a leer; "but I suppose if the landlord of the house vouches for me and my notes, you will have no objection to part with the horse to me?" "None whatever," said I, "and in the meantime the horse can return to the stable."

Thereupon I delivered the horse to my friend the ostler. The landlord of the house, on being questioned by me as to the character and condition of my new acquaintance, informed me that he was a respectable horsedealer, and an intimate friend of his, whereupon the purchase was soon brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

CHAPTER VII.

HIGH DUTCH.

It was evening: and myself and the two acquaintances I had made in the fair—namely, the jockey and the tall foreigner—sat in a large upstairs room, which looked into a court; we had dined with several people connected with the fair at a long table d'hôte; they had now departed, and we sat at a small side-table with wine and a candle before us; both my companions had pipes in their mouths—the jockey a common pipe, and the foreigner, one, the syphon of which made of some kind of wood, was at least six feet long, and the bowl of which, made of a white kind of substance like porcelain, and capable of holding nearly an ounce of tobacco, rested on the ground. The jockey frequently emptied and replenished his glass; the foreigner sometimes raised his to his lips, for no other purpose seemingly than to moisten them,

as he never drained his glass. As for myself, though I did not smoke, I had a glass before me, from which I sometimes took a sip. The room, notwithstanding the window was flung open, was in general so filled with smoke, chiefly that which was drawn from the huge bowl of the foreigner, that my companions and I were frequently concealed from each other's eyes. The conversation, which related entirely to the events of the fair, was carried on by the jockey and myself, the foreigner, who appeared to understand the greater part of what we said, occasionally putting in a few observations in broken English. At length the jockey, after the other had made some ineffectual attempts to express something intelligibly which he wished to say, observed, "Isn't it a pity that so fine a fellow as meinheer, and so clever a fellow too, as I believe him to be, is not a little better master of our language?"

"Is the gentleman a German?" said I; "if so I can interpret for him anything he wishes to say."

"The deuce you can," said the jockey, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and staring at me through the smoke.

"Ha! you speak German," vociferated the

foreigner in that language. "By Isten, I am glad of it! I wanted to say . . ." And here he said in German what he wished to say, and which was of no great importance, and which I translated into English.

"Well, if you don't put me out," said the jockey; "what language is that—Dutch?"

"High Dutch," said I.

"High Dutch, and you speak High Dutch, —why I had booked you for as great an ignoramus as myself, who can't write—no, nor distinguish in a book a great A from a bull's foot."

"A person may be a very clever man," said I—"no, not a clever man, for clever signifies clerkly, and a clever man one who is able to read and write, and entitled to the benefit of his clergy or clerkship; but a person may be a very acute person without being able to read or write. I never saw a more acute countenance than your own."

"No soft soap," said the jockey, "for I never uses any. However, thank you for your information; I have hitherto thought myself a 'nition clever fellow, but from henceforth shall consider myself just the contrary, and only—what 's the word?—confounded 'cute."

"Just so," said I.

"Well," said the jockey, "as you say you can speak High Dutch, I should like to hear you and master six foot six fire away at each other."

"I cannot speak German," said I, "but I can understand tolerably well what others say in it."

"Come, no backing out," said the jockey, "let 's hear you fire away for the glory of Old England."

"Then you are a German?" said I, in German, to the foreigner.

"That will do," said the jockey, "keep it up."

"A German!" said the tall foreigner. "No, I thank God that I do not belong to the stupid sluggish Germanic race, but to a braver, taller, and handsomer people;" here taking the pipe out of his mouth, he stood up proudly erect, so that his head nearly touched the ceiling of the room, then reseating himself, and again putting the syphon to his lips, he added, "I am a Magyar."

"What is that?" said I.

The foreigner looked at me for a moment, somewhat contemptuously, through the smoke, then said, in a voice of thunder, "A Hungarian!"

"What a voice the chap has when he pleases!" interposed the jockey; "what is he saying?"

"Merely that he is a Hungarian," said I

but I added, "the conversation of this gentleman and myself in a language which you can't understand must be very tedious to you, we had better give it up."

"Keep on with it," said the jockey, "I shall go on listening very contentedly till I fall asleep, no bad thing to do at most times."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HUNGARIAN.

"THEN you are a countryman of Tekeli, and of the queen who made the celebrated water," said I, speaking to the Hungarian in German, which I was able to do tolerably well, owing to my having translated the Publisher's philosophy into that language, always provided I did not attempt to say much at a time.

Hungarian. Ah! you have heard of Tekeli, and of L'eau de la Reine d'Hongrie. How is that?

Myself. I have seen a play acted, founded on the exploits of Tekeli, and have read Pigault Le Brun's beautiful romance, entitled the "Barons of Felsheim," in which he is mentioned. As for the water, I have heard a lady, the wife of a master of mine, speak of it.

Hungarian. Was she handsome?

Myself. Very.

Hungarian. Did she possess the water?

Myself. I should say not; for I have heard her express a great curiosity about it.

Hungarian. Was she growing old?

Myself. Of course not; but why do you put all these questions?

Hungarian. Because the water is said to make people handsome, and, above all, to restore to the aged the beauty of their youth. Well! Tekeli was my countryman, and I have the honour of having some of the blood of the Tekelis in my veins, but with respect to the queen, pardon me if I tell you that she was not a Hungarian; she was a Pole—Ersebet by name, daughter of Wladislaus Locticus, King of Poland; she was the fourth spouse of Caroly the Second, King of the Magyar country, who married her in the year 1320. She was a great woman and celebrated politician, though at present chiefly known by her water.

Myself. How came she to invent it?

Hungarian. If her own account may be believed, she did not invent it. After her death, as I have read in Florentius of Buda, there was found a statement of the manner in which she came by it, written in her own hand, on a fly-leaf of her breviary, to the following effect:—Being afflicted with a grievous disorder at the

age of seventy-two, she received the medicine which was called her water, from an old hermit whom she never saw before or afterwards; it not only cured her, but restored to her all her former beauty, so that the king of Poland fell in love with her, and made her an offer of marriage, which she refused for the glory of God, from whose holy angel she believed she had received the water. The receipt for making it and directions for using it, were also found on the fly-leaf. The principal component parts were burnt wine and rosemary, passed through an alembic; a drachm of it was to be taken once a week, "etelbenn vagy italbann," in the food or the drink, early in the morning, and the cheeks were to be moistened with it every day. The effects, according to the statement, were wonderful—and perhaps they were upon the queen; but whether the water has been equally efficacious on other people, is a point which I cannot determine. I should wish to see some old woman who has been restored to youthful beauty by the use of L'eau de la Reine d'Hongrie.

Myself. Perhaps, if you did, the old gentlewoman would hardly be so ingenuous as the queen. But who are the Hungarians—descendants of Attila and his people?

The Hungarian shook his head, and gave me

to understand that he did not believe that his nation were the descendants of Attila and his people, though he acknowledged that they were probably of the same race. Attila and his armies, he said, came and disappeared in a very mysterious manner, and that nothing could be said with positiveness about them ; that the people now known as Magyars first made their appearance in Muscovy in the year 884, under the leadership of Almus, called so from Alom, which, in the Hungarian language, signifies a dream ; his mother, before his birth, having dreamt that the child with which she was enceinte would be the father of a long succession of kings, which, in fact, was the case ; that after beating the Russians he entered Hungary, and coming to a place called Ungvar, from which many people believed that modern Hungary derived its name, he captured it, and held in it a grand festival, which lasted four days, at the end of which time he resigned the leadership of the Magyars to his son Arpad. This Arpad and his Magyars utterly subdued Pannonia—that is, Hungary and Transylvania, wresting the government of it from the Sclavonian tribes who inhabited it, and settling down amongst them as conquerors ! After giving me this information, the Hungarian exclaimed with much animation, — " A goodly country

that which they had entered on, consisting of a plain surrounded by mountains, some of which intersect it here and there, with noble rapid rivers, the grandest of which is the mighty Dunau; a country with tiny volcanoes, casting up puffs of smoke and steam, and from which hot springs arise, good for the sick; with many fountains, some of which are so pleasant to the taste as to be preferred to wine; with a generous soil which, warmed by a beautiful sun, is able to produce corn, grapes, and even the Indian weed; in fact, one of the finest countries in the world, which even a Spaniard would pronounce to be nearly equal to Spain. Here they rested—meditating, however, fresh conquests. Oh, the Magyars soon showed themselves a mighty people. Besides Hungary and Transylvania, they subdued Bulgaria and Bosnia, and the land of Tot, now called Sclavonia. The generals of Zoltan, the son of Arpad, led troops of horsemen to the banks of the Rhine. One of them, at the head of a host, besieged Constantinople. It was then that Botond engaged in combat with a Greek of gigantic stature, who came out of the city and challenged the two best men in the Magyar army. 'I am the feeblest of the Magyars,' said Botond, 'but I will kill thee;'

and he performed his word, having previously given a proof of the feebleness of his arm by striking his battle-axe through the brazen gate, making a hole so big that a child of five years old could walk through it."

Myself. Of what religion were the old Hungarians ?

Hungarian. They had some idea of a Supreme Being, whom they called Isten, which word is still used by the Magyars for God ; but their chief devotion was directed to sorcerers and soothsayers, something like the Schamans of the Siberian steppes. They were converted to Christianity chiefly through the instrumentality of Istvan or Stephen, called after his death St. Istvan, who ascended the throne in the year one thousand. He was born in heathenesse, and his original name was Vojk : he was the first kiraly, or king of the Magyars. Their former leaders had been called fejedelmek, or dukes. The Magyar language has properly no term either for king or house. Kiraly is a word derived from the Sclaves; haz, or house, from the Germans, who first taught them to build houses, their original dwellings having been tilted waggons.

Myself. Many thanks for your account of the great men of your country.

Hungarian. The great men of my country! I have only told you of the . . . . Well, I acknowledge that Almus and Arpad were great men, but Hungary has produced many greater; I will not trouble you by recapitulating all, but there is one name I cannot forbear mentioning—but you have heard of it—even at Horncastle, the name of Hunyadi must be familiar.

Myself. It may be so, though I rather doubt it; but, however that may be, I confess my ignorance. I have never, until this moment, heard of the name of Hunyadi.

Hungarian. Not of Hunyadi Janos, not of Hunyadi John—for the genius of our language compels us to put a man's Christian name after his other; perhaps you have heard of the name of Corvinus?

Myself. Yes, I have heard of the name of Corvinus.

Hungarian. By my God, I am glad of it; I thought our hammer of destruction, our thunderbolt, whom the Greeks called Achilles, must be known to the people of Horncastle. Well, Hunyadi and Corvinus are the same.

Myself. Corvinus means the man of the crow, or raven. I suppose that your John, when a boy, climbed up to a crow or raven's nest, and

stole the young; a bold feat, well befitting a young hero.

Hungarian. By Isten, you are an acute guesser, a robbery there was, but it was not Hunyadi who robbed the raven, but the raven who robbed Hunyadi.

Myself. How was that?

Hungarian. In this manner: Hunyadi, according to tradition, was the son of King Sigmond, by a peasant's daughter. The king saw and fell in love with her, whilst marching against the vaivode of Wallachia. He had some difficulty in persuading her to consent to his wishes, and she only yielded at last, on the king making her a solemn promise that, in the event of her becoming with child by him, he would handsomely provide for her and the infant. The king proceeded on his expedition; and on his returning in triumph from Wallachia, again saw the girl, who informed him that she was enceinte by him; the king was delighted with the intelligence, gave the girl money, and at the same time a ring, requesting her, if she brought forth a son, to bring the ring to Buda with the child, and present it to him. When her time was up, the peasant's daughter brought forth a fair son, who was baptized by

the name of John. After some time the young woman communicated the whole affair to her elder brother, whose name was Gaspar, and begged him to convey her and the child to the king at Buda. The brother consented, and both set out, taking the child with them. On their way, the woman, wanting to wash her clothes, laid the child down, giving it the king's ring to play with. A raven, who saw the glittering ring, came flying, and plucking it out of the child's hand, carried it up into a tree; the child suddenly began to cry, and the mother, hearing it, left her washing, and running to the child, forthwith missed the ring, but hearing the raven croak in the tree, she lifted up her eyes, and saw it with the ring in its beak. The woman, in great terror, called her brother, and told him what had happened, adding, that she durst not approach the king if the raven took away the ring. Gaspar, seizing his cross-bow and quiver, ran to the tree, where the raven was yet with the ring, and discharged an arrow at it, but, being in a great hurry, he missed it; with his second shot he was more lucky, for he hit the raven in the breast, which, together with the ring, fell to the ground. Taking up the ring, they went on their way, and shortly

arrived at Buda. One day, as the king was walking after dinner in his outer hall, the woman appeared before him with the child, and, showing him the ring, said, "Mighty lord! behold this token! and take pity upon me and your own son." King Sigmond took the child and kissed it, and, after a pause, said to the mother, "You have done right in bringing me the boy; I will take care of you, and make him a nobleman." The king was as good as his word, he provided for the mother; caused the boy to be instructed in knightly exercises, and made him a present of the town of Hunyad, in Transylvania, on which account he was afterwards called Hunyadi, and gave him, as an armorial sign, a raven bearing a ring in his beak.

Such, O young man of Horncastle! is the popular account of the birth of the great captain of Hungary, as related by Florentius of Buda. There are other accounts of his birth, which is, indeed, involved in much mystery, and of the reason of his being called Corvinus, but as this is the most pleasing, and is, upon the whole, founded on quite as good evidence as the others, I have selected it for recitation.

Myself. I heartily thank you, but you must

tell me something more of Hunyadi. You call him your great captain; what did he do?

Hungarian. Do! what no other man of his day could have done. He broke the power of the Turk when he was coming to overwhelm Europe. From the blows inflicted by Hunyadi, the Turk never thoroughly recovered; he has been frequently worsted in latter times, but none but Hunyadi could have routed the armies of Amurath and Mahomed the Second.

Myself. How was it that he had an opportunity of displaying his military genius?

Hungarian. I can hardly tell you, but his valour soon made him famous; King Albert made him Ban of Szorenyi. He became eventually waivode of Transylvania, and governor of Hungary. His first grand action was the defeat of the Bashaw Isack; and though himself surprised and routed at St. Imre, he speedily regained his prestige by defeating the Turks, with enormous slaughter, killing their leader, Mezerbeg; and subsequently, at the battle of the Iron Gates, he destroyed ninety thousand Turks, sent by Amurath to avenge the late disgrace. It was then that the Greeks called him Achilles.

Myself. He was not always successful.

Hungarian. Who could be always successful

against the early Turk? He was defeated in the battle in which King Vladislaus lost his life, but his victories outnumbered his defeats threefold. His grandest victory—perhaps the grandest ever achieved by man—was over the terrible Mahomed the Second; who, after the taking of Constantinople in 1453, said, "One God in Heaven—one king on earth;" and marched to besiege Belgrade at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men; swearing, by the beard of the prophet, "That he would sup within it ere two months were elapsed." He brought with him dogs, to eat the bodies of the Christians whom he should take or slay; so says Florentius; hear what he also says: The Turk sat down before the town towards the end of June, 1454, covering the Dunau and Szava with ships; and on the 4th of July he began to cannonade Belgrade with cannons twenty-five feet long, whose roar could be heard at Szeged, a distance of twenty-four leagues, at which place Hunyadi had assembled his forces. Hunyadi had been able to raise only fifteen thousand of well-armed and disciplined men, though he had with him vast bands of people, who called themselves Soldiers of the Cross, but who consisted of inexperienced lads from school, peasants, and hermits, armed with swords, slings, and clubs. Hunyadi, undis-

mayed by the great disparity between his forces and those of the Turk, advanced to relieve Belgrade, and encamped at Szalankemen with his army. There he saw at once, that his first step must be to attack the flotilla; he therefore privately informed Szilagy, his wife's brother, who at that time defended Belgrade, that it was his intention to attack the ships of the Turks on the 14th day of July in front, and requested his co-operation in the rear. On the 14th came on the commencement of the great battle of Belgrade, between Hunyadi and the Turk. Many days it lasted.

Myself. Describe it.

Hungarian. I cannot. One has described it well—Florentius, of Buda. I can only repeat a few of his words:—"On the appointed day, Hunyadi, with two hundred vessels, attacked the Turkish flotilla in front, whilst Szilagy, with forty vessels, filled with the men of Belgrade, assailed it in the rear; striving for the same object, they sunk many of the Turkish vessels, captured seventy-four, burnt many, and utterly annihilated the whole fleet. After this victory, Hunyadi, with his army, entered Belgrade, to the great joy of the Magyars. But though the force of Mahomed upon the water was destroyed,

that upon the land remained entire; and with this, during six days and nights, he attacked the city without intermission, destroying its walls in many parts. His last and most desperate assault was made on the 21st day of July. Twice did the Turks gain possession of the outer town, and twice was it retaken with indescribable slaughter. The next day the combat raged without ceasing till mid-day, when the Turks were again beaten out of the town, and pursued by the Magyars to their camp. There the combat was renewed, both sides displaying the greatest obstinacy, until Mahomed received a great wound over his left eye. The Turks then, turning their faces, fled, leaving behind them three hundred cannon in the hands of the Christians, and more than twenty-four thousand slain on the field of battle."

Myself. After that battle, I suppose Hunyadi enjoyed his triumphs in peace?

Hungarian. In the deepest, for he shortly died. His great soul quitted his body, which was exhausted by almost superhuman exertions, on the 11th of August, 1456. Shortly before he died, according to Florentius, a comet appeared, sent, as it would seem, to announce his coming end. The whole Christian world mourned his

loss. The Pope ordered the cardinals to perform a funeral ceremony at Rome in his honour. His great enemy himself grieved for him, and pronounced his finest eulogium. When Mahomed the Second heard of his death, he struck his head for some time against the ground without speaking. Suddenly he broke silence with these words, "Notwithstanding he was my enemy, yet do I bewail his loss; since the sun has shone in heaven, no Prince had ever yet such a man."

Myself. What was the name of his Prince?

Hungarian. Laszlo the Fifth; who, though under infinite obligations to Hunyadi, was anything but grateful to him; for he once consented to a plan which was laid to assassinate him, contrived by his mortal enemy Ulrik, Count of Cilejia; and after Hunyadi's death, caused his eldest son, Hunyadi Laszlo, to be executed on a false accusation, and imprisoned his younger son, Matyas, who, on the death of Laszlo, was elected by the Magyars to be their king, on the 24th of January, 1458.

Myself. Was this Matyas a good king?

Hungarian. Was Matyas Corvinus a good king? O young man of Horncastle! he was the best and greatest that Hungary ever possessed, and, after his father, the most renowned warrior,

—some of our best laws were framed by him. It was he who organized the Hussar force, and it was he who took Vienna. Why does your Government always send fools to represent it at Vienna?

Myself. I really cannot say; but with respect to the Hussar force, is it of Hungarian origin?

Hungarian. Its name shows its origin. Huz, in Hungarian, is twenty, and the Hussar force is so called because it is formed of twentieths. A law was issued, by which it was ordered that every Hungarian nobleman, out of every twenty dependants, should produce a well-equipped horseman, and with him proceed to the field of battle.

Myself. Why did Matyas capture Vienna?

Hungarian. Because the Emperor Frederick took part against him with the King of Poland, who claimed the kingdom of Hungary for his son, and had also assisted the Turk. He captured it in the year 1487, but did not survive his triumph long, expiring there in the year 1490. He was so veracious a man, that it was said of him, after his death, "Truth died with Matyas." It might be added, that the glory of Hungary departed with him. I wish to say nothing more connected with Hungarian history.

Myself. Another word. Did Matyas leave a son?

Hungarian. A natural son, Hunyadi John, called so after the great man. He would have been universally acknowledged as King of Hungary but for the illegitimacy of his birth. As it was, Ulaszlo, the son of the King of Poland, afterwards called Ulaszlo the Second, who claimed Hungary as being descended from Albert, was nominated king by a great majority of the Magyar electors. Hunyadi John for some time disputed the throne with him; there was some bloodshed, but Hunyadi John eventually submitted, and became the faithful captain of Ulaszlo, notwithstanding that the Turk offered to assist him with an army of two hundred thousand men.

Myself. Go on.

Hungarian. To what? Tché Drak, to the Mohacs Veszedelem. Ulaszlo left a son, Lajos the Second, born without skin, as it is said, certainly without a head. He, contrary to the advice of all his wise counsellors—and amongst them was Batory Stephen, who became eventually King of Poland—engaged, with twenty-five thousand men, at Mohacs, Soliman the Turk, who had an army of two hundred thousand.

Drak! the Magyars were annihilated, King Lajos disappeared with his heavy horse and armour in a bog. We call that battle, which was fought on the 29th of August, 1526, the destruction of Mohacs, but it was the destruction of Hungary.

Myself. You have twice used the word drak, what is the meaning of it? Is it Hungarian?

Hungarian. No! it belongs to the mad Wallacks. They are a nation of madmen on the other side of Transylvania. Their country was formerly a fief of Hungary, like Moldavia, which is inhabited by the same race, who speak the same language, and are equally mad.

Myself. What language do they speak?

Hungarian. A strange mixture of Latin and Sclavonian—they themselves being a mixed race of Romans and Sclavonians. Trajan sent certain legions to form military colonies in Dacia; and the present Wallacks and Moldavians are, to a certain extent, the descendants of the Roman soldiers, who married the women of the country. I say to a certain extent, for the Sclavonian element both in blood and language, seems to prevail.

Myself. And what is drak?

Hungarian. Dragon; which the Wallacks use for devil. The term is curious, as it shows

that the old Romans looked upon the dragon as an infernal being.

Myself. You have been in Wallachia?

Hungarian. I have, and glad I was to get out of it. I hate the mad Wallacks.

Myself. Why do you call them mad?

Hungarian. They are always drinking or talking. I never saw a Wallachian eating or silent. They talk like madmen, and drink like madmen. In drinking they use small phials, the contents of which they pour down their throats. When I first went amongst them I thought the whole nation was under a course of physic, but the terrible jabber of their tongues soon undeceived me. Drak was the first word I heard on entering Dacia, and the last when I left it. The Moldaves, if possible, drink more, and talk more than the Wallachians.

Myself. It is singular enough that the only Moldavian I have known could not speak. I suppose he was born dumb.

Hungarian. A Moldavian born dumb! Excuse me, the thing is impossible,—all Moldavians are born talking! I have known a Moldavian who could not speak, but he was not born dumb. His master, an Armenian, snipped off part of his tongue at Adrianople. He drove

him mad with his jabber. He is now in London, where his master has a house. I have letters of credit on the house: the clerk paid me money in London, the master was absent; the money which you received for the horse belonged to that house.

Myself. Another word with respect to Hungarian history.

Hungarian. Drak! I wish to say nothing more about Hungarian history.

Myself. The Turk, I suppose, after Mohacs, got possession of Hungary?

Hungarian. Not exactly. The Turk, upon the whole, showed great moderation; not so the Austrian. Ferdinand the First claimed the crown of Hungary as being the cousin of Maria, widow of Lajos; he found too many disposed to support him. His claim, however, was resisted by Zapolya John, a Hungarian magnate, who caused himself to be elected king. Hungary was for a long time devastated by the wars between the partisans of Zapolya and Ferdinand. At last Zapolya called in the Turk. Soliman behaved generously to him, and after his death befriended his young son, and Isabella his queen; eventually the Turks became masters of Transylvania and the greater part of Hun-

gary. They were not bad masters, and had many friends in Hungary, especially amongst those of the reformed faith, to which I have myself the honour of belonging; those of the reformed faith found the Mufti more tolerant than the Pope. Many Hungarians went with the Turks to the siege of Vienna, whilst Tekeli and his horsemen guarded Hungary for them. A gallant enterprise that siege of Vienna; the last great effort of the Turk; it failed, and he speedily lost Hungary, but he did not sneak from Hungary like a frightened hound. His defence of Buda will not be soon forgotten, where Apty Basha, the governor, died fighting like a lion in the breach. There 's many a Hungarian would prefer Stamboul to Vienna. Why does your Government always send fools to represent it at Vienna?

Myself. I have already told you that I cannot say. What became of Tekeli?

Hungarian. When Hungary was lost he retired with the Turks into Turkey. Count Renoncourt, in his Memoirs, mentions having seen him at Adrianople. The sultan, in consideration of the services which he had rendered to the Moslem in Hungary, made over the revenues of certain towns and districts for his subsistence. The

count says that he always went armed to the teeth, and was always attended by a young female dressed in male attire, who had followed him in his wars, and had more than once saved his life. His end is wrapped in mystery, I—whose greatest boast, next to being a Hungarian, is to be of his blood—know nothing of his end.

Myself. Allow me to ask who you are?

Hungarian. Egy szegeny Magyar Nemes ember, a poor Hungarian nobleman, son of one yet poorer. I was born in Transylvania, not far to the west of good Colosevar. I served some time in the Austrian army as a noble Hussar, but am now equerry to a great nobleman, to whom I am distantly related. In his service I have travelled far and wide, buying horses. I have been in Russia and Turkey, and am now at Horncastle, where I have had the satisfaction to meet with you, and to buy your horse, which is, in truth, a noble brute.

Myself. For a soldier and equerry you seem to know a great deal of the history of your country.

Hungarian. All I know is derived from Florentius of Buda, whom we call Budai Ferentz. He was professor of Greek and Latin at the Re-

formed College of Debreczen, where I was educated; he wrote a work entitled "Magyar Polgari Lexicon," Lives of Great Hungarian Citizens. He was dead before I was born, but I found his book, when I was a child, in the solitary home of my father, which stood on the confines of a puszta, or wilderness, and that book I used to devour in winter nights when the winds were whistling around the house. Oh! how my blood used to glow at the descriptions of Magyar valour, and likewise of Turkish; for Florentius has always done justice to the Turk. Many a passage similar to this have I got by heart; it is connected with the battle on the plain of Rigo, which Hunyadi lost:—"The next day, which was Friday, as the two armies were drawn up in battle array, a Magyar hero, riding forth, galloped up and down, challenging the Turks to single combat. Then came out to meet him the son of a renowned bashaw of Asia; rushing upon each other, both broke their lances, but the Magyar hero and his horse rolled over upon the ground, for the Turks had always the best horses." O young man of Horncastle! if ever you learn Hungarian—and learn it assuredly you will after what I have told you—read the book of Florentius of Buda, even if you go to

Hungary to get it, for you will scarcely find it elsewhere, and even there with difficulty, for the book has been long out of print. It describes the actions of the great men of Hungary down to the middle of the sixteenth century, and besides being written in the purest Hungarian, has the merit of having for its author a professor of the Reformed College at Debreczen.

Myself. I will go to Hungary rather than not read it. I am glad that the Turk beat the Magyar. When I used to read the ballads of Spain I always sided with the Moor against the Christian.

Hungarian. It was a drawn fight after all, for the terrible horse of the Turk presently flung his own master, whereupon the two champions returned to their respective armies; but in the grand conflict which ensued, the Turks beat the Magyars, pursuing them till night, and striking them on the necks with their scymetars. The Turk is a noble fellow; I should wish to be a Turk, were I not a Magyar.

Myself. The Turk always keeps his word, I am told.

Hungarian. Which the Christian very seldom does, and even the Hungarian does not always. In 1444 Ulaszlo made, at Szeged, peace with

Amurath for ten years, which he swore with an oath to keep, but at the instigation of the Pope Julian he broke it, and induced his great captain, Hunyadi John, to share in the perjury. The consequence was the battle of Varna, of the 10th of November, in which Hunyadi was routed, and Ulaszlo slain. Did you ever hear his epitaph? it is both solemn and edifying :—

"Romulidæ Cannas ego Varnam clade notavi;
Discite mortales non temerare fidem:
Me nisi Pontifices jussissent rumpere fœdus
Non ferret Scythicum Pannonis ora jugum."

"Halloo!" said the jockey, starting up from a doze in which he had been indulging for the last hour, his head leaning upon his breast, "what is that? That 's not high Dutch; I bargained for high Dutch, and I left you speaking what I believed to be high Dutch, as it sounded very much like the language of horses, as I have been told high Dutch does; but as for what you are speaking now, whatever you may call it, it sounds more like the language of another kind of animal. I suppose you want to insult me, because I was once a dicky-boy."

"Nothing of the kind," said I, "the gentleman was making a quotation in Latin."

"Latin, was it?" said the jockey; "that alters the case. Latin is genteel, and I have sent my eldest boy to an academy to learn it. Come, let us hear you fire away in Latin," he continued, proceeding to re-light his pipe, which, before going to sleep, he had laid on the table.

"If you wish to follow the discourse in Latin," said the Hungarian, in very bad English, "I can oblige you; I learned to speak very good Latin in the college of Debreczen."

"That 's more," said I, "than I have done in the colleges where I have been; in any little conversation which we may yet have, I wish you would use German."

"Well," said the jockey, taking a whiff, "make your conversation as short as possible, whether in Latin or Dutch, for, to tell you the truth, I am rather tired of merely playing listener."

"You were saying you had been in Russia," said I; "I believe the Russians are part of the Sclavonian race."

Hungarian. Yes, part of the great Sclavonian family; one of the most numerous races in the world. The Russians themselves are very numerous; would that the Magyars could boast of the fifth part of their number!

Myself. What is the number of the Magyars?

Hungarian. Barely four millions. We came a tribe of Tartars into Europe, and settled down amongst Sclavonians, whom we conquered, but who never coalesced with us. The Austrian at present plays in Pannonia the Sclavonian against us, and us against the Sclavonian; but the downfall of the Austrian is at hand; they, like us, are not a numerous people.

Myself. Who will bring about his downfall?

Hungarian. The Russian. The Rysckie Tsar will lead his people forth, all the Sclavonians will join him, he will conquer all before him.

Myself. Are the Russians good soldiers?

Hungarian. They are stubborn and unflinching to an astonishing degree, and their fidelity to their Tsar is quite admirable. See how the Russians behaved at Plescova, in Livonia, in the old time, against our great Batory Stephen; they defended the place till it was a heap of rubbish, and mark how they behaved after they had been made prisoners. Stephen offered them two alternatives:—to enter into his service, in which they would have good pay, clothing, and fair treatment; or to be allowed to return to Russia. Without the slightest hesitation they, to a man, chose the latter, though well aware that their be-

loved Tsar, the cruel Ivan Basilowits, would put them all to death, amidst tortures the most horrible, for not doing what was impossible—preserving the town.

Myself. You speak Russian?

Hungarian. A little. I was born in the vicinity of a Sclavonian tribe; the servants of our house were Sclavonians, and I early acquired something of their language, which differs not much from that of Russia; when in that country I quickly understood what was said.

Myself. Have the Russians any literature?

Hungarian. Doubtless; but I am not acquainted with it, as I do not read their language; but I know something of their popular tales, to which I used to listen in their izbushkas; a principal personage in these is a creation quite original—called Baba Yaga.

Myself. Who is Baba Yaga?

Hungarian. A female phantom, who is described as hurrying along the puszta, or steppe, in a mortar, pounding with a pestle at a tremendous rate, and leaving a long trace on the ground behind her with her tongue, which is three yards long, and with which she seizes any men and horses coming in her way, swallowing them down into her capacious belly. She has several daugh-

ters, very handsome, and with plenty of money; happy the young Mujik who catches and marries one of them, for they make excellent wives.

"Many thanks," said I, "for the information you have afforded me: this is rather poor wine," I observed, as I poured out a glass—"I suppose you have better wine in Hungary?"

"Yes, we have better wine in Hungary. First of all there is Tokay, the most celebrated in the world, though I confess I prefer the wine of Eger —Tokay is too sweet."

"Have you ever been at Tokay?"

"I have," said the Hungarian.

"What kind of place is Tokay?"

"A small town situated on the Tyzza, a rapid river descending from the north; the Tokay Mountain is just behind the town, which stands on the right bank. The top of the mountain is called Kopacs Teto, or the bald tip; the hill is so steep that during thunder-storms pieces of it frequently fall down upon the roofs of the houses. It was planted with vines by King Lajos, who ascended the throne in the year 1342. The best wine called Tokay is, however, not made at Tokay, but at Kassau, two leagues farther into the Carpathians, of which Tokay is a spur. If you wish to drink the best Tokay, you must go

to Vienna, to which place all the prime is sent. For the third time I ask you, O young man of Horncastle! why does your Government always send fools to represent it at Vienna?"

"And for the third time I tell you, O son of Almus! that I cannot say; perhaps, however, to drink the sweet Tokay wine; fools, you know, always like sweet things."

"Good," said the Hungarian; "it must be so, and when I return to Hungary, I will state to my countrymen your explanation of a circumstance which has frequently caused them great perplexity. Oh! the English are a clever people, and have a deep meaning in all they do. What a vision of deep policy opens itself to my view: they do not send their fool to Vienna in order to gape at processions, and to bow and scrape at a base Papist court, but to drink at the great dinners the celebrated Tokay of Hungary, which the Hungarians, though they do not drink it, are very proud of, and by doing so to intimate the sympathy which the English entertain for their fellow religionists of Hungary. Oh! the English are a deep people."

CHAPTER IX.

THE HORNCASTLE WELCOME.—TZERNEBOCK AND BIELEBOCK.

THE pipe of the Hungarian had, for some time past, exhibited considerable symptoms of exhaustion, little or no ruttling having been heard in the tube, and scarcely a particle of smoke, drawn through the syphon, having been emitted from the lips of the tall possessor. He now rose from his seat, and going to a corner of the room, placed his pipe against the wall, then striding up and down the room, he cracked his fingers several times, exclaiming, in a half-musing manner, "Oh, the deep nation, which, in order to display its sympathy for Hungary, sends its fool to Vienna, to drink the sweet wine of Tokay!"

The jockey, having looked for some time at the tall figure with evident approbation, winked at me with that brilliant eye of his on which there was no speck, saying, "Did you ever see a taller fellow?"

"Never," said I.

"Or a finer?"

"That 's another question," said I, "which I am not so willing to answer; however, as I am fond of truth, and scorn to flatter, I will take the liberty of saying that I think I have seen a finer."

"A finer! where?" said the jockey; whilst the Hungarian, who appeared to understand what we said, stood still, and looked full at me.

"Amongst a strange set of people," said I, "whom if I were to name, you would, I dare say, only laugh at me."

"Who be they?" said the jockey. "Come, don't be ashamed; I have occasionally kept queerish company myself."

"The people whom we call gypsies," said I; "whom the Germans call Zigeuner, and who call themselves Romany chals."

"Zigeuner!" said the Hungarian; "by Isten! I do know those people."

"Romany chals!" said the jockey; "whew! I begin to smell a rat."

"What do you mean by smelling a rat?" said I.

"I 'll bet a crown," said the jockey, "that

you be the young chap what certain folks call 'The Romany Rye.'"

"Ah!" said I, "how came you to know that name?"

"Be not you he?" said the jockey.

"Why, I certainly have been called by that name."

"I could have sworn it," said the jockey; then rising from his chair, he laid his pipe on the table, took a large hand-bell which stood on a sideboard, and going to the door, opened it, and commenced ringing in a most tremendous manner on the staircase. The noise presently brought up a waiter, to whom the jockey vociferated, "Go to your master, and tell him to send immediately three bottles of champagne, of the pink kind, mind you, which is twelve guineas a dozen;" the waiter hurried away, and the jockey resumed his seat and his pipe. I sat in silent astonishment till the waiter returned with a basket containing the wine, which, with three long glasses, he placed on the table. The jockey then got up, and going to a large bow-window at the end of the room, which looked into a court-yard, peeped out; then saying, "the coast is clear," he shut down the principal sash, which was open for the sake of the air, and

taking up a bottle of the champagne, he placed another in the hands of the Hungarian, to whom he said something in private. The latter, who seemed to understand him, answered by a nod. The two then going to the end of the table fronting the window, and about eight paces from it, stood before it, holding the bottles by their necks; suddenly the jockey lifted up his arm. "Surely," said I, "you are not mad enough to fling that bottle through the window?" "Here 's to the Romany Rye; here 's to the sweet master," said the jockey, dashing the bottle through a pane in so neat a manner that scarcely a particle of glass fell into the room.

"Eljen edes csigany ur—eljen gul eray!" said the Hungarian, swinging round his bottle, and discharging it at the window; but, either not possessing the jockey's accuracy of aim, or reckless of consequences, he flung his bottle so, that it struck against part of the wooden setting of the panes, breaking along with the wood and itself three or four panes to pieces. The crash was horrid, and wine and particles of glass flew back into the room, to the no small danger of its inmates. "What do you think of that?" said the jockey; "were you ever so honoured before?" "Honoured!" said I. "God preserve me in

future from such honour;" and I put my finger to my cheek, which was slightly hurt by a particle of the glass. "That 's the way we of the cofrady honour great men at Horncastle," said the jockey. "What, you are hurt! never mind; all the better; your scratch shows that you are the body the compliment was paid to." "And what are you going to do with the other bottle?" said I. "Do with it!" said the jockey, "why drink it, cosily and comfortably, whilst holding a little quiet talk. The Romany Rye at Horncastle, what an idea!"

"And what will the master of the house say to all this damage which you have caused him?"

"What will your master say, William?" said the jockey to the waiter, who had witnessed the singular scene just described without exhibiting the slightest mark of surprise. William smiled, and slightly shrugging his shoulders, replied, "Very little, I dare say, sir; this a'n't the first time your honour has done a thing of this kind." "Nor will it be the first time that I shall have paid for it," said the jockey; "well, I shall have never paid for a certain item in the bill with more pleasure than I shall pay for it now. Come, William, draw the cork, and let us taste the pink champagne."

The waiter drew the cork, and filled the glasses with a pinky liquor, which bubbled, hissed, and foamed. "How do you like it?" said the jockey, after I had imitated the example of my companions by despatching my portion at a draught.

"It is wonderful wine," said I, "I have never tasted champagne before, though I have frequently heard it praised; it more than answers my expectations; but, I confess, I should not wish to be obliged to drink it every day."

"Nor I," said the jockey, "for everyday drinking give me a glass of old port, or . . . ."

"Of hard old ale," I interposed, "which, according to my mind, is better than all the wine in the world."

"Well said, Romany Rye," said the jockey, "just my own opinion; now, William, make yourself scarce."

The waiter withdrew, and I said to the jockey, "How did you become acquainted with the Romany chals?"

"I first became acquainted with them," said the jockey, "when I lived with old Fulcher the basket-maker, who took me up when I was adrift upon the world; I do not mean the present Fulcher, who is likewise called old Fulcher,

but his father, who has been dead this many a year; while living with him in the caravan, I frequently met them in the green lanes, and of latter years I have had occasional dealings with them in the horse line."

"And the gypsies have mentioned me to you?" said I.

"Frequently," said the jockey, "and not only those of these parts; why, there 's scarcely a part of England in which I have not heard the name of the Romany Rye mentioned by these people. The power you have over them is wonderful; that is, I should have thought it wonderful, had they not more than once told me the cause."

"And what is the cause?" said I, "for I am sure I do not know."

"The cause is this," said the jockey, "they never heard a bad word proceed from your mouth, and never knew you do a bad thing."

"They are a singular people," said I.

"And what a singular language they have got," said the jockey.

"Do you know it?" said I.

"Only a few words," said the jockey, "they were always chary in teaching me any."

"They were vary sherry to me too," said the

Hungarian, speaking in broken English; "I only could learn from them half-a-dozen words, for example, gul eray, which, in the czigany of my country, means sweet gentleman; or edes ur in my own Magyar."

"Gudlo Rye, in the Romany of mine, means a sugar'd gentleman," said I; "then there are gypsies in your country?"

"Plenty," said the Hungarian, "speaking German, and in Russia and Turkey too; and wherever they are found, they are alike in their ways and language. Oh, they are a strange race, and how little known. I know little of them, but enough to say, that one horse-load of nonsense has been written about them; there is one Valter Scott . . . ."

"Mind what you say about him," said I; "he is our grand authority in matters of philology and history."

"A pretty philologist," said the Hungarian, "who makes the gypsies speak Roth-Welsch, the dialect of thieves; a pretty historian, who couples together Thor and Tzernebock."

"Where does he do that?" said I.

"In his conceited romance of Ivanhoe, he couples Thor and Tzernebock together, and calls them gods of the heathen Saxons."

"Well," said I, "Thur or Thor was certainly a god of the heathen Saxons."

"True," said the Hungarian; "but why couple him with Tzernebock? Tzernebock was a word which your Valter had picked up somewhere without knowing the meaning. Tzernebock was no god of the Saxons, but one of the gods of the Sclaves, on the southern side of the Baltic. The Sclaves had two grand gods to whom they sacrificed, Tzernebock and Bielebock; that is, the black and white gods, who represented the powers of dark and light. They were overturned by Waldemar, the Dane, the great enemy of the Sclaves; the account of whose wars you will find in one fine old book, written by Saxo Grammaticus, which I read in the library of the college of Debreczen. The Sclaves, at one time, were masters of all the southern shore of the Baltic, where their descendants are still to be found, though they have lost their language, and call themselves Germans; but the word Zernevitz near Dantzic, still attests that the Sclavic language was once common in those parts. Zernevitz means the thing of blackness, as Tzernebock means the god of blackness. Prussia itself merely means, in Sclavish, Lower Russia. There is scarcely a race or language in the world more extended than the Sclavic. On the other side of

the Dunau you will find the Sclaves and their language. Czernavoda is Sclavic, and means black water; in Turkish, kara su; even as Tzernebock means black god; and Belgrade, or Belograd, means the white town; even as Bielebock, or Bielebog, means the white god. Oh! he is one great ignorant, that Valter. He is going, they say, to write one history about Napoleon. I do hope that in his history he will couple his Thor and Tzernebock together. By my God! it would be good diversion that."

"Walter Scott appears to be no particular favourite of yours," said I.

"He is not," said the Hungarian; "I hate him for his slavish principles. He wishes to see absolute power restored in this country, and Popery also; and I hate him because . . . . what do you think? In one of his novels, published a few months ago, he has the insolence to insult Hungary in the person of one of her sons. He makes his great braggart, Cœur de Lion, fling a Magyar over his head. Ha! it was well for Richard that he never felt the gripe of a Hungarian. I wish the braggart could have felt the gripe of me, who am 'a' Magyarok közt legkissebb,' the least among the Magyars. I do hate that Scott, and all his vile gang of Lowlanders and Highlanders.

The black corps, the fekete regiment of Matyjas Hunyadi, was worth all the Scots, high or low, that ever pretended to be soldiers; and would have sent them all headlong into the Black Sea, had they dared to confront it on its shores; but why be angry with an ignorant, who couples together Thor and Tzernebock? Ha! ha!"

"You have read his novels?" said I.

"Yes, I read them now and then. I do not speak much English, but I can read it well, and I have read some of his romances, and mean to read his Napoleon, in the hope of finding Thor and Tzernebock coupled together in it, as in his high-flying Ivanhoe."

"Come," said the jockey, "no more Dutch, whether high or low. I am tired of it; unless we can have some English, I am off to bed."

"I should be very glad to hear some English," said I; "especially from your mouth. Several things which you have mentioned, have awakened my curiosity. Suppose you give us your history?"

"My history?" said the jockey. A rum idea! however, lest conversation should lag, I 'll give it you. First of all, however, a glass of champagne to each."

After we had each taken a glass of champagne, the jockey commenced his history.

CHAPTER X.

THE JOCKEY'S TALE.—THIEVES' LATIN.—LIBERTIES WITH COIN.—THE SMASHER IN PRISON.—OLD FULCHER.—EVERY ONE HAS HIS GIFT.—FASHION OF THE ENGLISH.

"My grandfather was a shorter, and my father was a smasher; the one was scragg'd, and the other lagg'd."

I here interrupted the jockey by observing that his discourse was, for the greater part, unintelligible to me.

"I do not understand much English," said the Hungarian, who, having replenished and resumed his mighty pipe, was now smoking away; but, by Isten, I believe it is the gibberish which that great ignorant Valther Scott puts into the mouth of the folks he calls gypsies."

"Something like it, I confess," said I, "though this sounds more genuine than his dialect, which he picked up out of the canting vocabulary at the end of the 'English Rogue,' a book which, however despised, was written by a remarkable genius. What do you call the speech

you were using?" said I, addressing myself to the jockey.

"Latin," said the jockey, very coolly, "that is, that dialect of it which is used by the light-fingered gentry."

"He is right," said the Hungarian; "it is what the Germans call Roth-Welsch: they call it so because there are a great many Latin words in it, introduced by the priests, who, at the time of the Reformation, being too lazy to work, and too stupid to preach, joined the bands of thieves and robbers who prowled about the country. Italy, as you are aware, is called by the Germans Welschland, or the land of the Welschers; and I may add that Wallachia derives its name from a colony of Welschers which Trajan sent there. Welsch and Wallack being one and the same word, and tantamount to Latin."

"I dare say you are right," said I; "but why was Italy termed Welschland?"

"I do not know," said the Hungarian.

"Then I think I can tell you," said I; "it was called so because the original inhabitants were a Cimbric tribe, who were called Gwyltiad, that is, a race of wild people, living in coverts, who were of the same blood, and spoke the

same language as the present inhabitants of Wales. Welsh seems merely a modification of Gwyltiad. Pray continue your history," said I to the jockey, "only please to do so in a language which we can understand, and first of all interpret the sentence with which you began it."

"I told you that my grandfather was a shorter," said the jockey, "by which is meant a gentleman who shortens or reduces the current coin of these realms, for which practice he was scragged, that is, hung by the scrag of the neck. And when I said that my father was a smasher, I meant one who passes forged notes, thereby doing his best to smash the Bank of England; by being lagg'd, I meant he was laid fast, that is, had a chain put round his leg and then transported."

"Your explanations are perfectly satisfactory," said I; "the three first words are metaphorical, and the fourth, lagg'd, is the old genuine Norse term, lagda, which signifies laid, whether in durance, or in bed, has nothing to do with the matter. What you have told me confirms me in an opinion which I have long entertained, that thieves' Latin is a strange mysterious speech, formed of metaphorical terms, and words de-

rived from various ancient languages. Pray tell me, now, how the gentleman, your grandfather, contrived to shorten the coin of these realms?''

"You shall hear," said the jockey; "but I have one thing to beg of you, which is, that when I have once begun my history you will not interrupt me with questions, I don't like them, they stops one, and puts one out of one's tale, and are not wanted; for anything which I think can't be understood, I should myself explain, without being asked. My grandfather reduced or shortened the coin of this country by three processes. By aquafortis, by clipping, and by filing. Filing and clipping he employed in reducing all kinds of coin, whether gold or silver; but aquafortis he used merely in reducing gold coin, whether guineas, jacobuses, or Portugal pieces, otherwise called moidores, which were at one time as current as guineas. By laying a guinea in aquafortis for twelve hours he could filch from it to the value of ninepence, and by letting it remain there for twenty-four to the value of eighteenpence, the aquafortis eating the gold away, and leaving it like a sediment in the vessel. He was generally satisfied with taking the value of ninepence from a guinea, of eighteenpence from a jacobus or moidore, or half-a-crown

from a broad Spanish piece, whether he reduced them by aquafortis, filing, or clipping. From a five-shilling piece, which is called a bull in Latin, because it is round like a bull's head, he would file or clip to the value of fivepence, and from lesser coin in proportion. He was connected with a numerous gang, or set, of people, who had given up their minds and talents entirely to shortening."

Here I interrupted the jockey. "How singular," said I, "is the fall and debasement of words; you talk of a gang, or set, of shorters; you are, perhaps, not aware that gang and set were, a thousand years ago, only connected with the great and Divine; they are ancient Norse words, which may be found in the heroic poems of the north, and in the Edda, a collection of mythologic and heroic songs. In these poems we read that such and such a king invaded Norway with a gang of heroes; or so and so, for example, Erik Bloodaxe was admitted to the set of gods; but at present gang and set are merely applied to the vilest of the vile, and the lowest of the low,—we say a gang of thieves and shorters, or a set of authors. How touching is this debasement of words in the course of time; it puts me in mind of the decay of old

houses and names. I have known a Mortimer who was a hedger and ditcher, a Berners who was born in a workhouse, and a descendant of the De Burghs, who bore the falcon, mending old kettles, and making horse and pony shoes in a dingle."

"Odd enough," said the jockey; "but you were saying you knew one Berners—man or woman? I would ask."

"A woman," said I.

"What might her Christian name be?" said the jockey.

"It is not to be mentioned lightly," said I, with a sigh.

"I shouldn't wonder if it were Isopel," said the jockey, with an arch glance of his one brilliant eye.

"It was Isopel," said I; "did you know Isopel Berners?"

"Ay, and have reason to know her," said the jockey, putting his hand into his left waistcoat-pocket, as if to feel for something, "for she gave me what I believe few men could do—a most confounded wapping. But now, Mr. Romany Rye, I have again to tell you that I don't like to be interrupted when I 'm speaking, and to add

that if you break in upon me a third time, you and I shall quarrel."

"Pray proceed with your story," said I; "I will not interrupt you again."

"Good!" said the jockey. "Where was I? Oh, with a set of people who had given up their minds to shortening! Reducing the coin, though rather a lucrative, was a very dangerous, trade. Coin filed felt rough to the touch; coin clipped could be easily detected by the eye; and as for coin reduced by aquafortis, it was generally so discoloured that, unless a great deal of pains was used to polish it, people were apt to stare at it in a strange manner, and to say, 'What have they been doing to this here gold?' My grandfather, as I said before, was connected with a gang of shorters, and sometimes shortened money, and at other times passed off what had been shortened by other gentry.

"Passing off what had been shortened by others was his ruin; for once, in trying to pass off a broad piece which had been laid in aquafortis for four-and-twenty hours, and was very black, not having been properly rectified, he was stopped and searched, and other reduced coins being found about him, and in his lodgings,

he was committed to prison, tried, and executed. He was offered his life, provided he would betray his comrades; but he told the big-wigs, who wanted him to do so, that he would see them farther first, and died at Tyburn, amidst the cheers of the populace, leaving my grandmother and father, to whom he had always been a kind husband and parent—for, setting aside the crime for which he suffered, he was a moral man; leaving them, I say, to bewail his irreparable loss.

"'T is said that misfortune never comes alone; this is, however, not always the case. Shortly after my grandfather's misfortune, as my grandmother and her son were living in great misery in Spitalfields, her only relation—a brother from whom she had been estranged some years, on account of her marriage with my grandfather, who had been in an inferior station to herself—died, leaving all his property to her and the child. This property consisted of a farm of about a hundred acres, with its stock, and some money besides. My grandmother, who knew something of business, instantly went into the country, where she farmed the property for her own benefit and that of her son, to whom she gave an education suitable to a person in his condition, till he was old enough to manage the farm himself. Shortly

after the young man came of age, my grandmother died, and my father, in about a year, married the daughter of a farmer, from whom he expected some little fortune, but who very much deceived him, becoming a bankrupt almost immediately after the marriage of his daughter, and himself and family going to the workhouse.

"My mother, however, made my father an excellent wife; and if my father in the long run did not do well, it was no fault of hers. My father was not a bad man by nature, he was of an easy generous temper, the most unfortunate temper, by-the-by, for success in this life that any person can be possessed of, as those who have it are almost sure to be made dupes of by the designing. But, though easy and generous, he was anything but a fool; he had a quick and witty tongue of his own when he chose to exert it, and woe be to those who insulted him openly, for there was not a better boxer in the whole country round. My parents were married several years before I came into the world, who was their first and only child. I may be called an unfortunate creature; I was born with this beam or scale on my left eye, which does not allow me to see with it; and though I can see tolerably sharply with the

other, indeed more than most people can with both of theirs, it is a great misfortune not to have two eyes like other people. Moreover, setting aside the affair of my eye, I had a very ugly countenance; my mouth being slightly wrung aside, and my complexion rather swarthy. In fact, I looked so queer that the gossips and neighbours, when they first saw me, swore I was a changeling—perhaps it would have been well if I had never been born; for my poor father, who had been particularly anxious to have a son, no sooner saw me than he turned away, went to the neighbouring town, and did not return for two days. I am by no means certain that I was not the cause of his ruin, for till I came into the world he was fond of his home, and attended much to business, but afterwards he went frequently into company, and did not seem to care much about his affairs: he was, however, a kind man, and when his wife gave him advice never struck her, nor do I ever remember that he kicked me when I came in his way, or so much as cursed my ugly face, though it was easy to see that he didn't over like me. When I was six years old I was sent to the village-school, where I was soon booked for a dunce, because the master found it impossible to teach me

either to read or write. Before I had been at school two years, however, I had beaten boys four years older than myself, and could fling a stone with my left hand (for if I am right-eyed I am left-handed) higher and farther than any one in the parish. Moreover, no boy could equal me at riding, and no people ride so well or desperately as boys. I could ride a donkey—a thing far more difficult to ride than a horse—at full gallop over hedges and ditches, seated or rather floating upon his hinder part,—so though anything but clever, as this here Romany Rye would say, I was yet able to do things which few other people could do. By the time I was ten my father's affairs had got into a very desperate condition, for he had taken to gambling and horse-racing, and, being unsuccessful, had sold his stock, mortgaged his estate, and incurred very serious debts. The upshot was, that within a little time all he had was seized, himself imprisoned, and my mother and myself put into a cottage belonging to the parish, which, being very cold and damp, was the cause of her catching a fever, which speedily carried her off. I was then bound apprentice to a farmer, in whose service I underwent much coarse treatment, cold, and hunger.

"After lying in prison near two years, my father was liberated by an Act for the benefit of insolvent debtors; he was then lost sight of for some time, at last, however, he made his appearance in the neighbourhood dressed like a gentleman, and seemingly possessed of plenty of money. He came to see me, took me into a field, and asked me how I was getting on. I told him I was dreadfully used, and begged him to take me away with him; he refused, and told me to be satisfied with my condition, for that he could do nothing for me. I had a great love for my father, and likewise a great admiration for him on account of his character as a boxer, the only character which boys in general regard, so I wished much to be with him, independently of the dog's life I was leading where I was; I therefore said if he would not take me with him, I would follow him; he replied that I must do no such thing, for that if I did, it would be my ruin. I asked him what he meant, but he made no reply, only saying that he would go and speak to the farmer. Then taking me with him, he went to the farmer, and in a very civil manner said that he understood I had not been very kindly treated by him, but he hoped that in future I should

be used better. The farmer answered in a surly tone, that I had been only too well treated, for that I was a worthless young scoundrel; high words ensued, and the farmer, forgetting the kind of man he had to deal with, checked him with my grandsire's misfortune, and said he deserved to be hanged like his father. In a moment my father knocked him down, and on his getting up, gave him a terrible beating, then taking me by the hand he hastened away; as we were going down a lane he said, we were now both done for: 'I don't care a straw for that, father,' said I, 'provided I be with you.' My father took me to the neighbouring town, and going into the yard of a small inn, he ordered out a pony and light cart which belonged to him, then paying his bill, he told me to mount upon the seat, and getting up drove away like lightning; we drove for at least six hours without stopping, till we came to a cottage by the side of a heath; we put the pony and cart into a shed, and went into the cottage, my father unlocking the door with a key which he took out of his pocket; there was nobody in the cottage when we arrived, but shortly after there came a man and woman, and then some more people, and by ten o'clock at night there were a dozen of us in the cottage. The people

were companions of my father. My father began talking to them in Latin, but I did not understand much of the discourse, though I believe it was about myself, as their eyes were frequently turned to me. Some objections appeared to be made to what he said; however, all at last seemed to be settled, and we all sat down to some food. After that all the people got up and went away, with the exception of the woman, who remained with my father and me. The next day my father also departed, leaving me with the woman, telling me before he went that she would teach me some things which it behoved me to know. I remained with her in the cottage upwards of a week; several of those who had been there coming and going. The woman, after making me take an oath to be faithful, told me that the people whom I had seen were a gang who got their livelihood by passing forged notes, and that my father was a principal man amongst them, adding, that I must do my best to assist them. I was a poor ignorant child at that time, and I made no objection, thinking that whatever my father did must be right; the woman then gave me some instructions in the smasher's dialect of the Latin language. I made great progress, be-

cause, for the first time in my life, I paid great attention to my lessons. At last my father returned, and, after some conversation with the woman, took me away in his cart. I shall be very short about what happened to my father and myself during two years. My father did his best to smash the Bank of England by passing forged notes, and I did my best to assist him. We attended races and fairs in all kinds of disguises; my father was a first-rate hand at a disguise, and could appear of all ages, from twenty to fourscore; he was, however, grabbed at last. He had said, as I have told you, that he should be my ruin, but I was the cause of his, and all owing to the misfortune of this here eye of mine. We came to this very place of Horncastle, where my father purchased two horses of a young man, paying for them with three forged notes, purporting to be Bank of Englanders of fifty pounds each, and got the young man to change another of the like amount; he at that time appeared as a respectable dealer, and I as his son, as I really was.

"As soon as we had got the horses, we conveyed them to one of the places of call belonging to our gang, of which there were several. There they were delivered into the hands of one of our

companions, who speedily sold them in a distant part of the country. The sum which they fetched—for the gang kept very regular accounts—formed an important item on the next day of sharing, of which there were twelve in the year. The young man, whom my father had paid for the horses with his smashing notes, was soon in trouble about them, and ran some risk, as I have heard, of being executed; but he bore a good character, told a plain story, and, above all, had friends, and was admitted to bail; to one of his friends he described my father and myself. This person happened to be at an inn in Yorkshire, where my father, disguised as a Quaker, attempted to pass a forged note. The note was shown to this individual, who pronounced it a forgery, it being exactly similar to those for which the young man had been in trouble, and which he had seen. My father, however, being supposed a respectable man, because he was dressed as a Quaker—the very reason, by-the-by, why anybody who knew aught of the Quakers would have suspected him to be a rogue—would have been let go, had I not made my appearance, dressed as his footboy. The friend of the young man looked at my eye, and seized hold of my father, who made a desperate

resistance, I assisting him, as in duty bound. Being, however, overpowered by numbers, he bade me by a look, and a word or two in Latin, to make myself scarce. Though my heart was fit to break, I obeyed my father, who was speedily committed. I followed him to the county town in which he was lodged, where shortly after I saw him tried, convicted, and condemned. I then, having made friends with the jailor's wife, visited him in his cell, where I found him very much cast down. He said, that my mother had appeared to him in a dream, and talked to him about a resurrection and Christ Jesus; there was a Bible before him, and he told me the chaplain had just been praying with him. He reproached himself much, saying, he was afraid he had been my ruin, by teaching me bad habits. I told him not to say any such thing, for that I had been the cause of his, owing to the misfortune of my eye. He begged me to give over all unlawful pursuits, saying, that if persisted in, they were sure of bringing a person to destruction. I advised him to try and make his escape: proposing, that when the turnkey came to let me out, he should knock him down, and fight his way out, offering to assist him; showing him a small

saw, with which one of our companions, who was in the neighbourhood, had provided me, and with which he could have cut through his fetters in five minutes; but he told me he had no wish to escape, and was quite willing to die. I was rather hard at that time; I am not very soft now; and I felt rather ashamed of my father's want of what I called spirit. He was not executed after all; for the chaplain, who was connected with a great family, stood his friend, and got his sentence commuted, as they call it, to transportation; and in order to make the matter easy, he induced my father to make some valuable disclosures with respect to the smashers' system. I confess that I would have been hanged before I would have done so, after having reaped the profit of it; that is, I think so now, seated comfortably in my inn, with my bottle of champagne before me. He, however, did not show himself carrion; he would not betray his companions, who had behaved very handsomely to him, having given the son of a lord, a great barrister, not a hundred-pound forged bill, but a hundred hard guineas, to plead his cause, and another ten, to induce him after pleading, to put his hand to his breast, and say, that, upon his honour, he believed the prisoner at the bar to be an honest

and injured man. No ; I am glad to be able to say, that my father did not show himself exactly carrion, though I could almost have wished he had let himself . . . . However, I am here with my bottle of champagne and the Romany Rye, and he was in his cell, with bread and water and the prison chaplain. He took an affectionate leave of me before he was sent away, giving me three out of five guineas, all the money he had left. He was a kind man, but not exactly fitted to fill my grandfather's shoes. I afterwards learned that he died of fever, as he was being carried across the sea.

"During the 'sizes, I had made acquaintance with old Fulcher. I was in the town on my father's account, and he was there on his son's, who, having committed a small larceny, was in trouble. Young Fulcher, however, unlike my father, got off, though he did not give the son of a lord a hundred guineas to speak for him, and ten more to pledge his sacred honour for his honesty, but gave Counsellor P . . . . one-and-twenty shillings to defend him, who so frightened the principal evidence, a plain honest farming-man, that he flatly contradicted what he had first said, and at last acknowledged himself to be all the rogues in the world, and, amongst other

things, a perjured villain. Old Fulcher, before he left the town with his son,—and here it will be well to say that he and his son left it in a kind of triumph, the base drummer of a militia regiment, to whom they had given half a-crown, beating his drum before them—old Fulcher, I say, asked me to go and visit him, telling me where, at such a time, I might find him and his caravan and family; offering, if I thought fit, to teach me basket-making: so, after my father had been sent off, I went and found up old Fulcher, and became his apprentice in the basket-making line. I stayed with him till the time of his death, which happened in about three months, travelling about with him and his family, and living in green lanes, where we saw gypsies and trampers, and all kinds of strange characters. Old Fulcher, besides being an industrious basket-maker, was an out and out thief, as was also his son, and, indeed, every member of his family. They used to make baskets during the day, and thieve during a great part of the night. I had not been with them twelve hours, before old Fulcher told me that I must thieve as well as the rest. I demurred at first, for I remembered the fate of my father, and what he had told me about leaving off bad courses, but soon allowed myself to be over-persuaded; more especially as

the first robbery I was asked to do was a fruit robbery. I was to go with young Fulcher, and steal some fine Morell cherries, which grew against a wall in a gentleman's garden ; so young Fulcher and I went and stole the cherries, one half of which we ate, and gave the rest to the old man, who sold them to a fruiterer ten miles off from the place where we had stolen them. The next night old Fulcher took me out with himself. He was a great thief, though in a small way. He used to say, that they were fools, who did not always manage to keep the rope below their shoulders, by which he meant, that it was not advisable to commit a robbery, or do anything which could bring you to the gallows. He was all for petty larceny, and knew where to put his hand upon any little thing in England, which it was possible to steal. I submit it to the better judgment of the Romany Rye, who I see is a great hand for words and names, whether he ought not to have been called old Filcher, instead of Fulcher. I shan't give a regular account of the larcenies which he committed during the short time I knew him, either alone by himself, or with me and his son. I shall merely relate the last.

"A melancholy gentleman, who lived a very solitary life, had a large carp in a shady pond

in a meadow close to his house; he was exceedingly fond of it, and used to feed it with his own hand, the creature being so tame that it would put its snout out of the water to be fed when it was whistled to; feeding and looking at his carp were the only pleasures the poor melancholy gentleman possessed. Old Fulcher—being in the neighbourhood, and having an order from a fishmonger for a large fish, which was wanted at a great city dinner, at which His Majesty was to be present—swore he would steal the carp, and asked me to go with him. I had heard of the gentleman's fondness for his creature, and begged him to let it be, advising him to go and steal some other fish; but old Fulcher swore, and said he would have the carp, although its master should hang himself; I told him he might go by himself, but he took his son and stole the carp, which weighed seventeen pounds. Old Fulcher got thirty shillings for the carp, which I afterwards heard was much admired and relished by His Majesty. The master, however, of the carp, on losing his favourite, became more melancholy than ever, and in a little time hanged himself. 'What 's sport for one, is death to another,' I once heard at the village-school read out of a copy-book.

"This was the last larceny old Fulcher ever

committed. He could keep his neck always out of the noose, but he could not always keep his leg out of the trap. A few nights after, having removed to a distance, he went to an osier car in order to steal some osiers for his basket-making, for he never bought any. I followed a little way behind. Old Fulcher had frequently stolen osiers out of the car, whilst in the neighbourhood, but during his absence the property, of which the car was part, had been let to a young gentleman, a great hand for preserving game. Old Fulcher had not got far into the car before he put his foot into a man-trap. Hearing old Fulcher shriek, I ran up, and found him in a dreadful condition. Putting a large stick which I carried into the jaws of the trap, I contrived to prize them open, and get old Fulcher's leg out, but the leg was broken. So I ran to the caravan, and told young Fulcher of what had happened, and he and I went and helped his father home. A doctor was sent for, who said that it was necessary to take the leg off, but old Fulcher, being very much afraid of pain, said it should not be taken off, and the doctor went away, but after some days, old Fulcher becoming worse, ordered the doctor to be sent for, who came and took off his leg, but it was then too late, mortifica-

tion had come on, and in a little time old Fulcher died.

"Thus perished old Fulcher; he was succeeded in his business by his son, young Fulcher, who, immediately after the death of his father, was called old Fulcher, it being our English custom to call everybody old, as soon as their fathers are buried; young Fulcher—I mean he who had been called young, but was now old Fulcher—wanted me to go out and commit larcenies with him; but I told him that I would have nothing more to do with thieving, having seen the ill effects of it, and that I should leave them in the morning. Old Fulcher begged me to think better of it, and his mother joined with him. They offered, if I would stay, to give me Mary Fulcher as a mort, till she and I were old enough to be regularly married, she being the daughter of the one, and the sister of the other. I liked the girl very well, for she had been always civil to me, and had a fair complexion and nice red hair, both of which I like, being a bit of a black myself; but I refused, being determined to see something more of the world than I could hope to do with the Fulchers, and, moreover, to live honestly, which I could never do along with them. So the next morning I

left them: I was, as I said before, quite determined upon an honest livelihood, and I soon found one. He is a great fool who is ever dishonest in England. Any person who has any natural gift, and everybody has some natural gift, is sure of finding encouragement in this noble country of ours, provided he will but exhibit it. I had not walked more than three miles before I came to a wonderfully high church steeple, which stood close by the road; I looked at the steeple, and going to a heap of smooth pebbles which lay by the roadside, I took up some, and then went into the churchyard, and placing myself just below the tower, my right foot resting on a ledge, about two foot from the ground, I, with my left hand—being a left-handed person do you see—flung or chucked up a stone, which lighting on the top of the steeple, which was at least a hundred and fifty feet high, did there remain. After repeating this feat two or three times, I 'hulled' up a stone, which went clean over the tower, and then one, my right foot still on the ledge, which rising at least five yards above the steeple, did fall down just at my feet. Without knowing it, I was showing off my gift to others besides myself, doing what, perhaps, not five men in England could do.

Two men, who were passing by, stopped and looked at my proceedings, and when I had done flinging came into the churchyard, and, after paying me a compliment on what they had seen me do, proposed that I should join company with them; I asked them who they were, and they told me. The one was Hopping Ned, and the other Biting Giles. Both had their gifts, by which they got their livelihood; Ned could hop a hundred yards with any man in England, and Giles could lift up with his teeth any dresser or kitchen-table in the country, and, standing erect, hold it dangling in his jaws. There 's many a big oak table and dresser, in certain districts of England, which bear the marks of Giles's teeth; and I make no doubt that, a hundred or two years hence, there 'll be strange stories about those marks, and that people will point them out as a proof that there were giants in bygone time, and that many a dentist will moralize on the decays which human teeth have undergone.

"They wanted me to go about with them, and exhibit my gift occasionally, as they did theirs, promising that the money that was got by the exhibitions should be honestly divided. I consented, and we set off together, and that evening

coming to a village, and putting up at the alehouse, all the grand folks of the village being there smoking their pipes, we contrived to introduce the subject of hopping—the upshot being that Ned hopped against the schoolmaster for a pound, and beat him hollow; shortly after, Giles, for a wager, took up the kitchen table in his jaws, though he had to pay a shilling to the landlady for the marks he left, whose grandchildren will perhaps get money by exhibiting them. As for myself, I did nothing that day, but the next, on which my companions did nothing, I showed off at hulling stones against a cripple, the crack man for stone throwing, of a small town, a few miles farther on. Bets were made to the tune of some pounds; I contrived to beat the cripple, and just contrived; for to do him justice I must acknowledge he was a first-rate hand at stones, though he had a game hip, and went sideways; his head, when he walked—if his movements could be called walking—not being above three feet above the ground. So we travelled, I and my companions, showing off our gifts, Giles and I occasionally for a gathering, but Ned never hopping unless against somebody for a wager. We lived honestly and comfortably, making no little money by our natural endowments, and

were known over a great part of England as 'Hopping Ned,' 'Biting Giles,' and 'Hull over the head Jack,' which was my name, it being the blackguard fashion of the English, do you see, to . . . ."

Here I interrupted the jockey, "You may call it a blackguard fashion," said I, "and I dare say it is, or it would scarcely be English; but it is an immensely ancient one, and is handed down to us from our northern ancestry, especially the Danes, who were in the habit of giving people surnames, or rather nicknames, from some quality of body or mind, but generally from some disadvantageous peculiarity of feature; for there is no denying that the English, Norse, or whatever we may please to call them, are an envious depreciatory set of people, who not only give their poor comrades contemptuous surnames, but their great people also. They didn't call you the matchless Hurler, because, by doing so, they would have paid you a compliment, but Hull over the head Jack, as much as to say that after all you were a scrub: so, in ancient time, instead of calling Regner the great conqueror, the Nation Tamer, they surnamed him Lodbrog, which signifies Rough or Hairy Breeks—lod or loddin signifying rough or hairy; and instead of com-

plimenting Halgerdr, the wife of Gunnar of Hlitharend, the great champion of Iceland, upon her majestic presence, by calling her Halgerdr, the stately or tall; what must they do but term her Ha-brokr, or High-breeks, it being the fashion in old times for Northern ladies to wear breeks, or breeches, which English ladies of the present day never think of doing; and just, as of old, they called Halgerdr Long-breeks, so this very day a fellow of Horncastle called, in my hearing, our noble-looking Hungarian friend here, Long-stockings. Oh, I could give you a hundred instances, both ancient and modern, of this unseemly propensity of our illustrious race, though I will only trouble you with a few more ancient ones; they not only nicknamed Regner, but his sons also, who were all kings, and distinguished men: one, whose name was Biorn, they nicknamed Ironsides; another Sigurd, Snake in the Eye; another, White Sark, or White Shirt—I wonder they did not call him Dirty Shirt; and Ivarr, another, who was king of Northumberland, they called Beinlausi, or the Legless, because he was spindle-shanked, had no sap in his bones, and consequently no children. He was a great king, it is true, and very wise, nevertheless his blackguard countrymen, always averse, as their

descendants are, to give credit to anybody, for any valuable quality or possession, must needs lay hold, do you see . . . .''

But before I could say any more, the jockey, having laid down his pipe, rose, and having taken off his coat, advanced towards me.

CHAPTER XI.

A SHORT-TEMPERED PERSON.—GRAVITATION.—THE BEST ENDOWMENT.—MARY FULCHER.—FAIR DEALING.—HORSE-WITCHERY.—DARIUS AND HIS GROOM.—THE JOCKEY'S TRICKS.—THE TWO CHARACTERS.—THE JOCKEY'S SONG.

THE jockey, having taken off his coat and advanced towards me, as I have stated in the preceding chapter, exclaimed, in an angry tone, "This is the third time you have interrupted me in my tale, Mr. Rye; I passed over the two first times with a simple warning, but you will now please to get up and give me the satisfaction of a man."

"I am really sorry," said I, "if I have given you offence, but you were talking of our English habit of bestowing nicknames, and I could not refrain from giving a few examples tending to prove what a very ancient habit it is."

"But you interrupted me," said the jockey, "and put me out of my tale, which you had no right to do; and as for your examples, how do you know that I wasn't going to give some as

old or older than yourn. Now stand up, and I 'll make an example of you."

"Well," said I, "I confess it was wrong in me to interrupt you, and I ask your pardon."

"That won't do," said the jockey, "asking pardon won't do."

"Oh," said I, getting up, "if asking pardon does not satisfy you, you are a different man from what I considered you."

But here the Hungarian, also getting up, interposed his tall form and pipe between us, saying in English, scarcely intelligible, "Let there be no dispute! As for myself, I am very much obliged to the young man of Horncastle for his interruption, though he has told me that one of his dirty townsmen called me 'Longstockings.' By Isten! there is more learning in what he has just said, than in all the verdammt English histories of Thor and Tzernebock I ever read."

"I care nothing for his learning," said the jockey. "I consider myself as good a man as he, for all his learning; so stand out of the way, Mr. Sixfoot-eleven, or . . . ."

"I shall do no such thing," said the Hungarian. "I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself. You ask young man to drink champagne with you, you make him dronk, he interrupt you

with very good sense; he ask your pardon, yet you not . . . ."

"Well," said the jockey, "I am satisfied. I am rather a short-tempered person, but I bear no malice. He is, as you say, drinking my wine, and has perhaps taken a drop too much, not being used to such high liquor; but one doesn't like to be put out of one's tale, more especially when one was about to moralize, do you see, oneself, and to show off what little learning one has. However, I bears no malice. Here is a hand to each of you; we 'll take another glass each, and think no more about it."

The jockey having shaken both of our hands, and filled our glasses and his own with what champagne remained in the bottle, put on his coat, sat down, and resumed his pipe and story.

"Where was I? Oh, roaming about the country with Hopping Ned and Biting Giles. Those were happy days, and a merry and prosperous life we led. However, nothing continues under the sun in the same state in which it begins, and our firm was soon destined to undergo a change. We came to a village where there was a very high church steeple, and in a little time my comrades induced a crowd of people to go and see me display my gift by flinging stones above the heads

of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, who stood at the four corners on the top, carved in stone. The parson, seeing the crowd, came waddling out of his rectory to see what was going on. After I had flung up the stones, letting them fall just where I liked—and one, I remember, fell on the head of Mark, where I dare say it remains to the present day—the parson, who was one of the description of people called philosophers, held up his hand, and asked me to let the next stone I flung up fall into it. He wished, do you see, to know with what weight the stone would fall down, and talked something about gravitation—a word which I could never understand to the present day, save that it turned out a grave matter to me. I, like a silly fellow myself, must needs consent, and, flinging the stone up to a vast height, contrived so that it fell into the parson's hand, which it cut dreadfully. The parson flew into a great rage, more particularly as everybody laughed at him, and, being a magistrate, ordered his clerk, who was likewise constable, to conduct me to prison as a rogue and a vagabond, telling my comrades that if they did not take themselves off, he would serve them in the same manner. So Ned hopped off, and Giles ran after him, without making any gathering, and I was

led to Bridewell, my mittimus following at the end of a week, the parson's hand not permitting him to write before that time. In the Bridewell I remained a month, when, being dismissed, I went in quest of my companions, whom, after some time, I found up, but they refused to keep my company any longer; telling me that I was a dangerous character, likely to bring them more trouble than profit; they had, moreover, filled up my place. Going into a cottage to ask for a drink of water, they saw a country fellow making faces to amuse his children; the faces were so wonderful that Hopping Ned and Biting Giles at once proposed taking him into partnership, and the man—who was a fellow not very fond of work—after a little entreaty, went away with them. I saw him exhibit his gift, and couldn't blame the others for preferring him to me; he was a proper ugly fellow at all times, but when he made faces his countenance was like nothing human. He was called Ugly Moses. I was so amazed at his faces, that though poor myself I gave him sixpence, which I have never grudged to this day, for I never saw anything like them. The firm throve wonderfully after he had been admitted into it. He died some little time ago, keeper of a public-

house, which he had been enabled to take from the profits of his faces. A son of his, one of the children he was making faces to when my comrades entered his door, is at present a barrister, and a very rising one. He has his gift—he has not, it is true, the gift of the gab, but he has something better, he was born with a grin on his face, a quiet grin; he would not have done to grin through a collar like his father, and would never have been taken up by Hopping Ned and Biting Giles, but that grin of his caused him to be noticed by a much greater person than either; an attorney observing it took a liking to the lad, and prophesied that he would some day be heard of in the world; and in order to give him the first lift, took him into his office, at first to light fires and do such kind of work, and after a little time taught him to write, then promoted him to a desk, articled him afterwards, and being unmarried and without children, left him what he had when he died. The young fellow, after practising at the law some time, went to the bar, where, in a few years, helped on by his grin, for he had nothing else to recommend him, he became, as I said before, a rising barrister. He comes our circuit, and I occasionally employ him, when I am obliged to

go to law about such a thing as an unsound horse. He generally brings me through—or rather that grin of his does—and yet I don't like the fellow, confound him, but I 'm an oddity—no, the one I like, and whom I generally employ, is a fellow quite different, a bluff sturdy dog, with no grin on his face, but with a look which seems to say I am an honest man, and what cares I for any one. And an honest man he is, and something more. I have known coves with a better gift of the gab, though not many, but he always speaks to the purpose, and understands law thoroughly; and that 's not all. When at college, for he has been at college, he carried off everything before him as a Latiner, and was first-rate at a game they call matthew mattocks. I don't know exactly what it is, but I have heard that he who is first-rate at matthew mattocks is thought more of than if he were first-rate Latiner.

"Well, the chap that I 'm talking about, not only came out first-rate Latiner, but first-rate at matthew mattocks too; doing, in fact, as I am told by those who knows, for I was never at college myself, what no one had ever done before. Well, he makes his appearance at our circuit, does very well, of course, but he has

a somewhat high front, as becomes an honest man, and one who has beat every one at Latin and matthew mattocks; and who can speak first-rate law and sense;—but see now, the cove with the grin, who has like myself never been at college; knows nothing of Latin, or matthew mattocks, and has no particular gift of the gab, has two briefs for his one, and I suppose very properly, for that grin of his curries favour with the juries; and mark me, that grin of his will enable him to beat the other in the long run. We all know what all barrister coves looks forward to—a seat on the hop sack. Well, I'll bet a bull to five pence, that the grinner gets upon it, and the snarler doesn't; at any rate, that he gets there first. I calls my cove—for he is my cove—a snarler; because your first-rates at matthew mattocks are called snarlers, and for no other reason; for the chap, though with a high front, is a good chap, and once drank a glass of ale with me, after buying an animal out of my stable. I have often thought it a pity that he wasn't born with a grin on his face, like the son of Ugly *Moses*. It is true he would scarcely then have been an out and outer at Latin and matthew mattocks, but what need of either to a chap born with a grin? Talk of

being born with a silver spoon in one's mouth! give me a cove born with a grin on his face—a much better endowment.

"I will now shorten my history as much as I can, for we have talked as much as folks do during a whole night in the Commons' House, though, of course, not with so much learning, or so much to the purpose, because—why? They are in the House of Commons, and we in a public room of an inn at Horncastle. The goodness of the ale, do ye see, never depending on what it is made of, oh, no! but on the fashion and appearance of the jug in which it is served up. After being turned out of the firm, I got my living in two or three honest ways, which I shall not trouble you with describing. I did not like any of them, however, as they did not exactly suit my humour; at last I found one which did. One Saturday forenoon, I chanced to be in the cattle-market of a place about eighty miles from here; there I won the favour of an old gentleman who sold dickeys. He had a very shabby squad of animals, without soul or spirit; nobody would buy them, till I leaped upon their hinder ends, and by merely wriggling in a particular manner, made them caper and bound so to people's liking, that in a few hours

every one of them was sold at very sufficient prices. The old gentleman was so pleased with my skill, that he took me home with him, and in a very little time into partnership. It 's a good thing to have a gift, but yet better to have two. I might have got a very decent livelihood by throwing stones, but I much question whether I should ever have attained to the position in society which I now occupy, but for my knowledge of animals. I lived very comfortably with the old gentleman till he died, which he did about a fortnight after he had laid his old lady in the ground. Having no children, he left me what should remain after he had been buried decently, and the remainder was six dickeys and thirty shillings in silver. I remained in the dickey trade ten years, during which time I saved a hundred pounds. I then embarked in the horse line. One day, being in the . . . . market on a Saturday, I saw Mary Fulcher with a halter round her neck, led about by a man, who offered to sell her for eighteenpence. I took out the money forthwith and bought her ; the man was her husband, a basket-maker, with whom she had lived several years without having any children ; he was

a drunken, quarrelsome fellow, and having had a dispute with her the day before, he determined to get rid of her, by putting a halter round her neck, and leading her to the cattle-market, as if she were a mare, which he had, it seems, a right to do; all women being considered mares by old English law, and, indeed, still called mares in certain counties, where genuine old English is still preserved. That same afternoon, the man who had been her husband, having got drunk in a public-house with the money which he had received for her, quarrelled with another man, and receiving a blow under the ear, fell upon the floor, and died of artiflex; and in less than three weeks I was married to Mary Fulcher, by virtue of regular bans. I am told she was legally my property by virtue of my having bought her with a halter round her neck; but, to tell you the truth, I think everybody should live by his trade, and I didn't wish to act shabbily towards our parson, who is a good fellow, and has certainly a right to his fees. A better wife than Mary Fulcher—I mean Mary Dale—no one ever had; she has borne me several children, and has at all times shown a willingness to oblige me, and to be my faithful wife.

Amongst other things, I begged her to have done with her family, and I believe she has never spoken to them since.

"I have thriven very well in business, and my name is up as being a person who can be depended on, when folks treats me handsomely. I always make a point when a gentleman comes to me, and says, 'Mr. Dale,' or 'John,' for I have no objection to be called John by a gentleman—'I wants a good horse, and I am ready to pay a good price'—I always makes a point, I say, to furnish him with an animal worth the money; but when I sees a fellow, whether he calls himself gentleman or not, wishing to circumvent me, what does I do? I doesn't quarrel with him; not I; but, letting him imagine he is taking me in, I contrives to sell him a screw for thirty pounds, not worth forty shillings. All honest respectable people have at present great confidence in me, and frequently commissions me to buy them horses at great fairs like this.

"This short young gentleman was recommended to me by a great landed proprietor, to whom he bore letters of recommendation from some great prince in his own country, who had a long time ago been entertained at the house of the landed proprietor, and the consequence is, that I

brings young six foot six to Horncastle, and purchases for him the horse of the Romany Rye. I don't do these kind things for nothing, it is true; that can't be expected; for every one must live by his trade; but, as I said before, when I am treated handsomely, I treat folks so. Honesty, I have discovered, as perhaps some other people have, is by far the best policy; though, as I also said before, when I 'm along with thieves, I can beat them at their own game. If I am obliged to do it, I can pass off the veriest screw as a flying drummedary, for even when I was a child I had found out by various means what may be done with animals. I wish now to ask a civil question, Mr. Romany Rye. Certain folks have told me that you are a horse witch, are you one, or are you not?"

"I, like yourself," said I, "know, to a certain extent, what may be done with animals."

"Then how would you, Mr. Romany Rye, pass off the veriest screw in the world for a flying drummedary?"

"By putting a small live eel down his throat; as long as the eel remained in his stomach, the horse would appear brisk and lively in a surprising degree."

"And how would you contrive to make a

regular kicker and biter appear so tame and gentle, that any respectable fat old gentleman of sixty, who wanted an easy goer, would be glad to purchase him for fifty pounds?"

"By pouring down his throat four pints of generous old ale, which would make him so happy and comfortable, that he would not have the heart to kick or bite anybody, for a season at least."

"And where did you learn all this?" said the jockey.

"I have read about the eel in an old English book, and about the making drunk in a Spanish novel, and, singularly enough, I was told the same things by a wild blacksmith in Ireland. Now tell me, do you bewitch horses in this way?"

"I?" said the jockey; "mercy upon us! I wouldn't do such things for a hatful of money. No, no, preserve me from live eels and hocussing! And now let me ask you, how you would spirit a horse out of a field?"

"How would I spirit a horse out of a field?"

"Yes! supposing you were down in the world, and had determined on taking up the horse-stealing line of business."

"Why I should . . . . But I tell you what,

friend, I see you are trying to pump me, and I tell you plainly that I will hear something from you with respect to your art, before I tell you anything more. Now how would you whisper a horse out of a field, provided you were down in the world, and so forth."

"Ah, ah, I see you are up to game, Mr. Romany: however, I am a gentleman in mind, if not by birth, and I scorn to do the unhandsome thing to anybody who has dealt fairly towards me. Now you told me something I didn't know, and I'll tell you something which perhaps you do know. I whispers a horse out of a field in this way: I have a mare in my stable; well, in the early season of the year I goes into my stable . . . . Well, I puts the sponge into a small bottle which I keeps corked. I takes my bottle in my hand, and goes into a field, suppose by night, where there is a very fine stag horse. I manage with great difficulty to get within ten yards of the horse, who stands staring at me just ready to run away. I then uncorks my bottle, presses my fore-finger to the sponge, and holds it out to the horse, the horse gives a sniff, then a start, and comes nearer. I corks up my bottle and puts it into my pocket. My business is done, for the next two hours the

horse would follow me anywhere—the difficulty, indeed, would be to get rid of him. Now is that your way of doing business?"

"My way of doing business? Mercy upon us! I wouldn't steal a horse in that way, or, indeed, in any way, for all the money in the world: however, let me tell you, for your comfort, that a trick somewhat similar is described in the history of Herodotus."

"In the history of Herod's ass!" said the jockey; "well if I did write a book it should be about something more genteel than a dickey."

"I did not say Herod's ass," said I, "but Herodotus, a very genteel writer, I assure you, who wrote a history about very genteel people, in a language no less genteel than Greek, more than two thousand years ago. There was a dispute as to who should be king amongst certain imperious chieftains. At last they agreed to obey him whose horse should neigh first on a certain day, in front of the royal palace, before the rising of the sun; for you must know that they did not worship the person who made the sun as we do, but the sun itself. So one of these chieftains, talking over the matter to his groom, and saying he wondered who would be king, the fellow said, 'Why you, master, or I

don't know much about horses.' So the day before the day of trial, what does the groom do, but take his master's horse before the palace and introduce him to a mare in the stable, and then lead him forth again. Well, early the next day all the chieftains on their horses appeared in front of the palace before the dawn of day. Not a horse neighed but one, and that was the horse of him who had consulted with his groom, who, thinking of the animal within the stable, gave such a neigh that all the buildings rang. His rider was forthwith elected king, and a brave king he was. So this shows what seemingly wonderful things may be brought about by a little preparation."

"It doth," said the jockey; "what was the chap's name?"

"His name—his name—Darius Hystaspes."

"And the groom's?"

"I don't know."

"And he make a good king?"

"First-rate."

"Only think! well if he made a good king, what a wonderful king the groom would have made, through whose knowledge of 'orses he was put on the throne. And now another question, Mr. Romany Rye, have you particular

words which have power to soothe or aggravate horses?"

"You should ask me," said I, "whether I have horses that can be aggravated or soothed by particular words. No words have any particular power over horses or other animals who have never heard them before — how should they? But certain animals connect ideas of misery or enjoyment with particular words which they are acquainted with. I 'll give you an example. I knew a cob in Ireland that could be driven to a state of kicking madness by a particular word, used by a particular person, in a particular tone; but that word was connected with a very painful operation which had been performed upon him by that individual, who had frequently employed it at a certain period whilst the animal had been under his treatment. The same cob could be soothed in a moment by another word, used by the same individual in a very different kind of tone — the word was deaghblasda, or sweet tasted. Some time after the operation, whilst the cob was yet under his hands, the fellow — who was what the Irish call a fairy smith — had done all he could to soothe the creature, and had at last succeeded by giving it gingerbread-buttons, of which the cob became

passionately fond. Invariably, however, before giving it a button, he said, 'Deaghblasda,' with which word the cob by degrees associated an idea of unmixed enjoyment: so if he could rouse the cob to madness by the word which recalled the torture to its remembrance, he could as easily soothe it by the other word, which the cob knew would be instantly followed by the button, which the smith never failed to give him after using the word deaghblasda."

"There is nothing wonderful to be done," said the jockey, "without a good deal of preparation, as I know myself. Folks stare and wonder at certain things which they would only laugh at if they knew how they were done; and to prove what I say is true, I will give you one or two examples. Can either of you lend me a handkerchief? That won't do," said he, as I presented him with a silk one. "I wish for a delicate white handkerchief. That's just the kind of thing?" said he, as the Hungarian offered him a fine white cambric handkerchief, beautifully worked with gold at the hems; "now you shall see me set this handkerchief on fire." "Don't let him do so by any means," said the Hungarian, speaking to me in German, "it is the gift of a lady whom I highly admire, and I would

not have it burnt for the world." "He has no occasion to be under any apprehension," said the jockey, after I had interpreted to him what the Hungarian had said, "I will restore it to him uninjured, or my name is not Jack Dale." Then sticking the handkerchief carelessly into the left side of his bosom, he took the candle, which by this time had burnt very low, and holding his head back, he applied the flame to the handkerchief, which instantly seemed to catch fire. "What do you think of that?" said he to the Hungarian. "Why, that you have ruined me," said the latter. "No harm done, I assure you," said the jockey, who presently, clapping his hand on his bosom, extinguished the fire, and returned the handkerchief to the Hungarian, asking him if it was burnt. "I see no burn upon it," said the Hungarian; "but in the name of Gott how could you set it on fire without burning it?" "I never set it on fire at all," said the jockey; "I set this on fire," showing us a piece of half-burnt calico. "I placed this calico above it, and lighted not the handkerchief, but the rag. Now I will show you something else. I have a magic shilling in my pocket, which I can make run up along my arm. But, first of all, I would gladly know whether either of you can do the

like." Thereupon the Hungarian and myself, putting our hands into our pockets, took out shillings, and endeavoured to make them run up our arms, but utterly failed ; both shillings, after we had made two or three attempts, falling to the ground. "What noncomposses you both are," said the jockey ; and placing a shilling on the end of the fingers of his right hand he made strange faces to it, drawing back his head, whereupon the shilling instantly began to run up his arm, occasionally hopping and jumping as if it were bewitched, always endeavouring to make towards the head of the jockey.

"How do I do that?" said he, addressing himself to me. "I really do not know," said I, "unless it is by the motion of your arm." "The motion of my nonsense," said the jockey, and, making a dreadful grimace, the shilling hopped upon his knee, and began to run up his thigh and to climb his breast. "How is that done?" said he again. "By witchcraft, I suppose," said I. "There you are right," said the jockey ; "by the witchcraft of one of Miss Berners' hairs ; the end of one of her long hairs is tied to that shilling by means of a hole in it, and the other end goes round my neck by means of a loop ; so that, when I draw back my head, the shilling

follows it. I suppose you wish to know how I got the hair," said he, grinning at me. "I will tell you. I once, in the course of my ridings, saw Miss Berners beneath a hedge, combing out her long hair, and, being rather a modest kind of person, what must I do but get off my horse, tie him to a gate, go up to her, and endeavour to enter into conversation with her. After giving her the sele of the day, and complimenting her on her hair, I asked her to give me one of the threads; whereupon she gave me such a look, and, calling me fellow, told me to take myself off. 'I must have a hair first,' said I, making a snatch at one. I believe I hurt her; but, whether I did or not, up she started, and, though her hair was unbound, gave me the only drubbing I ever had in my life. Lor! how, with her right hand, she fibbed me whilst she held me round the neck with her left arm; I was soon glad to beg her pardon on my knees, which she gave me in a moment when she saw me in that condition, being the most placable creature in the world, and not only her pardon, but one of the hairs which I longed for, which I put through a shilling, with which I have on evenings after fairs, like this, frequently worked what seemed to those who looked on downright witchcraft, but which is nothing more

than pleasant deception. And now, Mr. Romany Rye, to testify my regard for you, I give you the shilling and the hair. I think you have a kind of respect for Miss Berners ; but whether you have or not, keep them as long as you can, and whenever you look at them think of the finest woman in England, and of John Dale, the jockey of Horncastle. I believe I have told you my history," said he—" no, not quite ; there is one circumstance I had passed over. I told you that I have thriven very well in business, and so I have upon the whole : at any rate, I find myself comfortably off now. I have horses, money, and owe nobody a groat ; at any rate, nothing but what I could pay to-morrow. Yet I have had my dreary day, ay, after I had obtained what I call a station in the world. All of a sudden, about five years ago, everything seemed to go wrong with me—horses became sick or died, people who owed me money broke or ran away, my house caught fire, in fact, everything went against me ; and not from any mismanagement of my own. I looked round for help, but —what do you think ?—nobody would help me. Somehow or other it had got abroad that I was in difficulties, and everybody seemed disposed to avoid me, as if I had got the plague. Those

who were always offering me help when I wanted none, now, when they thought me in trouble, talked of arresting me. Yes, two particular friends of mine, who had always been offering me their purses when my own was stuffed full, now talked of arresting me, though I only owed the scoundrels a hundred pounds each; and they would have done so, provided I had not paid them what I owed them; and how did I do that? Why, I was able to do it because I found a friend—and who was that friend? Why, a man who has since been hung, of whom everybody has heard, and of whom everybody for the next hundred years will occasionally talk.

"One day, whilst in trouble, I was visited by a person I had occasionally met at sporting-dinners. He came to look after a Suffolk Punch, the best horse, by-the-bye, that anybody can purchase to drive, it being the only animal of the horse kind in England that will pull twice at a dead weight. I told him that I had none at that time that I could recommend; in fact, that every horse in my stable was sick. He then invited me to dine with him at an inn close by, and I was glad to go with him, in the hope of

getting rid of unpleasant thoughts. After dinner, during which he talked nothing but slang, observing I looked very melancholy, he asked me what was the matter with me, and I, my heart being opened by the wine he had made me drink, told him my circumstances without reserve. With an oath or two for not having treated him at first like a friend, he said he would soon set me all right; and pulling out two hundred pounds, told me to pay him when I could. I felt as I never felt before; however, I took his notes, paid my sneaks, and in less than three months was right again, and had returned him his money. On paying it to him, I said that I had now a Punch which would just suit him, saying that I would give it to him—a free gift—for nothing. He swore at me; telling me to keep my Punch, for that he was suited already. I begged him to tell me how I could requite him for his kindness, whereupon, with the most dreadful oath I ever heard, he bade me come and see him hanged when his time was come. I wrung his hand, and told him I would, and I kept my word. The night before the day he was hanged at H . . . ., I harnessed a Suffolk Punch to my light gig, the same

Punch which I had offered to him, which I have ever since kept, and which brought me and this short young man to Horncastle, and in eleven hours I drove that Punch one hundred and ten miles. I arrived at H . . . . just in the nick of time. There was the ugly jail —the scaffold —and there upon it stood the only friend I ever had in the world. Driving my Punch, which was all in a foam, into the midst of the crowd, which made way for me as if it knew what I came for, I stood up in my gig, took off my hat, and shouted 'God Almighty bless you, Jack!' The dying man turned his pale grim face towards me—for his face was always somewhat grim, do you see—nodded and said, or I thought I heard him say, 'All right, old chap.' The next moment . . . . my eyes water. He had a high heart, got into a scrape whilst in the marines, lost his half-pay, took to the turf, ring, gambling, and at last cut the throat of a villain who had robbed him of nearly all he had. But he had good qualities, and I know for certain that he never did half the bad things laid to his charge; for example, he never bribed Tom Oliver to fight cross, as it was said he did, on the day of the awful thunder-storm. Ned Flatnose fairly beat Tom Oliver, for though Ned was not what 's

called a good fighter, he had a particular blow, which if he could put in he was sure to win. His right shoulder, do you see, was two inches farther back than it ought to have been, and consequently his right fist generally fell short; but if he could swing himself round, and put in a blow with that right arm, he could kill or take away the senses of anybody in the world. It was by putting in that blow in his second fight with Spring that he beat noble Tom. Spring beat him like a sack in the first battle, but in the second Ned Painter—for that was his real name—contrived to put in his blow, and took the senses out of Spring; and in like manner he took the senses out of Tom Oliver.

"Well, some are born to be hanged, and some are not; and many of those who are not hanged are much worse than those who are. Jack, with many a good quality, is hanged, whilst that fellow of a lord, who wanted to get the horse from you at about two-thirds of his value, without a single good quality in the world, is not hanged, and probably will remain so. You ask the reason why, perhaps. I 'll tell you; the lack of a certain quality called courage, which Jack possessed in abundance, will preserve him; from the love which he bears his own neck he

will do nothing which can bring him to the gallows. In my rough way I 'll draw their characters from their childhood, and then ask whether Jack was not the best character of the two. Jack was a rough, audacious boy, fond of fighting, going a birds'-nesting, but I never heard he did anything particularly cruel save once, I believe, tying a canister to a butcher's dog's tail; whilst this fellow of a lord was by nature a savage beast, and when a boy would in winter pluck poor fowls naked, and set them running on the ice and in the snow, and was particularly fond of burning cats alive in the fire. Jack, when a lad, gets a commission on board a ship as an officer of horse marines, and in two or three engagements behaves quite up to the mark—at least of a marine; the marines having no particular character for courage you know—never having run to the guns and fired them like madmen after the blue jackets had had more than enough. Oh, dear me, no! My lord gets into the valorous British army, where cowardice—Oh, dear me!—is a thing almost entirely unknown; and being on the field of Waterloo the day before the battle, falls off his horse, and, pretending to be hurt in the back, gets himself put

on the sick list—a pretty excuse—hurting his back—for not being present at such a fight. Old Benbow, after part of both his legs had been shot away in a sea-fight, made the carpenter make him a cradle to hold his bloody stumps, and continued on deck cheering his men till he died. Jack returns home, and gets into trouble, and having nothing to subsist by but his wits, gets his living by the ring, and the turf, and gambling, doing many an odd kind of thing, I dare say, but not half those laid to his charge. My lord does much the same without the excuse for doing so which Jack had, for he had plenty of means, is a leg, and a black, only in a more polished way, and with more cunning, and I may say success, having done many a rascally thing never laid to his charge. Jack at last cuts the throat of a villain who had cheated him of all he had in the world, and who, I am told, was in many points the counterpart of this screw and white feather, is taken up, tried, and executed ; and certainly taking away a man's life is a dreadful thing ; but is there nothing as bad ? Whitefeather will cut no person's throat — I will not say who has cheated him, for, being a cheat himself, he will take good care that nobody

cheats him, but he 'll do something quite as bad ; out of envy to a person who never injured him, and whom he hates for being more clever and respected than himself, he will do all he possibly can, by backbiting and every unfair means, to do that person a mortal injury. But Jack is hanged, and my lord is not. Is that right? My wife, Mary Fulcher—I beg her pardon, Mary Dale—who is a Methodist, and has heard the mighty preacher, Peter Williams, says some people are preserved from hanging by the grace of God. With her I differs, and says it is from want of courage. This Whitefeather, with one particle of Jack's courage, and with one tithe of his good qualities, would have been hanged long ago, for he has ten times Jack's malignity. Jack was hanged because, along with his bad qualities, he had courage and generosity; this fellow is not, because with all Jack's bad qualities, and many more, amongst which is cunning, he has neither courage nor generosity. Think of a fellow like that putting down two hundred pounds to relieve a distressed fellow-creature ; why he would rob, but for the law and the fear it fills him with, a workhouse child of its breakfast, as the saying is—and has been heard to say that he would not trust his own father for sixpence, and he

can't imagine why such a thing as credit should be ever given. I never heard a person give him a good word — stay, stay, yes! I once heard an old parson, to whom I sold a Punch, say that he had the art of receiving company gracefully, and dismissing them without refreshment. I don't wish to be too hard with him, and so let him make the most of that compliment. Well! he manages to get on, whilst Jack is hanged; not quite enviably, however; he has had his rubs, and pretty hard ones—everybody knows he slunk from Waterloo, and occasionally checks him with so doing; whilst he has been rejected by a woman—what a mortification to the low pride of which the scoundrel has plenty! There 's a song about both circumstances, which may, perhaps, ring in his ears on a dying bed. It 's a funny kind of song, set to the old tune of the Lord-Lieutenant or Deputy, and with it I will conclude my discourse, for I really think it 's past one." The jockey then, with a very tolerable voice, sung the following song:—

THE JOCKEY'S SONG.

Now list to a ditty both funny and true!—
Merrily moves the dance along—
A ditty that tells of a coward and screw,
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

Sir Plume, though not liking a bullet at all,—
Merrily moves the dance along—
Had yet resolution to go to a *ball*,
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

"Woulez wous danser, mademoiselle?"—
Merrily moves the dance along;—
Said she, "Sir, to dance I should like very well,"
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

They danc'd to the left, and they danc'd to the right,—
Merrily moves the dance along;—
And her troth the fair damsel bestow'd on the knight,
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

"Now what shall I fetch you, mademoiselle?"—
Merrily moves the dance along;—
Said she, "Sir, an ice I should like very well,"
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

But the ice, when he 'd got it, he instantly ate,—
Merrily moves the dance along;—
Although his poor partner was all in a fret,
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

He ate up the ice like a prudent young lord,—
Merrily moves the dance along;—
For he saw 't was the very last ice on the board,
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

"Now, when shall we marry?" the gentleman cried;—
Merrily moves the dance along;—
"Sir, get you to Jordan," the damsel replied,
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

"I never will wed with the pitiful elf"—
Merrily moves the dance along—
"Who ate up the ice which I wanted myself,"
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

"I 'd pardon your backing from red Waterloo,"—
Merrily moves the dance along—
"But I never will wed with a coward and screw,"
My Lord-Lieutenant so free and young.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHURCH.

The next morning I began to think of departing; I had sewed up the money which I had received for the horse in a portion of my clothing, where I entertained no fears for its safety, with the exception of a small sum in notes, gold, and silver, which I carried in my pocket. Ere departing, however, I determined to stroll about and examine the town, and observe more particularly the humours of the fair than I had hitherto an opportunity of doing. The town, when I examined it, offered no object worthy of attention but its church—an edifice of some antiquity; under the guidance of an old man, who officiated as sexton, I inspected its interior attentively, occasionally conversing with my guide, who, however, seemed much more disposed to talk about horses than the church. "No good horses in the fair this time, measter,"

said he; "none but one brought hither by a chap whom nobody knows, and bought by a foreigneering man, who came here with Jack Dale. The horse fetched a good swinging price, which is said, however, to be much less than its worth; for the horse is a regular clipper; not such a one, 't is said, has been seen in the fair for several summers. Lord Whitefeather says that he believes the fellow who brought him to be a highwayman, and talks of having him taken up, but Lord Whitefeather is only in a rage because he could not get him for himself. The chap would not sell it to un; Lord Screw wanted to beat him down, and the chap took huff, said he wouldn't sell it to him at no price, and accepted the offer of the foreigneering man, or of Jack, who was his 'terpreter, and who scorned to higgle about such an hanimal, because Jack is a gentleman, though bred a dickey-boy, whilst 'tother, though bred a lord, is a screw, and a whitefeather. Every one says the cove was right, and I says so too; I likes spirit, and if the cove were here, and in your place, measter, I would invite him to drink a pint of beer. Good horses are scarce now, measter, ay, and so are good men, quite a different set from what there were when I was young; that was the

time for men and horses. Lord bless you, I know all the breeders about here; they are not a bad set, and they breed a very fairish set of horses, but they are not like what their fathers were, nor are their horses like their fathers' horses. Now, there is Mr. . . . ., the great breeder, a very fairish man, with very fairish horses; but, Lord bless you, he 's nothing to what his father was, nor his steeds to his father's; I ought to know, for I was at the school here with his father, and afterwards for many a year helped him to get up his horses; that was when I was young, measter—those were the days. You look at that monument, measter," said he, as I stopped and looked attentively at a monument on the southern side of the church near the altar; "that was put up for a rector of this church, who lived a long time ago, in Oliver's time, and was ill-treated and imprisoned by Oliver and his men; you will see all about it on the monument. There was a grand battle fought nigh this place, between Oliver's men and the Royal party, and the Royal party had the worst of it, as I 'm told they generally had; and Oliver's men came into the town, and did a great deal of damage, and ill-treated people. I can't remember anything about the matter

myself, for it happened just one hundred years before I was born, but my father was acquainted with an old countryman, who lived not many miles from here, who said he remembered perfectly well the day of the battle; that he was a boy at the time, and was working in a field near the place where the battle was fought; and he heard shouting, and noise of firearms, and also the sound of several balls, which fell in the field near him. Come this way, measter, and I will show you some remains of that day's field." Leaving the monument, on which was inscribed an account of the life and sufferings of the Royalist Rector of Horncastle, I followed the sexton to the western end of the church, where, hanging against the wall, were a number of scythes stuck in the ends of poles. "Those are the weapons, measter," said the sexton, "which the great people put into the hands of a number of the country folks, in order that they might use them against Oliver's men; ugly weapons enough; however, Oliver's men won, and Sir Jacob Ashley and his party were beat. And a rare time Oliver and his men had of it, till Oliver died, when the other party got the better, not by fighting, 't is said, but through a General Monk, who turned sides. Ah, the old

fellow that my father knew, said he well remembered the time when General Monk went over and proclaimed Charles the Second. Bonfires were lighted everywhere, oxen roasted, and beer drunk by pailfuls; the country folks were drunk with joy, and something else; sung scurvy songs about Oliver to the tune of Barney Banks, and pelted his men, wherever they found them, with stones and dirt." "The more ungrateful scoundrels they," said I. "Oliver and his men fought the battle of English independence against a wretched king and corrupt lords. Had I been living at the time, I should have been proud to be a trooper of Oliver." "You would, measter, would you? Well, I never quarrels with the opinions of people who come to look at the church, and certainly independence is a fine thing. I like to see a chap of an independent spirit, and if I were now to see the cove who refused to sell his horse to my Lord Screw and Whitefeather, and let Jack Dale have him, I would offer to treat him to a pint of beer—e'es I would, verily. Well, measter, you have now seen the church, and all there 's in it worth seeing—so I 'll just lock up, and go and finish digging the grave I was about when you came, after which I must go into the fair to

see how matters are going on. Thank ye, measter," said he, as I put something into his hand; "thank ye kindly; 't is not every one gives me a shilling now-a-days who comes to see the church, but times are very different from what they were when I was young; I was not sexton then, but something better; helped Mr. . . . . with his horses, and got many a broad crown. Those were the days, measter, both for men and horses—and I say, measter, if men and horses were so much better when I was young than they are now, what, I wonder, must they have been in the time of Oliver and his men?"

CHAPTER XIII.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Leaving the church, I strolled through the fair, looking at the horses, listening to the chaffering of the buyers and sellers, and occasionally putting in a word of my own, which was not always received with much deference; suddenly, however, on a whisper arising that I was the young cove who had brought the wonderful horse to the fair which Jack Dale had bought for the foreigneering man, I found myself an object of the greatest attention; those who had before replied with stuff! and nonsense! to what I said, now listened with the greatest eagerness to any nonsense which I chose to utter, and I did not fail to utter a great deal; presently, however, becoming disgusted with the beings about me, I forced my way, not very civilly, through my crowd of admirers; and passing through an alley and a back street, at last reached an out-

skirt of the fair, where no person appeared to know me. Here I stood, looking vacantly on what was going on, musing on the strange infatuation of my species, who judge of a person's words, not from their intrinsic merit, but from the opinion—generally an erroneous one—which they have formed of the person. From this reverie I was roused by certain words which sounded near me, uttered in a strange tone, and in a strange cadence—the words were, "them that finds, wins; and them that can't finds, loses." Turning my eyes in the direction from which the words proceeded, I saw six or seven people, apparently all countrymen, gathered round a person standing behind a tall white table of very small compass. "What!" said I, "the thimble-engro of . . . . Fair here at Horncastle." Advancing nearer, however, I perceived that though the present person was a thimble-engro, he was a very different one from my old acquaintance of . . . . Fair. The present one was a fellow about half-a-foot taller than the other. He had a long, haggard, wild face, and was dressed in a kind of jacket, something like that of a soldier, with dirty hempen trousers, and with a foreign-looking peaked hat on his head. He spoke with an accent evidently Irish, and

occasionally changed the usual thimble formule into "them that finds wins, and them that can't —och, sure!—they loses;" saying also frequently "your honour," instead of "my lord." I observed, on drawing nearer, that he handled the pea and thimble with some awkwardness, like that which might be expected from a novice in the trade. He contrived, however, to win several shillings, for he did not seem to play for gold, from "their honours." Awkward, as he was, he evidently did his best, and never flung a chance away by permitting any one to win. He had just won three shillings from a farmer, who, incensed at his loss, was calling him a confounded cheat, and saying that he would play no more, when up came my friend of the preceding day, Jack the jockey. This worthy, after looking at the thimble man a moment or two, with a peculiarly crafty glance, cried out, as he clapped down a shilling on the table, "I will stand you, old fellow!" "Them that finds wins; and them that can't—och, sure!—they loses," said the thimble man. The game commenced, and Jack took up the thimble without finding the pea; another shilling was produced, and lost in the same manner: "this is slow work," said Jack, banging down a guinea on the table; "can you cover that,

old fellow?" The man of the thimble looked at the gold, and then at him who produced it, and scratched his head. "Come, cover that, or I shall be off," said the jockey. "Och, shure, my lord!—no, I mean your honour—no, shure, your lordship," said the other, "if I covers it at all, it must be with silver, for divil a bit of gold have I by me." "Well, then, produce the value in silver," said the jockey, and do it quickly, for I can't be staying here all day." The thimble man hesitated, looked at Jack with a dubious look, then at the gold, and then scratched his head. There was now a laugh amongst the surrounders, which evidently nettled the fellow, who forthwith thrust his hand into his pocket, and pulling out all his silver treasure, just contrived to place the value of the guinea on the table. "Them that finds wins, and them that can't finds—*loses*," interrupted Jack, lifting up a thimble, out of which rolled a pea. "There, paddy, what do you think of that?" said he, seizing the heap of silver with one hand, whilst he pocketed the guinea with the other. The thimble-engro stood, for some time, like one transfixed, his eyes glaring wildly, now at the table, and now at his successful customer; at last he said, "Arrah, sure, master!—no, I manes my

lord—you are not going to ruin a poor boy!" "Ruin you!" said the other; "what! by winning a guinea's change? a pretty small dodger you—if you have not sufficient capital, why do you engage in so deep a trade as thimbling? come, will you stand another game?" "Och, sure, master, no! the twenty shillings and one which you have cheated me of were all I had in the world." "Cheated you," said Jack, "say that again, and I will knock you down." "Arrah! sure, master, you knows that the pea under the thimble was not mine; here is mine, master; now give me back my money?" "A likely thing," said Jack; "no, no, I know a trick worth two or three of that; whether the pea was yours or mine, you will never have your twenty shillings and one again; and if I have ruined you, all the better; I 'd gladly ruin all such villains as you, who ruin poor men with your dirty tricks, whom you would knock down and rob on the road if you had but courage: not that I mean to keep your shillings, with the exception of the two you cheated from me, which I 'll keep. A scramble, boys! a scramble!" said he, flinging up all the silver into the air, with the exception of the two shillings; and a scramble there instantly was, between the rustics who had

lost their money and the urchins who came running up; the poor thimble-engro tried likewise to have his share; but though he flung himself down, in order to join more effectually in the scramble, he was unable to obtain a single sixpence; and having in his rage given some of his fellow-scramblers a cuff or two, he was set upon by the boys and country fellows, and compelled to make an inglorious retreat with his table, which had been flung down in the scuffle, and had one of its legs broken. As he retired, the rabble hooted, and Jack, holding up in derision the pea with which he had out-manœuvred him, exclaimed, "I always carry this in my pocket in order to be a match for vagabonds like you."

The tumult over, Jack gone, and the rabble dispersed, I followed the discomfited adventurer at a distance, who, leaving the town, went slowly on, carrying his dilapidated piece of furniture; till coming to an old wall by the roadside, he placed it on the ground, and sat down, seemingly in deep despondency, holding his thumb to his mouth. Going nearly up to him, I stood still, whereupon he looked up, and perceiving I was looking steadfastly at him, he said, in an angry tone, "Arrah! what for are you staring at me

so? By my shoul, I think you are one of the thaives who are after robbing me. I think I saw you among them, and if I were only sure of it, I would take the liberty of trying to give you a big bating." "You have had enough of trying to give people a beating," said I; "you had better be taking your table to some skilful carpenter to get it repaired. He will do it for sixpence." "Divil a sixpence did you and your thaives leave me," said he; "and if you do not take yourself off, joy, I will be breaking your ugly head with the foot of it." "Arrah, Murtagh!" said I, "would ye be breaking the head of your old friend and scholar, to whom you taught the blessed tongue of Oilien nan Naomha, in exchange for a pack of cards?" Murtagh, for he it was, gazed at me for a moment with a bewildered look; then, with a gleam of intelligence in his eye, he said, "Shorsha! no, it can't be—yes, by my faith it is!" Then, springing up, and seizing me by the hand, he said, "Yes, by the powers, sure enough it is Shorsha agra! Arrah, Shorsha! where have you been this many a day? Sure, you are not one of the spalpeens who are after robbing me?" "Not I," I replied, "but I saw all that happened. Come, you must not take matters so to heart; cheer up;

such things will happen in connection with the trade you have taken up." "Sorrow befall the trade, and the thief who taught it me," said Murtagh; "and yet the trade is not a bad one, if I only knew more of it, and had some one to help and back me. Och! the idea of being cheated and bamboozled by that one-eyed thief in the horseman's dress." "Let bygones be bygones, Murtagh," said I; "it is no use grieving for the past; sit down, and let us have a little pleasant gossip. Arrah, Murtagh! when I saw you sitting under the wall, with your thumb to your mouth, it brought to my mind tales which you used to tell me all about Finn-ma-Coul. You have not forgotten Finn-ma-Coul, Murtagh, and how he sucked wisdom out of his thumb." "Sorrow a bit have I forgot about him, Shorsha," said Murtagh, as we sat down together, "nor what you yourself told me about the snake. Arrah, Shorsha! what ye told me about the snake, bates anything I ever told you about Finn. Ochone, Shorsha! perhaps you will be telling me about the snake once more? I think the tale would do me good, and I have need of comfort, God knows, Ochone!" Seeing Murtagh in such a distressed plight, I forthwith told him over again the tale of the snake, in precisely

the same words as I have related it in the first part of this history. After which, I said, "Now, Murtagh, tit for tat; ye will be telling me one of the old stories of Finn-ma-Coul." "Och, Shorsha! I haven't heart enough," said Murtagh. "Thank you for your tale, but it makes me weep; it brings to my mind Dungarvon times of old—I mean the times we were at school together." "Cheer up, man," said I, "and let's have the story, and let it be about Ma-Coul and the salmon, and his thumb." "Arrah, Shorsha! I can't. Well, to oblige you, I 'll give it you. Well you know Ma-Coul was an exposed child, and came floating over the salt sea in a chest which was cast ashore at Veintry Bay. In the corner of that bay was a castle, where dwelt a giant and his wife, very respectable and decent people, and this giant, taking his morning walk along the bay, came to the place where the child had been cast ashore in his box. Well, the giant looked at the child, and being filled with compassion for his exposed state, took the child up in his box, and carried him home to his castle, where he and his wife, being dacent respectable people, as I telled ye before, fostered the child and took care of him, till he became old enough to go out to service and gain his live-

lihood, when they bound him out apprentice to another giant, who lived in a castle up the country, at some distance from the bay.

"This giant, whose name was Darmod David Odeen, was not a respectable person at all, but a big old vagabond. He was twice the size of the other giant, who, though bigger than any man, was not a big giant; for, as there are great and small men, so there are great and small giants—I mean some are small when compared with the others. Well, Finn served this giant a considerable time, doing all kinds of hard and unreasonable service for him, and receiving all kinds of hard words, and many a hard knock and kick to boot—sorrow befall the ould vagabond who could thus ill-treat a helpless foundling. It chanced that one day the giant caught a salmon, near a salmon-leap upon his estate—for, though a big ould blackguard, he was a person of considerable landed property, and high sheriff for the county Cork. Well, the giant brings home the salmon by the gills, and delivers it to Finn, telling him to roast it for the giant's dinner; 'but take care, ye young blackguard,' he added, 'that in roasting it—and I expect ye to roast it well—you do not let a blister come upon its nice satin skin, for if ye do, I will cut the head off your

shoulders.' 'Well,' thinks Finn, 'this is a hard task; however, as I have done many hard tasks for him, I will try and do this too, though I was never set to do anything yet half so difficult.' So he prepared his fire, and put his gridiron upon it, and lays the salmon fairly and softly upon the gridiron, and then he roasts it, turning it from one side to the other just in the nick of time, before the soft satin skin could be blistered. However, on turning it over the eleventh time—and twelve would have settled the business—he found he had delayed a little bit of time too long in turning it over, and that there was a small, tiny blister on the soft outer skin. Well, Finn was in a mighty panic, remembering the threats of the ould giant; however, he did not lose heart, but clapped his thumb upon the blister in order to smooth it down. Now the salmon, Shorsha, was nearly done, and the flesh thoroughly hot, so Finn's thumb was scalt, and he, clapping it to his mouth, sucked it, in order to draw out the pain, and in a moment—hubbuboo!—became imbued with all the wisdom of the world."

Myself. Stop, Murtagh! stop!

Murtagh. All the witchcraft, Shorsha.

Myself. How wonderful!

Murtagh. Was it not, Shorsha? The salmon, do you see, was a fairy salmon.

Myself. What a strange coincidence!

Murtagh. A what, Shorsha?

Myself. Why that the very same tale should be told of Finn-ma-Coul, which is related of Sigurd Fafnisbane.

"What thief was that, Shorsha?"

"Thief! 'T is true, he took the treasure of Fafnir. Sigurd was the hero of the North, Murtagh, even as Finn is the great hero of Ireland. He, too, according to one account, was an exposed child, and came floating in a casket to a wild shore, where he was suckled by a hind, and afterwards found and fostered by Mimir, a fairy blacksmith; he, too, sucked wisdom from a burn. According to the Edda, he burnt his finger whilst feeling of the heart of Fafnir, which he was roasting, and putting it into his mouth in order to suck out the pain, became imbued with all the wisdom of the world, the knowledge of the language of birds, and what not. I have heard you tell the tale of Finn a dozen times in the blessed days of old, but its identity with the tale of Sigurd never occurred to me till now. It is true, when I knew you of old, I had never read the

tale of Sigurd, and have since almost dismissed matters of Ireland from my mind ; but as soon as you told me again about Finn's burning his finger, the coincidence struck me. I say, Murtagh, the Irish owe much to the Danes . . . ."

"Devil a bit, Shorsha, do they owe to the thaives, except many a bloody bating and plundering, which they never paid them back. Och, Shorsha ! you, edicated in ould Ireland, to say that the Irish owes anything good to the plundering villains—the Siol Loughlin."

"They owe them half their traditions, Murtagh, and amongst others Finn-ma-Coul and the burnt finger ; and if ever I publish the Loughlin songs, I 'll tell the world so."

"But, Shorsha, the world will never believe ye —to say nothing of the Irish part of it."

"Then the world, Murtagh—to say nothing of the Irish part of it—will be a fool, even as I have often thought it ; the grand thing, Murtagh, is to be able to believe oneself, and respect oneself. How few whom the world believes believe and respect themselves."

"Och, Shorsha ! shall I go on with the tale of Finn ?"

"I 'd rather you should not, Murtagh, I know all about it already."

"Then why did you bother me to tell it at first, Shorsha? Och, it was doing my ownself good, and making me forget my own sorrowful state, when ye interrupted me with your thaives of Danes! Och, Shorsha! let me tell you how Finn, by means of sucking his thumb, and the witchcraft he imbibed from it, contrived to pull off the arm of the ould wagabone, Darmod David Odeen, whilst shaking hands with him—for Finn could do no feat of strength without sucking his thumb, Shorsha, as Conan the Bald told the son of Oisin in the song which I used to sing ye in Dungarvon times of old;" and here Murtagh repeated certain Irish words to the following effect:—

> "O little the foolish words I heed
> O Oisin's son, from thy lips which come;
> No strength were in Finn for valorous deed,
> Unless to the gristle he suck'd his thumb."

"Enough is as good as a feast, Murtagh, I am no longer in the cue for Finn. I would rather hear your own history. Now, tell us, man, all that has happened to ye since Dungarvon times of old?"

"Och, Shorsha, it would be merely bringing all my sorrows back upon me!"

"Well, if I know all your sorrows, perhaps I shall be able to find a help for them. I owe you much, Murtagh; you taught me Irish, and I will do all I can to help you."

"Why, then, Shorsha, I 'll tell ye my history. Here goes!"

CHAPTER XIV.

MURTAGH'S TALE.

"WELL, Shorsha, about a year and a half after you left us—and a sorrowful hour for us it was when ye left us, losing, as we did, your funny stories of your snake—and the battles of your military—they sent me to Paris and Salamanca, in order to make a saggart of me."

"Pray excuse me," said I, "for interrupting you, but what kind of place is Salamanca?"

"Divil a bit did I ever see of it, Shorsha!"

"Then why did you say ye were sent there? Well, what kind of place is Paris? Not that I care much about Paris."

"Sorrow a bit did I ever see of either of them, Shorsha, for no one sent me to either. When we says at home a person is going to Paris and Salamanca, it manes that he is going abroad to study to be a saggart, whether he goes to them places or not. No, I never saw either—bad luck to them—I was shipped away

from Cork up the straits to a place called Leghorn, from which I was sent to . . . . to a religious house, where I was to be instructed in saggarting till they had made me fit to cut a decent figure in Ireland. We had a long and tedious voyage, Shorsha; not so tedious, however, as it would have been had I been fool enough to lave your pack of cards behind me, as the thaif, my brother Denis, wanted to persuade me to do, in order that he might play with them himself. With the cards I managed to have many a nice game with the sailors, winning from them ha'pennies and sixpences until the captain said that I was ruining his men, and keeping them from their duty; and, being a heretic and a Dutchman, swore that unless I gave over he would tie me up to the mast and give me a round dozen. This threat obliged me to be more on my guard, though I occasionally contrived to get a game at night, and to win sixpennies and ha'pennies.

"We reached Leghorn at last, and glad I was to leave the ship and the master, who gave me a kick as I was getting over the side, bad luck to the dirty heretic for kicking a son of the church, for I have always been a true son of the church, Shorsha, and never quarrelled with it unless it in-

terfered with me in my playing at cards. I left Leghorn with certain muleteers, with whom I played at cards at the baiting-houses, and who speedily won from me all the ha'pennies and sixpences I had won from the sailors. I got my money's worth, however, for I learnt from the muleteers all kind of quaint tricks upon the cards, which I knew nothing of before ; so I did not grudge them what they chated me of, and when we parted we did so in kindness on both sides. On getting to . . . . I was received into the religious house for Irishes. It was the Irish house, Shorsha, into which I was taken, for I do not wish ye to suppose that I was in the English religious house which there is in that city, in which a purty set are educated, and in which purty doings are going on if all tales be true.

"In this Irish house I commenced my studies, learning to sing and to read the Latin prayers of the church. 'Faith, Shorsha, many 's the sorrowful day I passed in that house learning the prayers and litanies, being half-starved, with no earthly diversion at all, at all ; until I took the cards out of my chest and began instructing in card-playing the chum which I had with me in the cell ; then I had plenty of diversion along with him during the times when I was

not engaged in singing, and chanting, and saying the prayers of the church; there was, however, some drawback in playing with my chum, for though he was very clever in learning, divil a sixpence had he to play with, in which respect he was like myself, the master who taught him, who had lost all my money to the muleteers who taught me the tricks upon the cards; by degrees, however, it began to be noised about the religious house that Murtagh, from Hibrodary,* had a pack of cards with which he played with his chum in the cell; whereupon other scholars of the religious house came to me, some to be taught and others to play, so with some I played, and others I taught, but neither to those who could play, or to those who could not, did I teach the elegant tricks which I learnt from the muleteers. Well, the scholars came to me for the sake of the cards, and the porter and the cook of the religious house, who could both play very well, came also; at last I became tired of playing for nothing, so I borrowed a few bits of silver from the cook, and played against the porter, and by means of my tricks I won money from the porter, and then I paid the cook the

* Tipperary.

bits of silver which I had borrowed of him; and played with him, and won a little of his money, which I let him win back again, as I had lived long enough in a religious house to know that it is dangerous to take money from the cook. In a little time, Shorsha, there was scarcely anything going on in the house but card-playing; the almoner played with me, and so did the sub-rector, and I won money from both; not too much, however, lest they should tell the rector, who had the character of a very austere man, and of being a bit of a saint; however, the thief of a porter, whose money I had won, informed the rector of what was going on, and one day the rector sent for me into his private apartment, and gave me so long and pious a lecture upon the heinous sin of card-playing, that I thought I should sink into the ground; after about half-an-hour's inveighing against card-playing, he began to soften his tone, and with a long sigh told me that at one time of his life he had been a young man himself, and had occasionally used the cards; he then began to ask me some questions about card-playing, which questions I afterwards found were to pump from me what I knew about the science. After a time he

asked me whether I had got my cards with me, and on my telling him I had, he expressed a wish to see them, whereupon I took the pack out of my pocket, and showed it to him; he looked at it very attentively, and at last, giving another deep sigh, he said, that though he was nearly weaned from the vanities of the world, he had still an inclination to see whether he had entirely lost the little skill which at one time he possessed. When I heard him speak in this manner, I told him that if his reverence was inclined for a game of cards, I should be very happy to play one with him; scarcely had I uttered these words than he gave a third sigh, and looked so very much like a saint that I was afraid he was going to excommunicate me. Nothing of the kind, however, for presently he gets up and locks the door, then sitting down at the table, he motioned me to do the same, which I did, and in five minutes there we were playing at cards, his reverence and myself.

"I soon found that his reverence knew quite as much about card-playing as I did. Divil a trick was there connected with cards that his reverence did not seem awake to. As, however, we were not playing for money, this circumstance did not give me much uneasiness; so we played

game after game for two hours, when his reverence, having business, told me I might go, so I took up my cards, made my obedience, and left him. The next day I had other games with him, and so on for a very long time, still playing for nothing. At last his reverence grew tired of playing for nothing, and proposed that we should play for money. Now, I had no desire to play with his reverence for money, as I knew that doing so would bring on a quarrel. As long as we were playing for nothing, I could afford to let his reverence use what tricks he pleased; but if we played for money, I couldn't do so. If he played his tricks, I must play mine, and use every advantage to save my money; and there was one I possessed which his reverence did not. The cards being my own, I had put some delicate little marks on the trump cards, just at the edges, so that when I dealt, by means of a little sleight of hand, I could deal myself any trump card I pleased. But I wished, as I said before, to have no dealings for money with his reverence, knowing that he was master in the house, and that he could lead me a dog of a life if I offended him, either by winning his money, or not letting him win mine. So I told him I had no money to play with, but the ould thief knew better; he knew

that I was every day winning money from the scholars, and the sub-rector, and the other people of the house, and the ould thief had determined to let me go on in that way winning money, and then by means of his tricks, which he thought I dare not resent, to win from me all my earnings —in a word, Shorsha, to let me fill myself like a sponge, and then squeeze me for his own advantage. So he made me play with him, and in less than three days came on the quarrel; his reverence chated me, and I chated his reverence; the ould thaif knew every trick that I knew, and one or two more; but in daling out the cards I nicked his reverence; scarcely a trump did I ever give him, Shorsha, and won his money purty freely. Och, it was a purty quarrel! All the delicate names in the 'Newgate Calendar,' if ye ever heard of such a book; all the hang-dog names in the Newgate histories, and the lives of Irish rogues, did we call each other—his reverence and I! Suddenly, however, putting out his hand, he seized the cards, saying, 'I will examine these cards, ye cheating scoundrel! for I believe there are dirty marks on them, which ye have made in order to know the winning cards.' 'Give me back my pack,' said I, 'or m'anam on Dioul if I be not the death of ye!' His reverence,

however, clapped the cards into his pocket, and made the best of his way to the door, I hanging upon him. He was a gross, fat man, but, like most fat men, deadly strong, so he forced his way to the door, and, opening it, flung himself out, with me still holding on him like a terrier dog on a big fat pig; then he shouts for help, and in a little time I was secured and thrust into a lock-up room, where I was left to myself. Here was a purty alteration. Yesterday I was the idol of the religious house, thought more on than his reverence, every one paying me court and wurtship, and wanting to play cards with me, and to learn my tricks, and fed, moreover, on the tidbits of the table; and to-day I was in a cell, nobody coming to look at me but the blackguard porter who had charge of me, my cards taken from me, and with nothing but bread and water to live upon. Time passed dreary enough for a month, at the end of which time his reverence came to me, leaving the porter just outside the door in order to come to his help should I be violent; and then he read me a very purty lecture on my conduct, saying I had turned the religious house topsy-turvy, and corrupted the scholars, and that I was the cheat of the world, for that on inspecting the pack he had discovered

the dirty marks which I had made upon the trump cards for to know them by. He said a great deal more to me, which is not worth relating, and ended by telling me that he intended to let me out of confinement next day, but that if ever I misconducted myself any more, he would clap me in again for the rest of my life. I had a good mind to call him an ould thaif, but the hope of getting out made me hold my tongue, and the next day I was let out ; and need enough I had to be let out, for what with being alone, and living on the bread and water, I was becoming frighted, or, as the doctors call it, narvous. But when I was out—oh, what a change I found in the religious house ! no card-playing, for it had been forbidden to the scholars, and there was now nothing going on but reading and singing ; divil a merry visage to be seen, but plenty of prim airs and graces; but the case of the scholars, though bad enough, was not half so bad as mine, for they could spake to each other, whereas I could not have a word of conversation, for the ould thaif of a rector had ordered them to send me to 'Coventry,' telling them that I was a gambling cheat, with morals bad enough to corrupt a horse regiment ; and whereas they were allowed to divert themselves with going out, I was

kept reading and singing from morn till night. The only soul who was willing to exchange a word with me was the cook, and sometimes he and I had a little bit of discourse in a corner, and we condoled with each other, for he liked the change in the religious house almost as little as myself; but he told me that, for all the change below stairs, there was still card-playing going on above, for that the ould thaif of a rector, and the sub-rector, and the almoner played at cards together, and that the rector won money from the others—the almoner had told him so—and, moreover, that the rector was the thaif of the world, and had been a gambler in his youth, and had once been kicked out of a club-house at Dublin for cheating at cards, and after that circumstance had apparently reformed and lived decently till the time when I came to the religious house with my pack, but that the sight of that had brought him back to his ould gambling. He told the cook, moreover, that the rector frequently went out at night to the houses of the great clergy and cheated at cards.'

"In this melancholy state, with respect to myself, things continued a long time, when suddenly there was a report that his Holiness the Pope intended to pay a visit to the religious

house in order to examine into its state of discipline. When I heard this I was glad, for I determined, after the Pope had done what he had come to do, to fall upon my knees before him, and make a regular complaint of the treatment I had received, to tell him of the cheatings at cards of the rector, and to beg him to make the ould thaif give me back my pack again. So the day of the visit came, and his Holiness made his appearance with his attendants, and, having looked over the religious house, he went into the rector's room with the rector, the sub-rector, and the almoner. I intended to have waited until his Holiness came out, but finding he stayed a long time, I thought I would e'en go into him, so I went up to the door without anybody observing me—his attendants being walking about the corridor—and opening it I slipped in, and there what do you think I saw? Why, his Holiness the Pope, and his reverence the rector, and the sub-rector, and the almoner seated at cards; and the ould thaif of a rector was dealing out the cards which ye had given me, Shorsha, to his Holiness the Pope, the sub-rector, the almoner, and himself."

In this part of his history I interrupted Murtagh, saying that I was afraid he was telling un-

truths, and that it was highly improbable that the Pope would leave the Vatican to play cards with Irish at their religious house, and that I was sure if on his, Murtagh's authority, I were to tell the world so, the world would never believe it.

"Then the world, Shorsha, would be a fool, even as you were just now saying you had frequently believed it to be; the grand thing, Shorsha, is to be able to believe oneself; if ye can do that, it matters very little whether the world believes ye or no. But a purty thing for you and the world to stickle at the Pope's playing at cards at a religious house of Irish; och! if I were to tell you, and the world, what the Pope has been sometimes at, at the religious house of English thaives, I would excuse you and the world for turning up your eyes. However, I wish to say nothing against the Pope. I am a son of the Church, and if the Pope don't interfere with my cards, divil a bit will I have to say against him; but I saw the Pope playing, or about to play, with the pack which had been taken from me, and when I told the Pope, the Pope did not . . . . ye had better let me go on with my history, Shorsha; whither you or the world believe it or not, I am sure it is uite as true as your tale

of the snake, or saying that Finn got his burnt finger from the thaives of Loughlin; and whatever you may say, I am sure the world will think so too."

I apologized to Murtagh for interrupting him, and telling him that his history, whether true or not, was infinitely diverting, begged him to continue it.

CHAPTER XV.

MURTAGH'S STORY CONTINUED.—THE PRIEST, EXORCIST, AND THIMBLE-ENGRO.—HOW TO CHECK A REBELLION.

"I WAS telling ye, Shorsha, when ye interrupted me, that I found the Pope, the rector, the sub-rector and the almoner seated at the table, the rector, with my pack of cards in his hand, about to deal out to the Pope and the rest, not forgetting himself, for whom he intended all the trump-cards no doubt. No sooner did they perceive me than they seemed taken all aback; but the rector, suddenly starting up with the cards in his hand, asked me what I did there, threatening to have me well disciplined if I did not go about my business; 'I am come for my pack,' said I, 'ye ould thaif, and to tell his Holiness how I have been treated by ye;' then, going down on my knees before his Holiness, I said, 'Arrah, now, your Holiness! will ye not see justice done to a poor boy who has been sadly misused? The pack of cards which that old ruffian has in his hand

are my cards, which he has taken from me, in order to chate with. Arrah! don't play with him, your Holiness, for he'll only chate ye—there are dirty marks upon the cards which bear the trumps, put there in order to know them by; and the ould thaif in daling out will give himself all the good cards, and chate ye of the last farthing in your pocket; so let them be taken from him, your Holiness, and given back to me; and order him to lave the room, and then, if your Holiness be for an honest game, don't think I'm the boy to baulk ye. I'll take the ould ruffian's place, and play with ye till evening, and all night besides, and divil an advantage will I take of the dirty marks, though I know them all, having placed them on the cards myself.' I was going on in this way when the ould thaif of a rector, flinging down the cards, made at me as if to kick me out of the room, whereupon I started up, and said, 'If ye are for kicking, sure two can play at that;' and then I kicked at his reverence, and his reverence at me, and there was a regular scrimmage between us, which frightened the Pope, who, getting up, said some words which I did not understand, but which the cook afterwards told me were, 'English extravagance, and this is the second edition;' for it seems that, a

little time before, his Holiness had been frightened in St. Peter's Church by the servant of an English family, which those thaives of the English religious house had been endeavouring to bring over to the Catholic faith, and who didn't approve of their being converted. Och ! his Holiness did us all sore injustice to call us English, and to confound our house with the other ; for however dirty our house might be, our house was a clane house compared with the English house, and we honest people compared with those English thaives. Well, his Holiness was frighted, and the almoner ran out, and brought in his Holiness's attendants, and they laid hold of me, but I struggled hard, and said, 'I will not go without my pack ; arrah, your Holiness ! make them give me back my pack, which Shorsha gave me in Dungarvon times of old ;' but my struggles were of no use. I was pulled away and put in the ould dungeon, and his Holiness went away sore frighted, crossing himself much, and never returned again.

"In the old dungeon I was fastened to the wall by a chain, and there I was disciplined once every other day for the first three weeks, and then I was left to myself, and my chain, and hunger ; and there I sat in the dungeon, some-

times screeching, sometimes holloing, for I soon became frighted, having nothing in the cell to divert me. At last the cook found his way to me by stealth, and comforted me a little, bringing me tidbits out of the kitchen ; and he visited me again and again—not often, however, for he dare only come when he could steal away the key from the custody of the thief of a porter. I was three years in the dungeon, and should have gone mad but for the cook, and his words of comfort, and his tidbits, and nice books which he brought me out of the library, which were the 'Calendars of Newgate,' and the 'Lives of Irish Rogues and Raparees,' the only English books in the library. However, at the end of three years, the ould thaif of a rector, wishing to look at them books, missed them from the library, and made a perquisition about them, and the thaif of a porter said that he shouldn't wonder if I had them ; saying that he had once seen me reading ; and then the rector came with others to my cell, and took my books from me, from under my straw, and asked me how I came by them ; and on my refusal to tell, they disciplined me again till the blood ran down my back ; and making more perquisition, they at last accused the cook of having carried the

books to me, and the cook not denying, he was given warning to leave next day, but he left that night, and took me away with him ; for he stole the key, and came to me and cut my chain through, and then he and I escaped from the religious house through a window—the cook with a bundle, containing what things he had. No sooner had we got out than the honest cook gave me a little bit of money and a loaf, and told me to follow a way which he pointed out, which he said would lead to the sea ; and then, having embraced me after the Italian way, he left me, and I never saw him again. So I followed the way which the cook pointed out, and in two days reached a seaport called Chiviter Vik, terribly foot-foundered, and there I met a sailor who spoke Irish, and who belonged to a vessel just ready to sail for France ; and the sailor took me on board his vessel, and said I was his brother, and the captain gave me a passage to a place in France called Marseilles ; and when I got there, the captain and sailor got a little money for me and a passport, and I travelled across the country towards a place they directed me to called Bayonne, from which they said I might, perhaps, get to Ireland. Coming, however, to a place called Pau, all my

money being gone, I enlisted into a regiment called the Army of the Faith, which was going into Spain, for the King of Spain had been dethroned and imprisoned by his own subjects, as perhaps you may have heard; and the King of France, who was his cousin, was sending an army to help him, under the command of his own son, whom the English called Prince Hilt, because when he was told that he was appointed to the command, he clapped his hand on the hilt of his sword. So I enlisted into the regiment of the Faith, which was made up of Spaniards, many of them priests who had run out of Spain, and broken Germans, and foot-foundered Irish, like myself. It was said to be a blackguard regiment, that same regiment of the Faith; but, 'faith, I saw nothing blackguardly going on in it, for ye would hardly reckon card-playing and dominoes, and pitch and toss blackguardly, and I saw nothing else going on in it. There was one thing in it which I disliked—the priests drawing their Spanish knives occasionally, when they lost their money. After we had been some time at Pau, the Army of the Faith was sent across the mountains into Spain, as the vanguard of the French; and no sooner did the Spaniards see the Faith than they made a dash at it, and the

Faith ran away, myself along with it, and got behind the French army, which told it to keep there, and the Faith did so, and followed the French army, which soon scattered the Spaniards, and in the end placed the king on his throne again. When the war was over the Faith was disbanded; some of the foreigners, however, amongst whom I was one, were put into a Guard regiment, and there I continued for more than a year.

"One day, being at a place called the Escurial, I took stock, as the tradesmen say, and found I possessed the sum of eighty dollars won by playing at cards; for though I could not play so well with the foreign cards as with the pack ye gave me, Shorsha, I had yet contrived to win money from the priests and soldiers of the Faith. Finding myself possessed of such a capital I determined to leave the service, and to make the best of my way to Ireland; so I deserted, but coming in an evil hour to a place they calls Torre Lodones, I found the priest playing at cards with his parishioners. The sight of the cards made me stop, and then, fool like, notwithstanding the treasure I had about me, I must wish to play, so not being able to speak their language I made signs to them to let me play,

and the priest and his thaives consented willingly ; so I sat down to cards with the priest and two of his parishioners, and in a little time had won plenty of their money, but I had better never have done any such a thing, for suddenly the priest and all his parishioners set upon me and bate me, and took from me all I had, and cast me out of the village more dead than alive. Och! it 's a bad village that, and if I had known what it was I would have avoided it, or run straight through it, though I saw all the card-playing in the world going on in it. There is a proverb about it, as I was afterwards told, old as the time of the Moors, which holds good to the present day—it is, that in Torre Lodones there are twenty-four housekeepers, and twenty-five thieves, maning that all the people are thaives, and the clergyman to boot, who is not reckoned a housekeeper ; and troth I found the clergyman the greatest thaif of the lot. After being cast out of that village I travelled for nearly a month, subsisting by begging tolerably well, for though most of the Spaniards are thaives, they are rather charitable ; but though charitable thaives they do not like their own being taken from them without leave being asked, as I found to my cost ; for on my entering a garden

near Seville, without leave, to take an orange, the labourer came running up and struck me to the ground with a hatchet, giving me a big wound in the arm. I fainted with loss of blood, and on my reviving I found myself in a hospital at Seville, to which the labourer and the people of the village had taken me. I should have died of starvation in that hospital had not some English people heard of me and come to see me; they tended me with food till I was cured, and then paid my passage on board a ship to London, to which place the ship carried me.

"And now I was in London with five shillings in my pocket—all I had in the world—and that did not last for long; and when it was gone I begged in the streets, but I did not get much by that, except a month's hard labour in the correction-house; and when I came out I knew not what to do, but thought I would take a walk in the country, for it was spring-time, and the weather was fine, so I took a walk about seven miles from London, and came to a place where a great fair was being held; and there I begged, but got nothing but a halfpenny, and was thinking of going farther, when I saw a man with a table, like that of mine, playing

with thimbles, as you saw me. I looked at the play, and saw him win money and run away, and hunted by constables more than once. I kept following the man, and at last entered into conversation with him; and learning from him that he was in want of a companion to help him, I offered to help him if he would pay me; he looked at me from top to toe, and did not wish at first to have anything to do with me, as he said my appearance was against me. 'Faith, Shorsha, he had better have looked at home, for his appearance was not much in his favour: he looked very much like a Jew, Shorsha. However, he at last agreed to take me to be his companion, or bonnet as he called it; and I was to keep a look out, and let him know when constables were coming, and to spake a good word for him occasionally, whilst he was chating folks with his thimbles and his pea. So I became his bonnet, and assisted him in the fair, and in many other fairs beside; but I did not like my occupation much, or rather my master, who, though not a big man, was a big thaif, and an unkind one, for do all I could I could never give him pleasure; and he was continually calling me fool and bogtrotter, and twitting me because I could not learn his

thaives' Latin, and discourse with him in it, and comparing me with another acquaintance, or bit of a pal of his, whom he said he had parted with in the fair, and of whom he was fond of saying all kinds of wonderful things, amongst others, that he knew the grammar of all tongues. At last, wearied with being twitted by him with not being able to learn his thaives' Greek, I proposed that I should teach him Irish, that we should spake it together when we had anything to say in sacret. To that he consented willingly; but, och! a purty hand he made with Irish, 'faith, not much better than did I with his thaives' Hebrew. Then my turn came, and I twitted him nicely with dulness, and compared him with a pal that I had in ould Ireland, in Dungarvon times of yore, to whom I teached Irish, telling him that he was the broth of a boy, and not only knew the grammar of all human tongues, but the dialects of the snakes besides; in fact, I tould him all about your own sweet self, Shorsha, and many a dispute and quarrel had we together about our pals, which was the cleverest fellow, his or mine.

"Well, after having been wid him about two months, I quitted him without noise, taking away one of his tables, and some peas and thim-

bles ; and that I did with a safe conscience, for he paid me nothing, and was not over free with the meat and the drink, though I must say of him that he was a clever fellow, and perfect master of his trade, by which he made a power of money, and bating his not being able to learn Irish, and a certain Jewish lisp which he had, a great master of his tongue, of which he was very proud ; so much so, that he once told me that when he had saved a certain sum of money he meant to leave off the thimbling business, and enter Parliament ; into which, he said, he could get at any time, through the interest of a friend of his, a Tory Peer—my Lord Whitefeather, with whom, he said, he had occasionally done business. With the table, and other things which I had taken, I commenced trade on my own account, having contrived to learn a few of his tricks. My only capital was the change for half-a-guinea, which he had once let fall, and which I picked up, which was all I could ever get from him : for it was impossible to stale any money from him, he was so awake, being up to all the tricks of thaives, having followed the diving trade, as he called it, for a considerable time. My wish was to make enough by my table to enable me to return with credit to ould

Ireland, where I had no doubt of being able to get myself ordained as priest; and, in troth, notwithstanding I was a beginner, and without any companion to help me, I did tolerably well, getting my meat and drink, and increasing my small capital, till I came to this unlucky place of Horncastle, where I was utterly ruined by the thaif in the rider's dress. And now, Shorsha, I am after telling you my history; perhaps you will now be telling me something about yourself?"

I told Murtagh all about myself that I deemed necessary to relate, and then asked him what he intended to do; he repeated that he was utterly ruined, and that he had no prospect before him but starving, or making away with himself. I inquired "How much would take him to Ireland, and establish him there with credit." "Five pounds," he answered, adding, "but who in the world would be fool enough to lend me five pounds, unless it be yourself, Shorsha, who, may be, have not got it; for when you told me about yourself, you made no boast of the state of your affairs." "I am not very rich," I replied, "but I think I can accommodate you with what you want. I consider myself under great obligations to you, Murtagh; it was you who in-

structed me in the language of Oilein nan Naomha, which has been the foundation of all my acquisitions in philology; without you, I should not be what I am—Lavengro! which signifies a philologist. "Here is the money, Murtagh," said I, putting my hand into my pocket, and taking out five pounds, "much good may it do you." He took the money, stared at it, and then at me—"And you mane to give me this, Shorsha?" "It is no longer mine to give," said I; "it is yours." "And you give it me for the gratitude you bear me?" "Yes," said I, "and for Dungarvon times of old." "Well, Shorsha," said he, "you are a broth of a boy, and I 'll take your benefaction—five pounds! och, Jasus!" He then put the money in his pocket, and springing up, waved his hat three times, uttering some old Irish cry; then, sitting down, he took my hand, and said, "Sure, Shorsha, I 'll be going thither; and when I get there, it is turning over another leaf I will be; I have learnt a thing or two abroad; I will become a priest; that 's the trade, Shorsha! and I will cry out for repale; that 's the cry, Shorsha! and I 'll be a fool no longer." "And what will you do with your table?" said I. "'Faith, I 'll be taking it with me, Shorsha; and when I gets to Ireland, I 'll

get it mended, and I will keep it in the house which I shall have ; and when I looks upon it, I will be thinking of all I have undergone." "You had better leave it behind you," said I ; "if you take it with you, you will, perhaps, take up the thimble trade again before you get to Ireland, and lose the money I am after giving you." "No fear of that, Shorsha ; never will I play on that table again, Shorsha, till I get it mended, which shall not be till I am a priest, and have a house in which to place it."

Murtagh and I then went into the town, where we had some refreshment together, and then parted on our several ways. I heard nothing of him for nearly a quarter of a century, when a person who knew him well, coming from Ireland, and staying at my humble house, told me a great deal about him. He reached Ireland in safety, soon reconciled himself with his Church, and was ordained a priest ; in the priestly office he acquitted himself in a way very satisfactory, upon the whole, to his superiors, having, as he frequently said, learned wisdom abroad. The Popish Church never fails to turn to account any particular gift which its servants may possess ; and discovering soon that Murtagh was endowed with considerable manual dex-

terity—proof of which he frequently gave at cards, and at a singular game which he occasionally played with thimbles—it selected him as a very fit person to play the part of exorcist; and accordingly he travelled through a great part of Ireland, casting out devils from people possessed, which he afterwards exhibited, sometimes in the shape of rabbits, and occasionally birds and fish. There is a holy island in a lake in Ireland, to which the people resort at a particular season of the year. Here Murtagh frequently attended, and it was here that he performed a cure which will cause his name long to be remembered in Ireland, delivering a possessed woman of two demons, which he brandished aloft in his hands, in the shape of two large eels, and subsequently hurled into the lake, amidst the shouts of an enthusiastic multitude. Besides playing the part of an exorcist, he acted that of a politician with considerable success; he attached himself to the party of the sire of agitation—"the man of paunch," and preached and hallooed for repeal with the loudest and best, as long as repeal was the cry; as soon, however, as the Whigs attained the helm of Government, and the greater part of the loaves and fishes—more politely termed the patronage of Ireland—

was placed at the disposition of the priesthood, the tone of Murtagh, like that of the rest of his brother saggarts, was considerably softened; he even went so far as to declare that politics were not altogether consistent with sacerdotal duty; and resuming his exorcisms, which he had for some time abandoned, he went to the Isle of Holiness, and delivered a possessed woman of six demons in the shape of white mice. He, however, again resumed the political mantle in the year 1848, during the short period of the rebellion of the so-called Young Irelanders. The priests, though they apparently sided with this party, did not approve of it, as it was chiefly formed of ardent young men, fond of what they termed liberty, and by no means admirers of priestly domination, being mostly Protestants. Just before the outbreak of this rebellion, it was determined between the priests and the . . . ., that this party should be rendered comparatively innocuous by being deprived of the sinews of war—in other words, certain sums of money which they had raised for their enterprise. Murtagh was deemed the best qualified person in Ireland to be entrusted with the delicate office of getting their money from them. Having received his instructions,

he invited the leaders to his parsonage amongst the mountains, under pretence of deliberating with them about what was to be done. They arrived there just before nightfall, dressed in red, yellow, and green, the colours so dear to enthusiastic Irishmen; Murtagh received them with great apparent cordiality, and entered into a long discourse with them, promising them the assistance of himself and order, and received from them a profusion of thanks. After a time Murtagh, observing, in a jocular tone, that consulting was dull work, proposed a game of cards, and the leaders, though somewhat surprised, assenting, he went to a closet, and taking out a pack of cards, laid it upon the table; it was a strange dirty pack, and exhibited every mark of having seen very long service. On one of his guests making some remarks on the "ancientness" of its appearance, Murtagh observed that there was a very wonderful history attached to that pack; it had been presented to him, he said, by a young gentleman, a disciple of his, to whom, in Dungarvon times of yore, he had taught the Irish language, and of whom he related some very extraordinary things; he added that he, Murtagh, had taken it to . . . ., where it had once the happi-

ness of being in the hands of the Holy Father; by a great misfortune, he did not say what, he had lost possession of it, and had returned without it, but had some time since recovered it; a nephew of his, who was being educated at . . . . for a priest, having found it in a nook of the college, and sent it to him.

Murtagh and the leaders then played various games with this pack, more especially one called by the initiated "blind hookey," the result being that at the end of about two hours the leaders found they had lost one-half of their funds; they now looked serious, and talked of leaving the house, but Murtagh begging them to stay supper, they consented. After supper, at which the guests drank rather freely, Murtagh said that, as he had not the least wish to win their money, he intended to give them their revenge; he would not play at cards with them, he added, but at a funny game of thimbles, at which they would be sure of winning back their own; then going out, he brought in a table, tall and narrow, on which placing certain thimbles and a pea, he proposed that they should stake whatever they pleased on the almost certainty of finding the pea under the thimbles. The leaders, after some hesitation, consented, and

were at first eminently successful, winning back the greater part of what they had lost; after some time, however, Fortune, or rather Murtagh, turned against them, and then, instead of leaving off, they doubled and trebled their stakes, and continued doing so until they had lost nearly the whole of their funds. Quite furious, they now swore that Murtagh had cheated them, and insisted on having their property restored to them. Murtagh, without a word of reply, went to the door, and shouting into the passage something in Irish, the room was instantly filled with bogtrotters, each at least six feet high, with a stout shillealah in his hand. Murtagh then, turning to his guests, asked them what they meant by insulting an anointed priest; telling them that it was not for the likes of them to avenge the wrongs of Ireland. "I have been clane mistaken in the whole of ye," said he, "I supposed ye Irish, but have found, to my sorrow, that ye are nothing of the kind; purty fellows to pretend to be Irish, when there is not a word of Irish on the tongue of any of ye, divil a ha'porth; the illigant young gentleman to whom I taught Irish, in Dungarvon times of old, though not born in Ireland, has more Irish in him than any ten of ye. He is

the boy to avenge the wrongs of Ireland, if ever foreigner is to do it." Then saying something to the bogtrotters, they instantly cleared the room of the young Irelanders, who retired sadly disconcerted; nevertheless, being very silly young fellows, they hoisted the standard of rebellion; few, however, joining them, partly because they had no money, and partly because the priests abused them with might and main, their rebellion ended in a lamentable manner; themselves being seized and tried, and though convicted, not deemed of sufficient importance to be sent to the scaffold, where they might have had the satisfaction of saying—

"Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori."

My visitor, after saying that of the money won, Murtagh retained a considerable portion, that a part went to the hierarchy for what were called church purposes, and that the . . . . took the remainder, which it employed in establishing a newspaper, in which the private characters of the worthiest and most loyal Protestants in Ireland were traduced and vilified, concluded his account by observing, that it was the common belief that Murtagh, having by his services, ecclesiastical and political, acquired the con-

fidence of the priesthood and favour of the Government, would, on the first vacancy, be appointed to the high office of Popish Primate of Ireland.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEPARTURE FROM HORNCASTLE.—RECRUITING SERGEANT.—AULOES AND LOLLOES.

LEAVING Horncastle I bent my steps in the direction of the east. I walked at a brisk rate, and late in the evening reached a large town, situate at the entrance of an extensive firth, or arm of the sea, which prevented my farther progress eastward. Sleeping that night in the suburbs of the town, I departed early next morning in the direction of the south. A walk of about twenty miles brought me to another large town, situated on a river, where I again turned towards the east. At the end of the town I was accosted by a fiery-faced individual, somewhat under the middle size, dressed as a recruiting sergeant.

"Young man," said the recruiting sergeant, "you are just the kind of person to serve the Honourable East India Company."

"I had rather the Honourable Company should serve me," said I.

"Of course, young man. Well, the Honourable East India Company shall serve you—that's reasonable. Here, take this shilling; 't is service-money. The Honourable Company engages to serve you, and you the Honourable Company; both parties shall be thus served; that's just and reasonable."

"And what must I do for the Company?"

"Only go to India; that's all."

"And what should I do in India?"

"Fight, my brave boy! fight, my youthful hero!"

"What kind of country is India?"

"The finest country in the world! Rivers, bigger than the Ouse. Hills, higher than anything near Spalding! Trees—you never saw such trees! Fruits—you never saw such fruits!"

"And the people—what kind of folk are they?"

"Pah! Kauloes—blacks—a set of rascals not worth regarding."

"Kauloes!" said I; "blacks!"

"Yes," said the recruiting sergeant; "and they call us lolloes, which, in their beastly gibberish, means reds."

"Lolloes!" said I; "reds!"

"Yes," said the recruiting sergeant, "kauloes and lolloes; and all the lolloes have to do is to kick and cut down the kauloes, and take from them their rupees, which mean silver money. Why do you stare so?"

"Why," said I, "this is the very language of Mr. Petulengro."

"Mr. Pet . . . .?"

"Yes," said I, "and Tawno Chikno."

"Tawno Chik . .? I say, young fellow, I don't like your way of speaking; no, nor your way of looking. You are mad, sir; you are mad; and what 's this? Why your hair is grey! You won't do for the Honourable Company—they like red. I 'm glad I didn't give you the shilling. Good day to you."

"I shouldn't wonder," said I, as I proceeded rapidly along a broad causeway, in the direction of the east, "if Mr. Petulengro and Tawno Chikno came originally from India. I think I 'll go there."

APPENDIX.

CHAPTER I.

A WORD FOR LAVENGRO.

LAVENGRO is the history up to a certain period of one of rather a peculiar mind and system of nerves, with an exterior shy and cold, under which lurk much curiosity, especially with regard to what is wild and extraordinary, a considerable quantity of energy and industry, and an unconquerable love of independence. It narrates his earliest dreams and feelings, dwells with minuteness on the ways, words, and characters of his father, mother, and brother, lingers on the occasional resting-places of his wandering half military childhood, describes the gradual hardening of his bodily frame by robust exercises, his successive struggles, after his family and himself have settled down in a small local capital, to obtain knowledge of every kind, but more particularly philological lore; his visits to the tent of the Romany chal, and the parlour of the Anglo-

German philosopher; the effect produced upon his character by his flinging himself into contact with people all widely differing from each other, but all extraordinary; his reluctance to settle down to the ordinary pursuits of life; his struggles after moral truth; his glimpses of God and the obscuration of the Divine Being to his mind's eye; and his being cast upon the world of London by the death of his father, at the age of nineteen. In the world within a world, the world of London, it shows him playing his part for some time as he best can, in the capacity of a writer for reviews and magazines, and describes what he saw and underwent whilst labouring in that capacity; it represents him, however, as never forgetting that he is the son of a brave but poor gentleman, and that if he is a hack author, he is likewise a scholar. It shows him doing no dishonourable jobs, and proves that if he occasionally associates with low characters, he does so chiefly to gratify the curiosity of a scholar. In his conversations with the apple-woman of London Bridge, the scholar is ever apparent, so again in his acquaintance with the man of the table, for the book is n raker up of the uncleanness of London, and if it gives what at first sight appears refuse, it invariably shows that a pearl of some kind, generally a philological one, is contained amongst it; it shows its hero always accompanied by his love of independence, scorning in the greatest poverty to receive favours from anybody, and describes him finally rescuing himself from peculiarly miserable circum-

stances by writing a book, an original book, within a week, even as Johnson is said to have written his "Rasselas," and Beckford his "Vathek," and tells how, leaving London, he betakes himself to the roads and fields.

In the country it shows him leading a life of roving adventure, becoming tinker, gypsy, postillion, ostler; associating with various kinds of people, chiefly of the lower classes, whose ways and habits are described; but, though leading this erratic life, we gather from the book that his habits are neither vulgar nor vicious, that he still follows to a certain extent his favourite pursuits, hunting after strange characters, or analyzing strange words and names. At the conclusion of the fifth volume, which terminates the first part of the history, it hints that he is about to quit his native land on a grand philological expedition.

Those who read this book with attention—and the author begs to observe that it would be of little utility to read it hurriedly—may derive much information with respect to matters of philology and literature; it will be found treating of most of the principal languages from Ireland to China, and of the literature which they contain; and it is particularly minute with regard to the ways, manners, and speech of the English section of the most extraordinary and mysterious clan or tribe of people to be found in the whole world—the children of Roma. But it contains matters of much more importance than anything in connection with philo-

logy, and the literature and manners of nations. Perhaps no work was ever offered to the public in which the kindness and providence of God have been set forth by more striking examples, or the machinations of priestcraft been more truly and lucidly exposed, or the dangers which result to a nation when it abandons itself to effeminacy, and a rage for what is novel and fashionable, than the present.

With respect to the kindness and providence of God, are they not exemplified in the case of the old apple-woman and her son? These are beings in many points bad, but with warm affections, who, after an agonising separation, are restored to each other, but not until the hearts of both are changed and purified by the influence of affliction. Are they not exemplified in the case of the rich gentleman, who touches objects in order to avert the evil chance? This being has great gifts and many amiable qualities, but does not everybody see that his besetting sin is selfishness? He fixes his mind on certain objects, and takes inordinate interest in them, because they are his own, and those very objects, through the providence of God, which is kindness in disguise, become snakes and scorpions to whip him. Tired of various pursuits, he at last becomes an author, and publishes a book, which is very much admired, and which he loves with his usual inordinate affection; the book, consequently, becomes a viper to him, and at last he flings it aside and begins another; the book, however, is not flung aside by the world, who are benefited by it,

deriving pleasure and knowledge from it; so the man who merely wrote to gratify self, has already done good to others, and got himself an honourable name. But God will not allow that man to put that book under his head and use it as a pillow: the book has become a viper to him, he has banished it, and is about another, which he finishes and gives to the world; it is a better book than the first, and every one is delighted with it; but it proves to the writer a scorpion, because he loves it with inordinate affection; but it was good for the world that he produced this book, which stung him as a scorpion. Yes; and good for himself, for the labour of writing it amused him, and perhaps prevented him from dying of apoplexy; but the book is banished, and another is begun, and herein, again, is the providence of God manifested; the man has the power of producing still, and God determines that he shall give to the world what remains in his brain, which he would not do, had he been satisfied with the second work; he would have gone to sleep upon that as he would upon the first, for the man is selfish and lazy. In his account of what he suffered during the composition of this work, his besetting sin of selfishness is manifest enough; the work on which he is engaged occupies his every thought, it is his idol, his deity, it shall be all his own, he won't borrow a thought from any one else, and he is so afraid lest, when he publishes it, that it should be thought that he had borrowed from any one, that he is continually touching objects, his nervous system,

owing to his extreme selfishness, having become partly deranged. He is left touching, in order to banish the evil chance from his book, his deity. No more of his history is given; but does the reader think that God will permit that man to go to sleep on his third book, however extraordinary it may be? Assuredly not. God will not permit that man to rest till he has cured him to a certain extent of his selfishness, which has, however, hitherto been very useful to the world.

Then, again, in the tale of Peter Williams, is not the hand of Providence to be seen? This person commits a sin in his childhood, utters words of blasphemy, the remembrance of which, in after life, preying upon his imagination, unfits him for quiet pursuits, to which he seems to have been naturally inclined; but for the remembrance of that sin, he would have been Peter Williams the quiet respectable Welsh farmer, somewhat fond of reading the ancient literature of his country in winter evenings, after his work was done. God, however, was aware that there was something in Peter Williams to entitle him to assume a higher calling; he therefore permits this sin, which, though a childish affair, was yet a sin, and committed deliberately, to prey upon his mind till he becomes at last an instrument in the hand of God, a humble Paul, the great preacher, Peter Williams, who, though he considers himself a reprobate and a castaway, instead of having recourse to drinking in mad desperation, as many do who consider themselves reprobates, goes about Wales

and England preaching the word of God, dilating on his power and majesty, and visiting the sick and afflicted, until God sees fit to restore to him his peace of mind; which he does not do, however, until that mind is in a proper condition to receive peace, till it has been purified by the pain of the one idea which has so long been permitted to riot in his brain; which pain, however, an angel, in the shape of a gentle faithful wife, had occasionally alleviated: for God is merciful even in the blows which He bestoweth, and will not permit any one to be tempted beyond the measure which he can support. And here it will be as well for the reader to ponder upon the means by which the Welsh preacher is relieved from his mental misery: he is not relieved by a text from the Bible, by the words of consolation and wisdom addressed to him by his angel-minded wife, nor by the preaching of one yet more eloquent than himself; but by a quotation made by Lavengro from the life of Mary Flanders, cut-purse and prostitute, which life Lavengro had been in the habit of reading at the stall of his old friend the apple-woman, on London Bridge, who had herself been very much addicted to the perusal of it, though without any profit whatever. Should the reader be dissatisfied with the manner in which Peter Williams is made to find relief, the author would wish to answer, that the Almighty frequently accomplishes his purposes by means which appear very singular to the eyes of men, and at the same time to observe

that the manner in which that relief is obtained, is calculated to read a lesson to the proud, fanciful, and squeamish, who are ever in a fidget lest they should be thought to mix in low society, or to bestow a moment's attention on publications which are not what is called of a perfectly unobjectionable character. Had not Lavengro formed the acquaintance of the old apple-woman on London Bridge, he would not have had an opportunity of reading the life of Mary Flanders; and, consequently, of storing in a memory, which never forgets anything, a passage which contained a balm for the agonized mind of poor Peter Williams. The best medicines are not always found in the finest shops. Suppose, for example, if, instead of going to London Bridge to read, he had gone to Albemarle Street, and had received from the proprietors of the literary establishment in that very fashionable street permission to read the publications on the tables of the saloons there, does the reader think he would have met any balm in those publications for the case of Peter Williams? does the reader suppose that he would have found Mary Flanders there? He would certainly have found that highly unobjectionable publication, "Rasselas," and the "Spectator," or "Lives of Royal and Illustrious Personages," but, of a surety, no Mary Flanders; so when Lavengro met with Peter Williams, he would have been unprovided with a balm to cure his ulcerated mind, and have parted from him in a way not quite so satisfactory as the manner in

which he took his leave of him; for it is certain that he might have read "Rasselas," and all the other unexceptionable works to be found in the library of Albemarle Street, over and over again, before he would have found any cure in them for the case of Peter Williams. Therefore the author requests the reader to drop any squeamish nonsense he may wish to utter about Mary Flanders, and the manner in which Peter Williams was cured.

And now with respect to the old man who knew Chinese, but could not tell what was o'clock. This individual was a man whose natural powers would have been utterly buried and lost beneath a mountain of sloth and laziness, had not God determined otherwise. He had in his early years chalked out for himself a plan of life in which he had his own ease and self-indulgence solely in view; he had no particular bad passions to gratify, he only wished to lead an easy quiet life, just as if the business of this mighty world could be carried on by innocent people fond of ease and quiet, or that Providence would permit innocent quiet drones to occupy any portion of the earth and to cumber it. God had at any rate decreed that this man should not cumber it as a drone. He brings a certain affliction upon him, the agony of which produces that terrible whirling of the brain which, unless it is stopped in time, produces madness; he suffers indescribable misery for a period, until one morning his attention is arrested, and his curiosity is aroused, by certain Chinese letters on a teapot; his curiosity increases

more and more, and, of course, in proportion, as his curiosity is increased with respect to the Chinese marks, the misery in his brain, produced by his mental affliction, decreases. He sets about learning Chinese, and after the lapse of many years, during which his mind subsides into a certain state of tranquillity, he acquires sufficient knowledge of Chinese to be able to translate with ease the inscriptions to be found on its singular crockery. Yes, the laziest of human beings, through the providence of God, a being too of rather inferior capacity, acquires the written part of a language so difficult that, as Lavengro said on a former occasion, none but the cleverest people in Europe, the French, are able to acquire it. But God did not intend that man should merely acquire Chinese. He intended that he should be of use to his species, and by the instrumentality of the first Chinese inscription which he translates, the one which first arrested his curiosity, he is taught the duties of hospitality; yes, by means of an inscription in the language of a people, who have scarcely an idea of hospitality themselves, God causes the slothful man to play a useful and beneficent part in the world, relieving distressed wanderers, and, amongst others, Lavengro himself. But a striking indication of the man's surprising sloth is still apparent in what he omits to do; he has learnt Chinese, the most difficult of languages, and he practises acts of hospitality, because he believes himself enjoined to do so by the Chinese inscription, but he cannot tell the hour of the

day by the clock within his house; he can get on, he thinks, very well without being able to do so; therefore, from this one omission, it is easy to come to a conclusion as to what a sluggard's part the man would have played in life, but for the dispensation of Providence; nothing but extreme agony could have induced such a man to do anything useful. He still continues, with all he has acquired, with all his usefulness, and with all his innocence of character, without any proper sense of religion, though he has attained a rather advanced age. If it be observed, that this want of religion is a great defect in the story, the author begs leave to observe that he cannot help it. Lavengro relates the lives of people so far as they were placed before him, but no further. It was certainly a great defect in so good a man to be without religion; it was likewise a great defect in so learned a man not to be able to tell what was o'clock. It is probable that God, in his loving kindness, will not permit that man to go out of the world without religion; who knows but some powerful minister of the Church, full of zeal for the glory of God, will illume that man's dark mind; perhaps some clergyman will come to the parish who will visit him and teach him his duty to his God. Yes, it is very probable that such a man, before he dies, will have been made to love his God; whether he will ever learn to know what 's o'clock, is another matter. It is probable that he will go out of the world without knowing what 's o'clock. It is not so necessary to be able to tell the time of day by the clock as to

know one's God through his inspired word; a man cannot get to heaven without religion, but a man can get there very comfortably without knowing what 's o'clock.

But, above all, the care and providence of God are manifested in the case of Lavengro himself, by the manner in which he is enabled to make his way in the world up to a certain period, without falling a prey either to vice or poverty. In his history, there is a wonderful illustration of part of the text, quoted by his mother, "I have been young, and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread." He is the son of good and honourable parents, but at the critical period of life, that of entering into the world, he finds himself without any earthly friend to help him, yet he manages to make his way; he does not become a Captain in the Life Guards, it is true, nor does he get into Parliament, nor does the last volume conclude in the most satisfactory and unobjectionable manner, by his marrying a dowager countess, as that wise man Addison did, or by his settling down as a great country gentleman, perfectly happy and contented, like the very moral Roderick Random, or the equally estimable Peregrine Pickle; he is hack author, gypsy, tinker, and postillion, yet, upon the whole, he seems to be quite as happy as the younger sons of most earls, to have as high feelings of honour; and when the reader loses sight of him, he has money in his pocket honestly acquired, to enable him to commence a journey quite as laudable as

those which the younger sons of earls generally undertake. Surely all this is a manifestation of the kindness and providence of God: and yet he is not a religious person; up to the time when the reader loses sight of him, he is decidedly not a religious person; he has glimpses, it is true, of that God who does not forsake him, but he prays very seldom, is not fond of going to church; and, though he admires Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms, his admiration is rather caused by the beautiful poetry which that version contains than the religion; yet his tale is not finished—like the tale of the gentleman who touched objects, and that of the old man who knew Chinese without knowing what was o'clock; perhaps, like them, he is destined to become religious, and to have, instead of occasional glimpses, frequent and distinct views of his God; yet, though he may become religious, it is hardly to be expected that he will become a very precise and straight-laced person; it is probable that he will retain, with his scholarship, something of his gypsyism, his predilection for the hammer and tongs, and perhaps some inclination to put on certain gloves, not white kid, with any friend who may be inclined for a little old English diversion, and a readiness to take a glass of ale, with plenty of malt in it, and as little hop as may well be —ale at least two years old—with the aforesaid friend, when the diversion is over; for, as it is the belief of the writer that a person may get to heaven very comfortably without knowing what 's o'clock, so it is his

belief that he will not be refused admission there, because to the last he has been fond of healthy and invigorating exercises, and felt a willingness to partake of any of the good things which it pleases the Almighty to put within the reach of his children during their sojourn upon earth.

CHAPTER II.

ON PRIESTCRAFT.

The writer will now say a few words about priestcraft, and the machinations of Rome, and will afterwards say something about himself, and his motives for writing against them.

With respect to Rome, and her machinations, much valuable information can be obtained from particular parts of Lavengro, and its sequel. Shortly before the time when the hero of the book is launched into the world, the Popish agitation in England had commenced. The Popish propaganda had determined to make a grand attempt on England; Popish priests were scattered over the land, doing the best they could to make converts to the old superstition. With the plans of Rome, and her hopes, and the reasons on which those hopes are grounded, the hero of the book becomes acquainted, during an expedition which he makes into the country, from certain conversations which he holds with a priest in a dingle, in which the hero had taken up his residence; he likewise learns from the same person much of the secret history of the Roman See, and many matters connected with the origin and progress of the Popish superstition.

The individual with whom he holds these conversations is a learned, intelligent, but highly-unprincipled person, of a character however very common amongst the priests of Rome, who in general are people void of all religion, and who, notwithstanding they are tied to Rome by a band which they have neither the power nor wish to break, turn her and her practices, over their cups with their confidential associates, to a ridicule only exceeded by that to which they turn those who become the dupes of their mistress and themselves.

It is now necessary that the writer should say something with respect to himself, and his motives for waging war against Rome. First of all, with respect to himself, he wishes to state, that to the very last moment of his life, he will do and say all that in his power may be to hold up to contempt and execration the priestcraft and practices of Rome; there is, perhaps, no person better acquainted than himself, not even among the choicest spirits of the priesthood, with the origin and history of Popery. From what he saw and heard of Popery in England, at a very early period of his life, his curiosity was aroused, and he spared himself no trouble, either by travel or study, to make himself well acquainted with it in all its phases, the result being a hatred of it, which he hopes and trusts he shall retain till the moment when his spirit quits the body. Popery is the great lie of the world; a source from which more misery and social degradation have flowed upon the human race, than from all the other sources from which those evils

come. It is the oldest of all superstitions; and though in Europe it assumes the name of Christianity, it existed and flourished amidst the Himalayan hills at least two thousand years before the real Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea; in a word, it is Buddhism; and let those who may be disposed to doubt this assertion, compare the Popery of Rome, and the superstitious practices of its followers, with the doings of the priests who surround the grand Lama; and the mouthings, bellowing, turnings round, and, above all, the penances of the followers of Buddh with those of Roman devotees. But he is not going to dwell here on this point; it is dwelt upon at tolerable length in the text, and has likewise been handled with extraordinary power by the pen of the gifted but irreligious Volney; moreover, the *élite* of the Roman priesthood are perfectly well aware that their system is nothing but Buddhism under a slight disguise, and the European world in general has entertained for some time past an inkling of the fact.

And now a few words with respect to the motives of the writer for expressing a hatred for Rome.

This expressed abhorrence of the author for Rome might be entitled to little regard, provided it were possible to attribute it to any self-interested motive. There have been professed enemies of Rome, or of this or that system; but their professed enmity may frequently be traced to some cause which does them little credit; but the writer of these lines has no motive, and can have no motive, for his enmity to

Rome, save the abhorrence of an honest heart for what is false, base, and cruel. A certain clergyman wrote with much heat against the Papists in the time of . . . ., who was known to favour the Papists, but was not expected to continue long in office, and whose supposed successor, the person, indeed, who did succeed him, was thought to be hostile to the Papists. This divine, who obtained a rich benefice from the successor of . . . ., who during . . . .'s time had always opposed him in everything he proposed to do, and who, of course, during that time affected to be very inimical to Popery—this divine might well be suspected of having a motive equally creditable for writing against the Papists, as that which induced him to write for them, as soon as his patron, who eventually did something more for him, had espoused their cause; but what motive, save an honest one, can the present writer have, for expressing an abhorrence of Popery? He is no clergyman, and consequently can expect neither benefices nor bishoprics, supposing it were the fashion of the present, or likely to be the fashion of any future administration, to reward clergymen with benefices or bishoprics, who, in the defence of the religion of their country write, or shall write, against Popery, and not to reward those who write, or shall write, in favour of it, and all its nonsense and abominations.

"But if not a clergyman, he is the servant of a certain society, which has the overthrow of Popery in view, and therefore," &c. This assertion, which has been frequently made, is incorrect, even as those

who have made it probably knew it to be. He is the servant of no society whatever. He eats his own bread, and is one of the very few men in England who are independent in every sense of the word.

It is true he went to Spain with the colours of that society on his hat — oh! the blood glows in his veins! oh! the marrow awakes in his old bones when he thinks of what he accomplished in Spain in the cause of religion and civilization with the colours of that society in his hat, and its weapon in his hand, even the sword of the word of God; how with that weapon he hewed left and right, making the priests fly before him, and run away squeaking: "Vaya! que demonio es este!" Ay, and when he thinks of the plenty of bible swords which he left behind him, destined to prove, and which have already proved, pretty calthrops in the heels of popery. "Halloo! Batuschca," he exclaimed the other night, on reading an article in a newspaper; "what do you think of the present doings in Spain? Your old friend the zingaro, the gitano who rode about Spain, to say nothing of Galicia, with the Greek Buchini behind him as his squire, had a hand in bringing them about; there are many brave Spaniards connected with the present movement who took bibles from his hands, and read them and profited by them, learning from the inspired page the duties of one man towards another, and the real value of a priesthood and their head, who set at nought the word of God, and think only of their own temporal interests;

ay, and who learned Gitano — their own Gitano— from the lips of the London Caloró, and also songs in the said Gitano, very fit to dumbfounder your semi-Budhist priests when they attempt to bewilder people's minds with their school-logic and pseudo-ecclesiastical nonsense, songs such as—

"Un Erajai
Sinaba chibando un sermon . . . ."

—But with that society he has long since ceased to have any connection; he bade it adieu with feelings of love and admiration more than fourteen years ago; so, in continuing to assault Popery, no hopes of interest founded on that society can sway his mind— interest! who, with worldly interest in view, would ever have anything to do with that society? It is poor and supported, like its founder Christ, by poor people; and so far from having political influence, it is in such disfavour, and has ever been, with the dastardly great, to whom the government of England has for many years past been confided, that the having borne its colours only for a month would be sufficient to exclude any man, whatever his talents, his learning, or his courage may be, from the slightest chance of being permitted to serve his country either for fee, or without. A fellow who unites in himself the bankrupt trader, the broken author, or rather book-maker, and the laughed-down single speech spouter of the House of Commons, may look forward, always supposing that at one time he has been a foaming radical, to the government of an import-

ant colony. Ay, an ancient fox who has lost his tail may, provided he has a score of radical friends, who will swear that he can bark Chinese, though Chinese is not barked but sung, be forced upon a Chinese colony, though it is well known that to have lost one's tail is considered by the Chinese in general as an irreparable infamy, whilst to have been once connected with a certain society, to which, to its honour be it said, all the radical party are vehemently hostile, would be quite sufficient to keep any one not only from a government, but something much less, even though he could translate the rhymed "Sessions of Hariri," and were versed, still retaining his tail, in the two languages in which Kien-Loung wrote his Eulogium on Moukden, that piece which, translated by Amyot, the learned Jesuit, won the applause of the celebrated Voltaire.

No! were the author influenced by hopes of fee or reward, he would, instead of writing against Popery, write for it; all the trumpery titled—he will not call them great again—would then be for him, and their masters the radicals, with their hosts of newspapers, would be for him, more especially if he would commence maligning the society whose colours he had once on his hat—a society which, as the priest says in the text, is one of the very few Protestant institutions for which the Popish Church entertains any fear, and consequently respect, as it respects nothing which it does not fear. The writer said that certain "rulers" would never forgive him for having been connected with that society; he went

perhaps too far in saying "never." It is probable that they would take him into favour on one condition, which is, that he should turn his pen and his voice against that society; such a mark "of a better way of thinking," would perhaps induce them to give him a government, nearly as good as that which they gave to a certain ancient radical fox at the intercession of his radical friends (who were bound to keep him from the pauper's kennel), after he had promised to foam, bark, and snarl at corruption no more; he might even entertain hopes of succeeding, nay of superseding, the ancient creature in his government; but even were he as badly off as he is well off, he would do no such thing. He would rather exist on crusts and water; he has often done so, and been happy; nay, he would rather starve than be a rogue—for even the feeling of starvation is happiness compared with what he feels who knows himself to be a rogue, provided he has any feeling at all. What is the use of a mitre or a knighthood to a man who has betrayed his principles? What is the use of a gilt collar, nay, even of a pair of scarlet breeches, to a fox who has lost his tail? Oh! the horror which haunts the mind of the fox who has lost his tail; and with reason, for his very mate loathes him, and more especially if, like himself, she has lost her brush. Oh! the horror which haunts the mind of the two-legged rogue who has parted with his principles, or those which he professed—for what? We 'll suppose a government. What 's the use of a government, if, the next day after you have received it, you

are obliged for very shame to scurry off to it with the hoot of every honest man sounding in your ears?

"Lightly liar leaped and away ran."

PIERS PLOWMAN.

But bigotry, it has been said, makes the author write against Popery: and thorough-going bigotry, indeed, will make a person say or do anything. But the writer is a very pretty bigot truly! Where will the public find traces of bigotry in anything he has written? He has written against Rome with all his heart, with all his mind, with all his soul, and with all his strength; but as a person may be quite honest, and speak and write against Rome, in like manner he may speak and write against her, and be quite free from bigotry; though it is impossible for any one but a bigot or a bad man to write or speak in her praise; her doctrines, actions, and machinations being what they are.

Bigotry! The author was born, and has always continued in the wrong church for bigotry, the quiet, unpretending Church of England; a church which had it been a bigoted church, and not long suffering almost to a fault, might with its opportunities, as the priest says in the text, have stood in a very different position from that which it occupies at present. No! let those who are in search of bigotry, seek for it in a church very different from the inoffensive Church of England, which never encourages cruelty or calumny. Let them seek for it amongst the members of the Church of Rome, and more especially amongst

those who have renegaded to it. There is nothing, however false and horrible, which a pervert to Rome will not say for his church, and which his priests will not encourage him in saying; and there is nothing, however horrible—the more horrible indeed and revolting to human nature, the more eager he would be to do it—which he will not do for it, and which his priests will not encourage him in doing.

Of the readiness which converts to popery exhibit to sacrifice all the ties of blood and affection on the shrine of their newly-adopted religion, there is a curious illustration in the work of Luigi Pulci. This man, who was born at Florence in the year 1432, and who was deeply versed in the Bible, composed a poem, called the "Morgante Maggiore," which he recited at the table of Lorenzo de Medici, the great patron of Italian genius. It is a mock-heroic and religious poem, in which the legends of knight-errantry, and of the Popish Church, are turned to unbounded ridicule. The pretended hero of it is a converted giant, called Morgante; though his adventures do not occupy the twentieth part of the poem, the principal personages being Charlemagne, Orlando, and his cousin Rinaldo of Montalban. Morgante has two brothers, both of them giants, and, in the first canto of the poem, Morgante is represented with his brothers as carrying on a feud with the abbot and monks of a certain convent, built upon the confines of heathenesse; the giants being in the habit of flinging down stones, or rather huge rocks, on the convent. Orlando, however, who is banished

from the court of Charlemagne, arriving at the convent, undertakes to destroy them, and, accordingly, kills Passamonte and Alabastro, and converts Morgante, whose mind had been previously softened by a vision, in which the "Blessed Virgin" figures. No sooner is he converted than, as a sign of his penitence, what does he do, but hastens and cuts off the hands of his two brothers, saying—

> "Io vo' tagliar le mani a tutti quanti
> E porterolle a que' monaci santi."

And he does cut off the hands of his brethren, and carries them to the abbot, who blesses him for so doing. Pulci here is holding up to ridicule and execration the horrid butchery or betrayal of friends by popish converts, and the encouragement they receive from the priest. No sooner is a person converted to popery, than his principal thought is how he can bring the hands and feet of his brethren, however harmless they may be, and different from the giants, to the "holy priests," who, if he manages to do so, never fail to praise him, saying to the miserable wretch, as the abbot said to Morgante :—

> "Tu sarai or perfetto e vero amico
> A Cristo, quanto tu gli eri nemico."

Can the English public deny the justice of Pulci's illustration, after something which it has lately witnessed?* Has it not seen equivalents for the hands

* This was written in 1854.

and feet of brothers carried by popish perverts to the "holy priests," and has it not seen the manner in which the offering has been received? Let those who are in quest of bigotry seek for it amongst the perverts to Rome, and not amongst those who, born in the pale of the Church of England, have always continued in it.

CHAPTER III.

ON FOREIGN NONSENSE.

With respect to the third point, various lessons which the book reads to the nation at large, and which it would be well for the nation to ponder and profit by.

There are many species of nonsense to which the nation is much addicted, and of which the perusal of Lavengro ought to give them a wholesome shame. First of all, with respect to the foreign nonsense so prevalent now in England. The hero is a scholar; but, though possessed of a great many tongues, he affects to be neither Frenchman, nor German, nor this or that foreigner; he is one who loves his country, and the language and literature of his country, and speaks up for each and all when there is occasion to do so. Now what is the case with nine out of ten amongst those of the English who study foreign languages? No sooner have they picked up a smattering of this or that speech than they begin to abuse their own country, and everything connected with it, more especially its language. This is particularly the case with those who call themselves German students. It is said, and the writer believes with truth, that

when a woman falls in love with a particularly ugly fellow, she squeezes him with ten times more zest than she would a handsome one if captivated by him. So it is with these German students; no sooner have they taken German in hand than there is nothing like German. Oh, the dear delightful German! How proud I am that it is now my own, and that its divine literature is within my reach! And all this whilst mumbling the most uncouth speech, and crunching the most crabbed literature in Europe. The writer is not an exclusive admirer of everything English; he does not advise his country people never to go abroad, never to study foreign languages, and he does not wish to persuade them that there is nothing beautiful or valuable in foreign literature; he only wishes that they would not make themselves fools with respect to foreign people, foreign languages or reading; that if they chance to have been in Spain, and have picked up a little Spanish, they would not affect the airs of Spaniards; that if males they would not make Tom-fools of themselves by sticking cigars into their mouths, dressing themselves in zamarras, and saying, carajo! * and if females that they would not make zanies of themselves by sticking cigars into their mouths, flinging mantillas over their heads, and by saying carai, and perhaps carajo too; or if they have been in France or Italy, and have picked up a little French or Italian, they would not affect to be French or Italians; and particularly, after having been a month or two in Ger-

* An obscene oath.

many, or picked up a little German in England, they would not make themselves foolish about everything German, as the Anglo-German in the book does—a real character, the founder of the Anglo-German school in England, and the cleverest Englishman who ever talked or wrote encomiastic nonsense about Germany and the Germans. Of all infatuations connected with what is foreign, the infatuation about everything that is German, to a certain extent prevalent in England, is assuredly the most ridiculous. One can find something like a palliation for people making themselves somewhat foolish about particular languages, literatures, and people. The Spanish certainly is a noble language, and there is something wild and captivating in the Spanish character, and its literature contains the grand book of the world. French is a manly language. The French are the most martial people in the world; and French literature is admirable in many respects. Italian is a sweet language, and of beautiful simplicity—its literature perhaps the first in the world. The Italians!—wonderful men have sprung up in Italy. Italy is not merely famous for painters, poets, musicians, singers, and linguists—the greatest linguist the world ever saw, the late Cardinal Mezzofanti, was an Italian; but it is celebrated for men—men emphatically speaking: Columbus was an Italian, Alexander Farnese was an Italian, so was the mightiest of the mighty, Napoleon Bonaparte;—but the German language, German literature, and the Germans! The writer has already stated his opinion with respect to German; he does

not speak from ignorance or prejudice; he has heard German spoken, and many other languages. German literature! he does not speak from ignorance, he has read that and many a literature, and he repeats . . . . however, he acknowledges that there is one fine poem in the German language, that poem is the "Oberon;" a poem, by the by, ignored by the Germans—a speaking fact—and of course by the Anglo-Germanists. The Germans! he has been amongst them, and amongst many other nations, and confesses that his opinion of the Germans, as men, is a very low one. Germany, it is true, has produced one very great man, the monk who fought the pope, and nearly knocked him down; but this man his countrymen—a telling fact—affect to despise, and of course the Anglo-Germanists: the father of Anglo-Germanism was very fond of inveighing against Luther.

The madness, or rather foolery, of the English for foreign customs, dresses, and languages, is not an affair of to-day, or yesterday—it is of very ancient date, and was very properly exposed nearly three centuries ago by one Andrew Borde, who, under the picture of a "Naked man, with a pair of shears in one hand, and a roll of cloth in the other,"* inserted the following lines along with others:—

"I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mind what garment I shall weare;
For now I will weare this, and now I will weare that,
Now I will weare, I cannot tell what.

* See "Muses' Library," pp. 86, 87. London, 1738.

All new fashions be pleasant to mee,
I will have them, whether I thrive or thee;
What do I care if all the world me fail?
I will have a garment reach to my taile;
Then am I a minion, for I wear the new guise.
The next yeare after I hope to be wise,
Not only in wearing my gorgeous array,
For I will go to learning a whole summer's day;
I will learn Latine, Hebrew, Greek, and French,
And I will learn Dutch, sitting on my bench.
I had no peere if to myself I were true,
Because I am not so, divers times do I rue.
Yet I lacke nothing, I have all things at will
If I were wise and would hold myself still,
And meddle with no matters but to me pertaining,
But ever to be true to God and my king.
But I have such matters rowling in my pate,
That I will and do . . . . I cannot tell what," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

ON GENTILITY NONSENSE.—ILLUSTRATIONS OF GENTILITY.

What is gentility? People in different stations in England—entertain different ideas of what is genteel,* but it must be something gorgeous, glitter-

* Genteel with them seems to be synonymous with Gentile and Gentoo; if so, the manner in which it has been applied for ages ceases to surprise, for genteel is heathenish. Ideas of barbaric pearl and gold, glittering armour, plumes, tortures, bloodshedding, and lust, should always be connected with it. Wace, in his grand Norman poem, calls the Baron genteel:—

"La furent li gentil Baron," &c.

And he certainly could not have applied the word better than to the strong Norman thief, armed cap-a-pie, without one particle of ruth or generosity; for a person to be a pink of gentility, that is heathenism, should have no such feelings; and, indeed, the admirers of gentility seldom or never associate any such feelings with it. It was from the Norman, the worst of all robbers and miscreants, who built strong castles, garrisoned them with devils, and tore out poor wretches' eyes, as the Saxon Chronicle says, that the English got their detestable word genteel. What could ever have made the English such admirers of gentility, it would be difficult to say; for, during three hundred years, they suffered enough by it. Their genteel Norman landlords were their scourgers, their torturers, the

ing, or tawdry, to be considered genteel by any of them. The beau-ideal of the English aristocracy, of course with some exceptions, is some young fellow with an imperial title, a military personage of course, for what is military is so particularly genteel, with flaming epaulets, a cocked hat and a plume, a prancing charger, and a band of fellows called generals and colonels, with flaming epaulets, cocked hats and plumes, and prancing chargers, vapouring behind him. It was but lately that the daughter of an English marquis was heard to say, that the sole remaining wish of her heart—she had known misfortunes, and was not far from fifty—was to be introduced to—whom? The Emperor of Austria! The sole remaining wish of the heart of one who ought to have been thinking of the grave and judgment, was to be introduced to the miscreant who had caused the blood of noble Hungarian females to be whipped out of their shoulders, for no other crime than devotion to their country, and its tall and heroic sons. The middle classes—of course there are some exceptions—admire the aristocracy, and consider them pinks, the aristocracy who admire the Emperor of Austria, and adored the Emperor of Russia, till he became old, ugly, and unfortunate, when their adoration instantly terminated; for what is more ungenteel than age, ugliness, and misfortune! The beau-ideal with those of the lower classes, with peasants and mechanics,

plunderers of their homes, the dishonourers of their wives, and the deflowerers of their daughters. Perhaps, after all, fear is at the root of the English veneration for gentility.

is some flourishing railroad contractor: look, for example, how they worship Mr. Flamson. This person makes his grand début in the year thirty-nine, at a public meeting in the principal room of a country inn. He has come into the neighbourhood with the character of a man worth a million pounds, who is to make everybody's fortune; at this time, however, he is not worth a shilling of his own, though he flashes about dexterously three or four thousand pounds, part of which sum he has obtained by specious pretences, and part from certain individuals who are his confederates. But in the year forty-nine, he is really in possession of the fortune which he and his agents pretended he was worth ten years before—he is worth a million pounds. By what means has he come by them? By railroad contracts, for which he takes care to be paid in hard cash before he attempts to perform them, and to carry out which he makes use of the sweat and blood of wretches who, since their organization, have introduced crimes and language into England to which it was previously almost a stranger—by purchasing, with paper, shares by hundreds in the schemes to execute which he contracts, and which are of his own devising; which shares he sells as soon as they are at a high premium, to which they are speedily forced by means of paragraphs, inserted by himself and agents, in newspapers devoted to his interest, utterly reckless of the terrible depreciation to which they are almost instantly subjected. But he is worth a million pounds, there can be no doubt of the fact—he has not made

people's fortunes, at least those whose fortunes it was said he would make: he has made them away: but his own he has made, emphatically made it; he is worth a million pounds. Hurrah for the millionnaire! The clown who views the pandemonium of red brick which he has built on the estate which he has purchased in the neighbourhood of the place of his grand début, in which every species of architecture, Greek, Indian, and Chinese, is employed in caricature—who hears of the grand entertainment he gives at Christmas in the principal dining-room, the hundred wax-candles, the waggon-load of plate, and the oceans of wine which form parts of it, and above all the two ostrich poults, one at the head, and the other at the foot of the table, exclaims, "Well! if he a'n't bang up, I don't know who be; why he beats my lord hollow!" The mechanic of the borough town, who sees him dashing through the streets in an open landau, drawn by four milk-white horses, amidst its attendant outriders; his wife, a monster of a woman, by his side, stout as the wife of Tamerlane, who weighed twenty stone, and bedizened out like her whose person shone with the jewels of plundered Persia, stares with silent wonder, and at last exclaims "That 's the man for my vote!" You tell the clown that the man of the mansion has contributed enormously to corrupt the rural innocence of England; you point to an incipient branch railroad, from around which the accents of Gomorrah are sounding, and beg him to listen for a moment, and then close his ears. Hodge scratches his head and says,

"Well, I have nothing to say to that; all I know is, that he is bang up, and I wish I were he;" perhaps he will add—a Hodge has been known to add—"He has been kind enough to put my son on that very railroad; 'tis true the company is somewhat queer, and the work rather killing, but he gets there half-a-crown a day, whereas from the farmers he would only get eighteen-pence." You remind the mechanic that the man in the landau has been the ruin of thousands, and you mention people whom he himself knows, people in various grades of life, widows and orphans amongst them, whose little all he has dissipated, and whom he has reduced to beggary by inducing them to become sharers in his delusive schemes. But the mechanic says, "Well, the more fools they to let themselves be robbed. But I don't call that kind of thing robbery, I merely call it outwitting; and everybody in this free country has a right to outwit others if he can. What a turn-out he has!" One was once heard to add, "I never saw a more genteel-looking man in all my life except one, and that was a gentleman's walley, who was much like him. It is true he is rather undersized, but then madam, you know, makes up for all."

CHAPTER V.

SUBJECT OF GENTILITY CONTINUED.

In the last chapter have been exhibited specimens of gentility, so considered by different classes; by one class, power, youth, and epaulets are considered the ne plus ultra of gentility; by another class, pride, stateliness, and title; by another, wealth and flaming tawdriness. But what constitutes a gentleman? It is easy to say at once what constitutes a gentleman, and there are no distinctions in what is gentlemanly,* as there are in what is genteel. The characteristics of a gentleman are high feeling—a determination never to take a cowardly advantage of another—a liberal education—absence of narrow views—generosity and courage, propriety of behaviour. Now a person may be genteel according to one or another of the three standards described above, and not possess one of the characteristics of a gentleman, Is the emperor a gentleman, with spatters of blood

* Gentle and gentlemanly may be derived from the same root as genteel; but nothing can be more distinct from the mere genteel, than the ideas which enlightened minds associate with these words. Gentle and gentlemanly mean something kind and genial; genteel, that which is glittering or gaudy. A person can be a gentleman in rags, but nobody can be genteel.

on his clothes, scourged from the backs of noble Hungarian women? Are the aristocracy gentlefolks, who admire him? Is Mr Flamson a gentleman, although he has a million pounds? No! cowardly miscreants, admirers of cowardly miscreants, and people who make a million pounds by means compared with which those employed to make fortunes by the getters up of the South Sea Bubble might be called honest dealing, are decidedly not gentlefolks. Now as it is clearly demonstrable that a person may be perfectly genteel according to some standard or other, and yet be no gentleman, so is it demonstrable that a person may have no pretensions to gentility, and yet be a gentleman. For example, there is Lavengro! Would the admirers of the emperor, or the admirers of those who admire the emperor, or the admirers of Mr. Flamson, call him genteel? and gentility with them is everything! Assuredly they would not; and assuredly they would consider him respectively as a being to be shunned, despised, or hooted. Genteel! Why at one time he is a hack author—writes reviewals for eighteen-pence a page—edits a Newgate chronicle. At another he wanders the country with a face grimy from occasionally mending kettles; and there is no evidence that his clothes are not seedy and torn, and his shoes down at the heel; but by what process of reasoning will they prove that he is no gentleman? Is he not learned? Has he not generosity and courage? Whilst a hack author, does he pawn the books entrusted to him to review? Does he break his word

to his publisher? Does he write begging letters? Does he get clothes or lodgings without paying for them? Again, whilst a wanderer, does he insult helpless women on the road with loose proposals or ribald discourse? Does he take what is not his own from the hedges? Does he play on the fiddle, or make faces in public-houses, in order to obtain pence or beer? or does he call for liquor, swallow it, and then say to a widowed landlady, "Mistress, I have no brass?" In a word, what vice and crime does he perpetrate—what low acts does he commit? Therefore, with his endowments, who will venture to say that he is no gentleman?—unless it be an admirer of Mr. Flamson—a clown—who will, perhaps, shout—"I say he is no gentleman; for who can be a gentleman who keeps no gig?"

The indifference exhibited by Lavengro for what is merely genteel, compared with his solicitude never to infringe the strict laws of honour, should read a salutary lesson. The generality of his countrymen are far more careful not to transgress the customs of what they call gentility, than to violate the laws of honour or morality. They will shrink from carrying their own carpet-bag, and from speaking to a person in seedy raiment, whilst to matters of much higher importance they are shamelessly indifferent. Not so Lavengro; he will do anything that he deems convenient, or which strikes his fancy, provided it does not outrage decency, or is unallied to profligacy; is not ashamed to speak to a beggar in rags, and will associate with anybody, provided he can gratify a laud-

able curiosity. He has no abstract love for what is low, or what the world calls low. He sees that many things which the world looks down upon are valuable, so he prizes much which the world contemns; he sees that many things which the world admires are contemptible, so he despises much which the world does not; but when the world prizes what is really excellent, he does not contemn it, because the world regards it. If he learns Irish, which all the world scoffs at, he likewise learns Italian, which all the world melts at. If he learns Gypsy, the language of the tattered tent, he likewise learns Greek, the language of the college hall. If he learns smithery, he also learns . . . . ah! what does he learn to set against smithery?—the law? No; he does not learn the law, which, by the way, is not very genteel. Swimming? Yes, he learns to swim. Swimming, however, is not genteel; and the world—at least the genteel part of it—acts very wisely in setting its face against it; for to swim you must be naked, and how would many a genteel person look without his clothes? Come! he learns horsemanship; a very genteel accomplishment, which every genteel person would gladly possess, though not all genteel people do.

Again as to associates: if he holds communion when a boy with Murtagh, the scarecrow of an Irish academy, he associates in after life with Francis Ardry, a rich and talented young Irish gentleman about town. If he accepts an invitation from Mr. Petulengro to his tent, he has no objection to go home with a rich genius to dinner; who then will

say that he prizes a thing or a person because they are ungenteel? That he is not ready to take up with everything that is ungenteel he gives a proof, when he refuses, though on the brink of starvation, to become bonnet to the thimble-man, an office which, though profitable, is positively ungenteel. Ah! but some sticker-up for gentility will exclaim, "The hero did not refuse this office from an insurmountable dislike to its ungentility, but merely from a feeling of principle." Well! the writer is not fond of argument, and he will admit that such was the case; he admits that it was a love of principle, rather than an over-regard for gentility, which prevented the hero from accepting, when on the brink of starvation, an ungenteel though lucrative office, an office which, the writer begs leave to observe, many a person with a great regard for gentility, and no particular regard for principle, would in a similar strait have accepted; for when did a mere love for gentility keep a person from being a dirty scoundrel, when the alternatives apparently were "either be a dirty scoundrel or starve?" One thing, however, is certain, which is, that Lavengro did not accept the office, which if a love for what is low had been his ruling passion he certainly would have done; consequently, he refuses to do one thing which no genteel person would willingly do, even as he does many things which every genteel person would gladly do, for example speaks Italian, rides on horseback, associates with a fashionable young man, dines with a rich genius, et cetera. Yet—and it cannot be minced—he and gentility with regard to many

things are at strange divergency; he shrinks from many things at which gentility placidly hums a tune, or approvingly simpers, and does some things at which gentility positively sinks. He will not run into debt for clothes or lodgings, which he might do without any scandal to gentility; he will not receive money from Francis Ardry, and go to Brighton with the sister of Annette Le Noir, though there is nothing ungenteel in borrowing money from a friend, even when you never intend to repay him, and something poignantly genteel in going to a watering-place with a gay young Frenchwoman; but he has no objection, after raising twenty pounds by the sale of that extraordinary work "Joseph Sell," to set off into the country, mend kettles under hedge-rows, and make pony and donkey shoes in a dingle. Here, perhaps, some plain, well-meaning person will cry—and with much apparent justice—how can the writer justify him in this act? What motive, save a love for what is low, could induce him to do such things? Would the writer have everybody who is in need of recreation go into the country, mend kettles under hedges, and make pony shoes in dingles? To such an observation the writer would answer, that Lavengro had an excellent motive in doing what he did, but that the writer is not so unreasonable as to wish everybody to do the same. It is not everybody who can mend kettles. It is not everybody who is in similar circumstances to those in which Lavengro was. Lavengro flies from London and hack authorship, and takes to the roads from fear of consumption; it is expensive

to put up at inns, and even at public-houses, and Lavengro has not much money: so he buys a tinker's cart and apparatus, and sets up as tinker, and subsequently as blacksmith; a person living in a tent, or in anything else, must do something or go mad; Lavengro had a mind, as he himself well knew, with some slight tendency to madness, and had he not employed himself, he must have gone wild; so to employ himself he drew upon one of his resources, the only one available at the time. Authorship had nearly killed him, he was sick of reading, and had besides no books; but he possessed the rudiments of an art akin to tinkering; he knew something of smithery, having served a kind of apprenticeship in Ireland to a fairy smith; so he draws upon his smithery to enable him to acquire tinkering, and through the help which it affords him, owing to its connection with tinkering, he speedily acquires that craft, even as he had speedily acquired Welsh, owing to its connection with Irish, which language he possessed; and with tinkering he amuses himself until he lays it aside to resume smithery. A man who has any innocent resource, has quite as much right to draw upon it in need, as he has upon a banker in whose hands he has placed a sum; Lavengro turns to advantage, under particular circumstances, a certain resource which he has, but people who are not so forlorn as Lavengro, and have not served the same apprenticeship which he had, are not advised to follow his example. Surely he was better employed in plying the trades of tinker and smith than in having

recourse to vice, in running after milk-maids for example. Running after milk-maids is by no means an ungenteel rural diversion; but let any one ask some respectable casuist (the Bishop of London for example), whether Lavengro was not far better employed, when in the country, at tinkering and smithery than he would have been in running after all the milk-maids in Cheshire, though tinkering is in general considered a very ungenteel employment, and smithery little better, notwithstanding that an Orcadian poet, who wrote in Norse about eight hundred years ago, reckons the latter amongst nine noble arts which he possessed, naming it along with playing at chess, on the harp, and ravelling runes, or as the original has it, "treading runes"—that is compressing them into a small compass by mingling one letter with another, even as the Turkish caligraphists ravel the Arabic letters, more especially those who write talismans.

"Nine arts have I, all noble;
I play at chess so free,
At ravelling runes I 'm ready,
At books and smithery;
I 'm skill'd o'er ice at skimming
On skates, I shoot and row,
And few at harping match me,
Or minstrelsy, I trow."

But though Lavengro takes up smithery, which, though the Orcadian ranks it with chess-playing and harping, is certainly somewhat of a grimy art, there can be no doubt that, had he been wealthy and not

so forlorn as he was, he would have turned to many things, honourable, of course, in preference. He has no objection to ride a fine horse when he has the opportunity: he has his day-dream of making a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds by becoming a merchant and doing business after the Armenian fashion; and there can be no doubt that he would have been glad to wear fine clothes, provided he had had sufficient funds to authorize him in wearing them. For the sake of wandering the country and plying the hammer and tongs he would not have refused a commission in the service of that illustrious monarch George the Fourth, provided he had thought that he could live on his pay, and not be forced to run in debt to tradesmen, without any hope of paying them, for clothes and luxuries, as many highly genteel officers in that honourable service were in the habit of doing. For the sake of tinkering he would certainly not have refused a secretaryship of an embassy to Persia, in which he might have turned his acquaintance with Persian, Arabic, and the Lord only knows what other languages, to account. He took to tinkering and smithery, because no better employments were at his command. No war is waged in the book against rank, wealth, fine clothes, or dignified employments; it is shown, however, that a person may be a gentleman and a scholar without them. Rank, wealth, fine clothes, and dignified employments, are no doubt very fine things, but they are merely externals, they do not make a gentleman, they add external

grace and dignity to the gentleman and scholar, but they make neither; and is it not better to be a gentleman without them than not a gentleman with them? Is not Lavengro, when he leaves London on foot with twenty pounds in his pocket, entitled to more respect than Mr. Flamson flaming in his coach with a million? And is not even the honest jockey at Horncastle, who offers a fair price to Lavengro for his horse, entitled to more than the scoundrel lord, who attempts to cheat him of one-fourth of its value?

Millions, however, seem to think otherwise, by their servile adoration of people whom without rank, wealth, and fine clothes they would consider infamous, but whom possessed of rank, wealth, and glittering habiliments they seem to admire all the more for their profligacy and crimes. Does not a blood-spot, or a lust-spot, on the clothes of a blooming emperor, give a kind of zest to the genteel young god? Do not the pride, superciliousness, and selfishness of a certain aristocracy make it all the more regarded by its worshippers? and do not the clownish and gutter-blood admirers of Mr. Flamson like him all the more because they are conscious that he is a knave? If such is the case—and alas! is it not the case?—they cannot be too frequently told that fine clothes, wealth, and titles adorn a person in proportion as he adorns them; that if worn by the magnanimous and good they are ornaments indeed, but if by the vile and profligate they are merely san benitos, and only serve to make their infamy doubly

apparent; and that a person in seedy raiment and tattered hat, possessed of courage, kindness, and virtue, is entitled to more respect from those to whom his virtues are manifested than any cruel profligate emperor, selfish aristocrat, or knavish millionnaire in the world.

The writer has no intention of saying that all in England are affected with the absurd mania for gentility; nor is such a statement made in the book; it is shown therein that individuals of various classes can prize a gentleman, notwithstanding seedy raiment, dusty shoes, or tattered hat,—for example, the young Irishman, the rich genius, the postillion, and his employer. Again, when the life of the hero is given to the world, amidst the howl about its lowness and vulgarity, raised by the servile crew whom its independence of sentiment has stung, more than one powerful voice has been heard testifying approbation of its learning and the purity of its morality. That there is some salt in England, minds not swayed by mere externals, he is fully convinced; if he were not, he would spare himself the trouble of writing; but to the fact that the generality of his countrymen are basely grovelling before the shrine of what they are pleased to call gentility, he cannot shut his eyes.

Oh! what a clever person that Cockney was, who, travelling in the Aberdeen railroad carriage, after edifying the company with his remarks on various subjects, gave it as his opinion that Lieutenant P . . . . would, in future, be shunned by all respect-

able society! And what a simple person that elderly gentleman was, who, abruptly starting, asked, in rather an authoritative voice, "and why should Lieutenant P . . . . be shunned by respectable society?" and who, after entering into what was said to be a masterly analysis of the entire evidence of the case, concluded by stating, "that having been accustomed to all kinds of evidence all his life, he had never known a case in which the accused had obtained a more complete and triumphant justification than Lieutenant P . . . . had done in the late trial."

Now the Cockney, who is said to have been a very foppish Cockney, was perfectly right in what he said, and therein manifested a knowledge of the English mind and character, and likewise of the modern English language, to which his catechist, who, it seems, was a distinguished member of the Scottish bar, could lay no pretensions. The Cockney knew what the Lord of Session knew not, that the British public is gentility crazy, and he knew, moreover, that gentility and respectability are synonymous. No one in England is genteel or respectable that is "looked at," who is the victim of oppression; he may be pitied for a time, but when did not pity terminate in contempt? A poor, harmless young officer—but why enter into the details of the infamous case? they are but too well known, and if ever cruelty, pride, and cowardice, and things much worse than even cruelty, cowardice, and pride, were brought to light, and, at the same time, countenanced, they were in that case. What availed the triumphant

justification of the poor victim? There was at first a roar of indignation against his oppressors, but how long did it last? He had been turned out of the service, they remained in it with their red coats and epaulets; he was merely the son of a man who had rendered good service to his country, they were, for the most part, highly connected—they were in the extremest degree genteel, he quite the reverse; so the nation wavered, considered, thought the genteel side was the safest after all, and then with the cry of, "Oh! there is nothing like gentility," ratted bodily. Newspaper and public turned against the victim, scouted him, apologized for the—what should they be called?—who were not only admitted into the most respectable society, but courted to come, the spots not merely of wine on their military clothes giving them a kind of poignancy. But there is a God in heaven; the British glories are tarnished—Providence has never smiled on British arms since that case—oh! Balaklava! thy name interpreted is net of fishes, and well dost thou deserve that name. How many a scarlet golden fish has of late perished in the mud amidst thee, cursing the genteel service, and the genteel leader which brought him to such a doom.

Whether the rage for gentility is most prevalent amongst the upper, middle, or lower classes it is difficult to say; the priest in the text seems to think that it is exhibited in the most decided manner in the middle class; it is the writer's opinion, however, that in no class is it more strongly developed than in the

lower: what they call being well born goes a great way amongst them, but the possession of money much farther, whence Mr. Flamson's influence over them. Their rage against, and scorn for, any person who by his courage and talents has advanced himself in life, and still remains poor, are indescribable; "he is no better than ourselves," they say, "why should he be above us?"—for they have no conception that anybody has a right to ascendency over themselves except by birth or money. This feeling amongst the vulgar has been, to a certain extent, the bane of the two services, naval and military. The writer does not make this assertion rashly; he observed this feeling at work in the army when a child, and he has good reason for believing that it was as strongly at work in the navy at the same time, and is still as prevalent in both. Why are not brave men raised from the ranks? is frequently the cry; why are not brave sailors promoted? The Lord help brave soldiers and sailors who are promoted; they have less to undergo from the high airs of their brother officers, and those are hard enough to endure, than from the insolence of the men. Soldiers and sailors promoted to command are said to be in general tyrants; in nine cases out of ten, when they are tyrants, they have been obliged to have recourse to extreme severity in order to protect themselves from the insolence and mutinous spirit of the men,—"He is no better than ourselves: shoot him, bayonet him, or fling him overboard!" they say of some obnoxious individual raised above them by his merit. Soldiers and sailors, in general, will bear

any amount of tyranny from a lordly sot, or the son of a man who has "plenty of brass"—their own term—but will mutiny against the just orders of a skilful and brave officer who "is no better than themselves." There was the affair of the "Bounty," for example: Bligh was one of the best seamen that ever trod deck, and one of the bravest of men; proofs of his seamanship he gave by steering, amidst dreadful weather, a deeply-laden boat for nearly four thousand miles over an almost unknown ocean—of his bravery at the fight of Copenhagen, one of the most desperate ever fought, of which after Nelson he was the hero: he was, moreover, not an unkind man; but the crew of the "Bounty" mutinied against him, and set him half naked in an open boat, with certain of his men who remained faithful to him, and ran away with the ship. Their principal motive for doing so was an idea, whether true or groundless the writer cannot say, that Bligh was "no bettter than themselves;" he was certainly neither a lord's illegitimate, nor possessed of twenty thousand pounds. The writer knows what he is writing about, having been acquainted in his early years with an individual who was turned adrift with Bligh, and who died about the year '22, a lieutenant in the navy, in a provincial town in which the writer was brought up. The ringleaders in the mutiny were two scoundrels. Christian and Young, who had great influence with the crew, because they were genteelly connected. Bligh, after leaving the "Bounty," had considerable difficulty in managing the men who had shared his

fate, because they considered themselves "as good men as he," notwithstanding, that to his conduct and seamanship they had alone to look, under Heaven, for salvation from the ghastly perils that surrounded them. Bligh himself, in his journal, alludes to this feeling. Once, when he and his companions landed on a desert island, one of them said, with a mutinous look, that he considered himself "as good a man as he;" Bligh, seizing a cutlass, called upon him to take another and defend himself, whereupon the man said that Bligh was going to kill him, and made all manner of concessions; now why did this fellow consider himself as good a man as Bligh? Was he as good a seaman? no, nor a tenth part as good. As brave a man? no, nor a tenth part as brave; and of these facts he was perfectly well aware, but bravery and seamanship stood for nothing with him, as they still stand with thousands of his class; Bligh was not genteel by birth or money, therefore Bligh was no better than himself. Had Bligh, before he sailed, got a twenty-thousand pound prize in the lottery, he would have experienced no insolence from this fellow, for there would have been no mutiny in the "Bounty." "He is our betters," the crew would have said, "and it is our duty to obey him."

The wonderful power of gentility in England is exemplified in nothing more than in what it is producing amongst Jews, Gypsies, and Quakers. It is breaking up their venerable communities. All the better, some one will say. Alas! alas! It is making the wealthy Jews forsake the synagogue for the opera

house, or the gentility chapel, in which a disciple of Mr. Platitude, in a white surplice, preaches a sermon at noon-day from a desk, on each side of which is a flaming taper. It is making them abandon their ancient literature, their "Mischna," their "Gemara," their "Zohar," for gentility novels, "The Young Duke," the most unexceptionably genteel book ever written, being the principal favourite. It makes the young Jew ashamed of the young Jewess, it makes her ashamed of the young Jew. The young Jew marries an opera dancer, or if the dancer will not have him, as is frequently the case, the cast-off Miss of the Honourable Spencer So-and-so. It makes the young Jewess accept the honourable offer of a cashiered lieutenant of the Bengal Native Infantry; or if such a person does not come forward, the dishonourable offer of a cornet of a regiment of crack hussars. It makes poor Jews, male and female, forsake the synagogue for the sixpenny theatre or penny hop; the Jew to take up with an Irish female of loose character, and the Jewess with a musician of the Guards, or the Tipperary servant of Captain Mulligan. With respect to the gypsies, it is making the women what they never were before—harlots; and the men what they never were before—careless fathers and husbands. It has made the daughter of Ursula the chaste take up with the base-drummer of a wild-beast show. It makes Gorgiko Brown, the gypsy man, leave his tent and his old wife, of an evening, and thrust himself into society which could well dispense with him. "Brother," said Mr. Petu-

lengro the other day to the Romany Rye, after telling him many things connected with the decadence of gypsyism, "there is one Gorgiko Brown, who, with a face as black as a teakettle, wishes to be mistaken for a Christian tradesman; he goes into the parlour of a third-rate inn of an evening, calls for rum and water, and attempts to enter into conversation with the company about politics and business; the company flout him or give him the cold shoulder, or perhaps complain to the landlord, who comes and asks him what business he has in the parlour, telling him if he wants to drink to go into the tap-room, and perhaps collars him and kicks him out, provided he refuses to move." With respect to the Quakers, it makes the young people, like the young Jews, crazy after gentility diversions, worship, marriages, or connections, and makes old Pease do what it makes Gorgiko Brown do, thrust himself into society which could well dispense with him, and out of which he is not kicked, because unlike the gypsy he is not poor. The writer would say much more on these points, but want of room prevents him; he must therefore request the reader to have patience until he can lay before the world a pamphlet, which he has been long meditating, to be entitled "Remarks on the strikingly similar Effects which a Love for Gentility has produced, and is producing, amongst Jews, Gypsies, and Quakers."

The Priest in the book has much to say on the subject of this gentility-nonsense; no person can possibly despise it more thoroughly than that very re-

markable individual seems to do, yet he hails its prevalence with pleasure, knowing the benefits which will result from it to the church of which he is the sneering slave. "The English are mad after gentility," says he; "well, all the better for us; their religion for a long time past has been a plain and simple one, and consequently by no means genteel; they 'll quit it for ours, which is the perfection of what they admire; with which Templars, Hospitalers, mitred abbots, Gothic abbeys, long-drawn aisles, golden censers, incense, et cetera, are connected; nothing, or next to nothing, of Christ, it is true, but weighed in the balance against gentility, where will Christianity be? why kicking against the beam—ho! ho!" And in connection with the gentility-nonsense, he expatiates largely, and with much contempt, on a species of literature by which the interests of his church in England have been very much advanced—all genuine priests have a thorough contempt for everything which tends to advance the interests of their church—this literature is made up of pseudo Jacobitism, Charlie o'er the waterism, or nonsense about Charlie o'er the water. And the writer will now take the liberty of saying a few words about it on his own account.

CHAPTER VI.

ON SCOTCH GENTILITY-NONSENSE.—CHARLIE O'ER THE WATERISM.

Of the literature just alluded to Scott was the inventor. It is founded on the fortunes and misfortunes of the Stuart family, of which Scott was the zealous defender and apologist, doing all that in his power lay to represent the members of it as noble, chivalrous, high-minded, unfortunate princes; though, perhaps, of all the royal families that ever existed upon earth, this family was the worst. It was unfortunate enough, it is true; but it owed its misfortunes entirely to its crimes, viciousness, bad faith, and cowardice. Nothing will be said of it here until it made its appearance in England to occupy the English throne.

The first of the family which we have to do with, James, was a dirty, cowardly miscreant, of whom the less said the better. His son, Charles the First, was a tyrant—exceedingly cruel and revengeful, but weak and dastardly; he caused a poor fellow to be hanged in London, who was not his subject, because he had heard that the unfortunate creature had once bit his own glove at Cadiz, in Spain, at the mention of his name; and he permitted his own bull-dog,

Strafford, to be executed by his own enemies, though the only crime of Strafford was, that he had barked furiously at those enemies, and had worried two or three of them, when Charles shouted, "Fetch 'em." He was a bitter, but yet a despicable enemy, and the coldest and most worthless of friends; for though he always hoped to be able some time or other to hang his enemies, he was always ready to curry favour with them, more especially if he could do so at the expense of his friends. He was the haughtiest, yet meanest of mankind. He once caned a young nobleman for appearing before him in the drawing-room not dressed exactly according to the court etiquette; yet he condescended to flatter and compliment him who, from principle, was his bitterest enemy, namely, Harrison, when the republican colonel was conducting him as a prisoner to London. His bad faith was notorious; it was from abhorrence of the first public instance which he gave of his bad faith, his breaking his word to the Infanta of Spain, that the poor Hiberno-Spaniard bit his glove at Cadiz; and it was his notorious bad faith which eventually cost him his head; for the Republicans would gladly have spared him, provided they could have put the slightest confidence in any promise, however solemn, which he might have made to them. Of them, it would be difficult to say whether they most hated or despised him. Religion he had none. One day he favoured Popery; the next, on hearing certain clamours of the people, he sent his wife's domestics back packing to France, because they were Papists. Papists, how-

ever, should make him a saint, for he was certainly the cause of the taking of Rochelle.

His son, Charles the Second, though he passed his youth in the school of adversity, learned no other lesson from it than the following one—take care of yourself, and never do an action, either good or bad, which is likely to bring you into any great difficulty; and this maxim he acted up to as soon as he came to the throne. He was a Papist, but took especial care not to acknowledge his religion, at which he frequently scoffed, till just before his last gasp, when he knew that he could lose nothing, and hoped to gain everything by it. He was always in want of money, but took care not to tax the country beyond all endurable bounds; preferring, to such a bold and dangerous course, to become the secret pensioner of Louis, to whom, in return for his gold, he sacrificed the honour and interests of Britain. He was too lazy and sensual to delight in playing the part of a tyrant himself; but he never checked tyranny in others, save in one instance. He permitted beastly butchers to commit unmentionable horrors on the feeble, unarmed, and disunited Covenanters of Scotland, but checked them when they would fain have endeavoured to play the same game on the numerous, united, dogged, and warlike Independents of England. To show his filial piety, he bade the hangman dishonour the corpses of some of his father's judges, before whom, when alive, he ran like a screaming hare; but permitted those who had lost their all in supporting his father's cause, to

pine in misery and want. He would give to a painted harlot a thousand pounds for a loathsome embrace, and to a player or buffoon a hundred for a trumpery pun, but would refuse a penny to the widow or orphan of an old Royalist soldier. He was the personification of selfishness; and as he loved and cared for no one, so did no one love or care for him. So little had he gained the respect or affection of those who surrounded him, that after his body had undergone an after-death examination, parts of it were thrown down the sinks of the palace, to become eventually the prey of the swine and ducks of Westminster.

His brother, who succeeded him, James the Second, was a Papist, but sufficiently honest to acknowledge his Popery, but, upon the whole, he was a poor creature; though a tyrant, he was cowardly, had he not been a coward he would never have lost his throne. There were plenty of lovers of tyranny in England who would have stood by him, provided he would have stood by them, and would, though not Papists, have encouraged him in his attempt to bring back England beneath the sway of Rome, and perhaps would eventually have become Papists themselves; but the nation raising a cry against him, and his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, invading the country, he forsook his friends, of whom he had a host, but for whom he cared little—left his throne, for which he cared a great deal—and Popery in England, for which he cared yet more, to their fate, and escaped to France, from whence, after taking a little heart,

he repaired to Ireland, where he was speedily joined by a gallant army of Papists whom he basely abandoned at the Boyne, running away in a most lamentable condition, at the time when by showing a little courage he might have enabled them to conquer. This worthy, in his last will, bequeathed his heart to England—his right arm to Scotland—and his bowels to Ireland. What the English and Scotch said to their respective bequests is not known, but it is certain that an old Irish priest, supposed to have been a great grand-uncle of the present Reverend Father Murtagh, on hearing of the bequest to Ireland, fell into a great passion, and having been brought up at "Paris and Salamanca," expressed his indignation in the following strain:—"Malditas sean tus tripas! teniamos bastante del olor de tus tripas al tiempo de tu muida dela batalla del Boyne!"

His son, generally called the Old Pretender, though born in England, was carried in his infancy to France, where he was brought up in the strictest principles of Popery, which principles, however, did not prevent him becoming (when did they ever prevent any one?) a worthless and profligate scoundrel; there are some doubts as to the reality of his being a son of James, which doubts are probably unfounded, the grand proof of his legitimacy being the thorough baseness of his character. It was said of his father that he could speak well, and it may be said of him that he could write well, the only thing he could do which was worth doing, always supposing that there is any

merit in being able to write. He was of a mean appearance, and, like his father, pusillanimous to a degree. The meanness of his appearance disgusted, and his pusillanimity discouraged the Scotch when he made his appearance amongst them in the year 1715, some time after the standard of rebellion had been hoisted by Mar. He only stayed a short time in Scotland, and then, seized with panic, retreated to France, leaving his friends to shift for themselves as they best could. He died a pensioner of the Pope.

The son of this man, Charles Edward, of whom so much in latter years has been said and written, was a worthless, ignorant youth, and a profligate and illiterate old man. When young, the best that can be said of him is, that he had occasionally springs of courage, invariably at the wrong time and place, which merely served to lead his friends into inextricable difficulties. When old, he was loathsome and contemptible to both friend and foe. His wife loathed him, and for the most terrible of reasons; she did not pollute his couch, for to do that was impossible—he had made it so vile; but she betrayed it, inviting to it not only Alfieri the Filthy, but the coarsest grooms. Doctor King, the warmest and almost last adherent of his family, said, that there was not a vice or crime of which he was not guilty; as for his foes, they scorned to harm him even when in their power. In the year 1745 he came down from the Highlands of Scotland, which had long been a focus of rebellion. He was attended by certain

clans of the Highlands, desperadoes used to free-bootery from their infancy, and consequently to the use of arms, and possessed of a certain species of discipline; with these he defeated at Prestonpans a body of men called soldiers, but who were in reality peasants and artizans, levied about a month before, without discipline or confidence in each other, and who were miserably massacred by the Highland army; he subsequently invaded England, nearly destitute of regular soldiers, and penetrated as far as Derby, from which place he retreated on learning that regular forces which had been hastily recalled from Flanders were coming against him, with the Duke of Cumberland at their head; he was pursued, and his rear guard overtaken and defeated by the dragoons of the duke at Clifton, from which place the rebels retreated in great confusion across the Eden into Scotland, where they commenced dancing Highland reels and strathspeys on the bank of the river, for joy at their escape, whilst a number of wretched girls, paramours of some of them, were perishing in the waters of the swollen river in an attempt to follow them; they themselves passed over by eighties and by hundreds, arm in arm, for mutual safety, without the loss of a man, but they left the poor paramours to shift for themselves, nor did any of these canny people after passing the stream dash back to rescue a single female life,—no, they were too well employed upon the bank in dancing strathspeys to the tune of "Charlie o'er the water." It was, indeed, Charlie

o'er the water, and canny Highlanders o'er the water, but where were the poor prostitutes meantime? *In the water.*

The Jacobite farce, or tragedy, was speedily brought to a close by the battle of Culloden; there did Charlie wish himself back again o'er the water, exhibiting the most unmistakable signs of pusillanimity; there were the clans cut to pieces, at least those who could be brought to the charge, and there fell Giles Mac Bean, or as he was called in Gaelic, Giliosa Mac Beathan, a kind of giant, six feet four inches and a quarter high, "than whom," as his wife said in a coronach she made upon him, "no man who stood at Cuiloitr was taller"—Giles Mac Bean the Major of the clan Cattan—a great drinker—a great fisher—a great shooter, and the champion of the Highland host.

The last of the Stuarts was a cardinal.

Such were the Stuarts, such their miserable history. They were dead and buried in every sense of the word until Scott resuscitated them—how? by the power of fine writing, and by calling to his aid that strange divinity, gentility. He wrote splendid novels about the Stuarts, in which he represents them as unlike what they really were as the graceful and beautiful papillon is unlike the hideous and filthy worm. In a word, he made them genteel, and that was enough to give them paramount sway over the minds of the British people. The public became Stuart-mad, and everybody, especially the women, said, "What a pity it was that we hadn't a Stuart to govern." All parties, Whig, Tory, or Radical,

became Jacobite at heart, and admirers of absolute power. The Whigs talked about the liberty of the subject, and the Radicals about the rights of man still, but neither party cared a straw for what it talked about, and mentally swore that, as soon as by means of such stuff they could get places, and fill their pockets, they would be as Jacobite as the Jacobs themselves. As for the Tories, no great change in them was necessary; everything favouring absolutism and slavery being congenial to them. So the whole nation, that is, the reading part of the nation, with some exceptions, for thank God there has always been some salt in England, went over the water to Charlie. But going over to Charlie was not enough, they must, or at least a considerable part of them, go over to Rome too, or have a hankering to do so. As the Priest sarcastically observes in the text, "As all the Jacobs were Papists, so the good folks who through Scott's novels admire the Jacobs must be Papists too." An idea got about that the religion of such genteel people as the Stuarts must be the climax of gentility, and that idea was quite sufficient. Only let a thing, whether temporal or spiritual, be considered genteel in England, and if it be not followed it is strange indeed; so Scott's writings not only made the greater part of the nation Jacobite, but Popish.

Here some people will exclaim—whose opinions remain sound and uncontaminated—what you say is perhaps true with respect to the Jacobite nonsense at present so prevalent being derived from Scott's

novels, but the Popish nonsense, which people of the genteeler class are so fond of, is derived from Oxford. We sent our sons to Oxford nice honest lads, educated in the principles of the Church of England, and at the end of the first term they came home puppies, talking Popish nonsense, which they had learned from the pedants to whose care we had entrusted them; ay, not only Popery, but Jacobitism, which they hardly carried with them from home, for we never heard them talking Jacobitism before they had been at Oxford; but now their conversation is a farrago of Popish and Jacobite stuff—"Complines and Claverse." Now, what these honest folks say is, to a certain extent, founded on fact; the Popery which has overflowed the land during the last fourteen or fifteen years, has come immediately from Oxford, and likewise some of the Jacobitism, Popish and Jacobite nonsense, and little or nothing else, having been taught at Oxford for about that number of years. But whence did the pedants get the Popish nonsense with which they have corrupted youth? Why, from the same quarter from which they got the Jacobite nonsense with which they have inoculated those lads who were not inoculated with it before—Scott's novels. Jacobitism and Laudism, a kind of half Popery, had at one time been very prevalent at Oxford, but both had been long consigned to oblivion there, and people at Oxford cared as little about Laud as they did about the Pretender. Both were dead and buried there, as everywhere else, till Scott called them out of their graves, when the

pedants of Oxford hailed both—ay, and the Pope, too, as soon as Scott had made the old fellow fascinating, through particular novels, more especially the "Monastery" and "Abbot." Then the quiet, respectable, honourable Church of England would no longer do for the pedants of Oxford; they must belong to a more genteel Church—they were ashamed at first to be downright Romans—so they would be Lauds. The pale-looking, but exceedingly genteel non-juring clergyman in Waverley was a Laud; but they soon became tired of being Lauds, for Laud's Church, gew-gawish and idolatrous as it was, was not sufficiently tinselly and idolatrous for them, so they must be Popes, but in a sneaking way, still calling themselves Church-of-England men, in order to batten on the bounty of the Church which they were betraying, and likewise have opportunities of corrupting such lads as might still resort to Oxford with principles uncontaminated.

So the respectable people, whose opinions are still sound, are, to a certain extent, right when they say that the tide of Popery, which has flowed over the land, has come from Oxford. It did come immediately from Oxford, but how did it get to Oxford? Why, from Scott's novels. Oh! that sermon which was the first manifestation of Oxford feeling, preached at Oxford some time in the year '38 by a divine of a weak and confused intellect, in which Popery was mixed up with Jacobitism! The present writer remembers perfectly well, on reading some extracts from it at the time in a newspaper, on the top of a

coach, exclaiming—"Why, the simpleton has been pilfering from Walter Scott's novels!"

O Oxford pedants! Oxford pedants! ye whose politics and religion are both derived from Scott's novels! what a pity it is that some lad of honest parents, whose mind ye are endeavouring to stultify with your nonsense about "Complines and Claverse," has not the spirit to start up and cry, "Confound your gibberish! I'll have none of it. Hurrah for the Church, and the principles of my *father!*"

CHAPTER VII.

SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

Now what could have induced Scott to write novels tending to make people Papists and Jacobites, and in love with arbitrary power? Did he think that Christianity was a gaudy mummery? He did not, he could not, for he had read the Bible; yet was he fond of gaudy mummeries, fond of talking about them. Did he believe that the Stuarts were a good family, and fit to govern a country like Britain? He knew that they were a vicious, worthless crew, and that Britain was a degraded country as long as they swayed the sceptre; but for those facts he cared nothing, they governed in a way which he liked, for he had an abstract love of despotism, and an abhorrence of everything savouring of freedom and the rights of man in general. His favourite political picture was a joking, profligate, careless king, nominally absolute — the heads of great houses paying court to, but in reality governing, that king, whilst revelling with him on the plunder of a nation, and a set of crouching, grovelling vassals (the literal meaning of vassal is a wretch), who, after allowing themselves to be horsewhipped, would take a bone if

flung to them, and be grateful; so that in love with mummery, though he knew what Christianity was, no wonder he admired such a church as that of Rome, and that which Laud set up; and by nature formed to be the holder of the candle to ancient worm-eaten and profligate families, no wonder that all his sympathies were with the Stuarts and their dissipated insolent party, and all his hatred directed against those who endeavoured to check them in their proceedings, and to raise the generality of mankind something above a state of vassalage that is wretchedness. Those who were born great, were, if he could have had his will, always to remain great, however worthless their characters. Those who were born low, were always to remain so, however great their talents—though if that rule were carried out, where would he have been himself?

In the book which he called the "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," in which he plays the sycophant to all the legitimate crowned heads in Europe, whatever their crimes, vices, or miserable imbecilities, he, in his abhorrence of everything low which by its own vigour makes itself illustrious, calls Murat of the sabre the son of a pastry-cook, of a Marseilleise pastry-cook. It is a pity that people who give themselves hoity-toity airs—and the Scotch in general are wonderfully addicted to giving themselves hoity-toity airs, and checking people better than themselves with their birth* and their country—it is a

* The writer has been checked in print by the Scotch with being a Norfolk man. Surely, surely, these latter times have not

great pity that such people do not look at home—son of a pastry-cook, of a Marseilleise pastry-cook! Well, and what was Scott himself? Why son of a pettifogger, of an Edinburgh pettifogger. "Oh, but Scott was descended from the old cow-stealers of Buccleuch, and therefore . . ." descended from old cow-stealers, was he? Well, had he had nothing to boast of beyond such a pedigree, he would have lived and died the son of a pettifogger, and been forgotten, and deservedly so; but he possessed talents, and by his talents rose like Murat, and like him will be remembered for his talents alone, and deservedly so. "Yes, but Murat was still the son of a pastry-cook, and though he was certainly good at the sabre, and cut his way to a throne, still . . ." Lord! what fools there are in the world; but as no one can be thought anything of in this world without a pedigree, the writer will now give a pedigree for Murat, of a very different character from the cow-stealing one of Scott, but such a one as the proudest he might not disdain to claim. Scott was descended from the old cow-stealers of Buccleuch — was he? Good! and Murat was descended from the old Moors of Spain,

been exactly the ones in which it was expedient for Scotchmen to check the children of any county in England with the place of their birth, more especially those who have had the honour of being born in Norfolk—times in which British fleets, commanded by Scotchmen, have returned laden with anything but laurels from foreign shores. It would have been well for Britain had she had the old Norfolk man to dispatch to the Baltic or the Black Sea, lately, instead of Scotch admirals.

from the Abencerages (sons of the saddle) of Granada. The name Murat is Arabic, and is the same as Murad (Le Desiré, or the wished-for one). Scott in his genteel life of Bonaparte, says that "when Murat was in Egypt, the similarity between the name of the celebrated Mameluke Mourad and that of Bonaparte's Meilleur Sabreur was remarked, and became the subject of jest amongst the comrades of the gallant Frenchman." But the writer of the novel of Bonaparte did not know that the names were one and the same. Now which was the best pedigree that of the son of the pastry-cook, or that of the son of the pettifogger? Which was the best blood? Let us observe the workings of the two bloods. He who had the blood of the "sons of the saddle" in him, became the wonderful cavalier of the most wonderful host that ever went forth to conquest, won for himself a crown, and died the death of a soldier, leaving behind him a son, only inferior to himself in strength, in prowess, and in horsemanship. The descendant of the cow-stealer became a poet, a novel writer, the panegyrist of great folks and genteel people: became insolvent because, though an author, he deemed it ungenteel to be mixed up with the business part of authorship; died paralytic and broken-hearted because he could no longer give entertainments to great folks; leaving behind him, amongst other children, who were never heard of, a son, who, through his father's interest, had become lieutenant-colonel in a genteel cavalry regiment. A son who was ashamed of his father because his

father was an author; a son who—paugh—why ask which was the best blood!

So, owing to his rage for gentility, Scott must needs become the apologist of the Stuarts and their party; but God made this man pay dearly for taking the part of the wicked against the good; for lauding up to the skies miscreants and robbers, and calumniating the noble spirits of Britain, the salt of England, and his own country. As God had driven the Stuarts from their throne, and their followers from their estates, making them vagabonds and beggars on the face of the earth, taking from them all they cared for, so did that same God, who knows perfectly well how and where to strike, deprive the apologist of that wretched crew of all that rendered life pleasant in his eyes, the lack of which paralyzed him in body and mind, rendered him pitiable to others, loathsome to himself,—so much so, that he once said, "Where is the beggar who would change places with me, notwithstanding all my fame?" Ah! God knows perfectly well how to strike. He permitted him to retain all his literary fame to the very last—his literary fame for which he cared nothing; but what became of the sweetnesses of life, his fine house, his grand company, and his entertainments? The grand house ceased to be his; he was only permitted to live in it on sufferance, and whatever grandeur it might still retain, it soon became as desolate a looking house as any misanthrope could wish to see—where were the grand entertainments and the grand company? there are no grand entertainments where there is no money;

no lords and ladies where there are no entertainments —and there lay the poor lodger in the desolate house, groaning on a bed no longer his, smitten by the hand of God in the part where he was most vulnerable. Of what use telling such a man to take comfort, for he had written the "Minstrel" and "Rob Roy,"—telling him to think of his literary fame? Literary fame, indeed! he wanted back his lost gentility:—

"Retain my altar,
I care nothing for it—but, oh! touch not my *beard*."
PORNY'S *War of the Gods*.

He dies, his children die too, and then comes the crowning judgment of God on what remained of his race, and the house which he had built. He was not a Papist himself, nor did he wish any one belonging to him to be Popish, for he had read enough of the Bible to know that no one can be saved through Popery, yet had he a sneaking affection for it, and would at all times, in an underhand manner, give it a good word both in writing and discourse, because it was a gaudy kind of worship, and ignorance and vassalage prevailed so long as it flourished—but he certainly did not wish any of his people to become Papists, nor the house which he had built to become a Popish house, though the very name he gave it, savoured of Popery; but Popery becomes fashionable through his novels and poems—the only one that remains of his race, a female grandchild, marries a person who, following the fashion, becomes a Papist, and makes her a Papist too. Money abounds with

the husband, who buys the house, and then the house becomes the rankest Popish house in Britain. A superstitious person might almost imagine that one of the old Scottish Covenanters, whilst the grand house was being built from the profits resulting from the sale of writings favouring Popery and persecution, and calumniatory of Scotland's saints and martyrs, had risen from the grave, and banned Scott, his race, and his house, by reading a certain psalm.

In saying what he has said about Scott, the author has not been influenced by any feeling of malice or ill-will, but simply by a regard for truth, and a desire to point out to his countrymen the harm which has resulted from the perusal of his works;—he is not one of those who would depreciate the talents of Scott—he admires his talents, both as a prose writer and a poet; as a poet especially he admires him, and believes him to have been by far the greatest, with perhaps the exception of Mickiewicz, who only wrote for unfortunate Poland, that Europe has given birth to during the last hundred years. As a prose writer he admires him less, it is true, but his admiration for him in that capacity is very high, and he only laments that he prostituted his talents to the cause of the Stuarts and gentility. What book of fiction of the present century can you read twice, with the exception of "Waverley" and "Rob Roy?" There is "Pelham," it is true, which the writer of these lines has seen a Jewess reading in the steppe of Debreczin, and which a young Prussian Baron, a great traveller, whom he met at Constantinople in '44, told him

he always carried in his valise. And, in conclusion, he will say, in order to show the opinion which he entertains of the power of Scott as a writer, that he did for the spectre of the wretched Pretender what all the kings of Europe could not do for his body—placed it on the throne of these realms; and for Popery, what Popes and Cardinals strove in vain to do for three centuries—brought back its mummeries and nonsense into the temples of the British Isles.

Scott during his lifetime had a crowd of imitators, who, whether they wrote history so called — poetry so called—or novels—nobody would call a book a novel if he could call it anything else—wrote Charlie o'er the water nonsense; and now that he has been dead a quarter of a century, there are others daily springing up who are striving to imitate Scott in his Charlie o'er the water nonsense—for nonsense it is, even when flowing from his pen. They, too, must write Jacobite histories, Jacobite songs, and Jacobite novels, and much the same figure as the scoundrel menials in the comedy cut when personating their masters, and retailing their masters' conversation, do they cut as Walter Scotts. In their histories, they too talk about the Prince and Glenfinnan, and the pibroch; and in their songs about "Claverse" and "Bonny Dundee." But though they may be Scots, they are not Walter Scotts. But it is perhaps chiefly in the novel that you see the veritable hog in armour; the time of the novel is of course the '15 or '45; the hero a Jacobite, and connected with one or other of the enterprises of those periods; and the author, to

show how unprejudiced he is, and what *original* views he takes of subjects, must needs speak up for Popery, whenever he has occasion to mention it; though, with all his originality, when he brings his hero and the vagabonds with which he is concerned before a barricadoed house, belonging to the Whigs, he can make them get into it by no other method than that which Scott makes his rioters employ to get into the Tolbooth, *burning down* the door.

To express the more than utter foolishness of this latter Charlie o'er the water nonsense, whether in rhyme or prose, there is but one word, and that word a Scotch word. Scotch, the sorriest of jargons, compared with which even Roth Welsch is dignified and expressive, has yet one word to express what would be inexpressible by any word or combination of words in any language, or in any other jargon in the world; and very properly; for as the nonsense is properly Scotch, so should the word be Scotch which expresses it—that word is "fushionless," pronounced *fooshionless;* and when the writer has called the nonsense fooshionless—and he does call it fooshionless—he has nothing more to say, but leaves the nonsense to its fate.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON CANTING NONSENSE.

The writer now wishes to say something on the subject of canting nonsense, of which there is a great deal in England. There are various cants in England, amongst which is the religious cant. He is not going to discuss the subject of religious cant: lest, however, he should be misunderstood, he begs leave to repeat that he is a sincere member of the old-fashioned Church of England, in which he believes there is more religion, and consequently less cant, than in any other church in the world; nor is he going to discuss many other cants; he shall content himself with saying something about two—the temperance cant and the unmanly cant. Temperance canters say that "it is unlawful to drink a glass of ale." Unmanly canters say that "it is unlawful to use one's fists." The writer begs leave to tell both these species of canters that they do not speak the words of truth.

It is very lawful to take a cup of ale, or wine, for the purpose of cheering or invigorating yourself when you are faint and down-hearted: and likewise to give a cup of ale or wine to others when they are

in a similar condition. The Holy Scripture sayeth nothing to the contrary, but rather encourageth people in so doing by the text, "Wine maketh glad the heart of man." But it is not lawful to intoxicate yourself with frequent cups of ale or wine, nor to make others intoxicated, nor does the Holy Scripture say that it is. The Holy Scripture no more says that it is lawful to intoxicate yourself or others, than it says that it is unlawful to take a cup of ale or wine yourself, or to give one to others. Noah is not commended in the Scripture for making himself drunken on the wine he brewed. Nor is it said that the Saviour, when He supplied the guests with first-rate wine at the marriage feast, told them to make themselves drunk upon it. He is said to have supplied them with first-rate wine, but He doubtless left the quantity which each should drink to each party's reason and discretion. When you set a good dinner before your guests, you do not expect that they should gorge themselves with the victuals you set before them. Wine may be abused, and so may a leg of mutton.

Second. It is lawful for any one to use his fists in his own defence, or in the defence of others, provided they can't help themselves; but it is not lawful to use them for purposes of tyranny or brutality. If you are attacked by a ruffian, as the elderly individual in Lavengro is in the inn-yard, it is quite lawful, if you can, to give him as good a thrashing as the elderly individual gave the brutal coachman; and if you see a helpless woman—perhaps your

own sister—set upon by a drunken lord, a drunken coachman, or a drunken coalheaver, or a brute of any description, either drunk or sober, it is not only lawful, but laudable, to give them, if you can, a good drubbing: but it is not lawful, because you have a strong pair of fists, and know how to use them, to go swaggering through a fair, jostling against unoffending individuals; should you do so, you would be served quite right if you were to get a drubbing, more particularly if you were served out by some one less strong, but more skilful than yourself—even as the coachman was served out by a pupil of the immortal Broughton—sixty years old, it is true, but possessed of Broughton's guard and chop. Moses is not blamed in the Scripture for taking part with the oppressed, and killing an Egyptian persecutor. We are not told how Moses killed the Egyptian; but it is quite as creditable to Moses to suppose that he killed the Egyptian by giving him a buffet under the left ear, as by stabbing him with a knife. It is true, that the Saviour in the New Testament tells his disciples to turn the left cheek to be smitten, after they had received a blow on the right; but He was speaking to people divinely inspired, or whom He intended divinely to inspire—people selected by God for a particular purpose. He likewise tells these people to part with various articles of raiment when asked for them, and to go a-travelling without money, and to take no thought of the morrow. Are those exhortations carried out by very good people in the present day? Do Quakers, when smitten on the right

cheek, turn the left to the smiter? When asked for their coat, do they say, "Friend, take my shirt also?" Has the Dean of Salisbury no purse? Does the Archbishop of Canterbury go to an inn, run up a reckoning, and then say to his landlady, "Mistress, I have no coin?" Assuredly the Dean has a purse, and a tolerably well-filled one; and, assuredly, the Archbishop, on departing from an inn, not only settles his reckoning, but leaves something handsome for the servants, and does not say that he is forbidden by the gospel to pay for what he has eaten, or the trouble he has given, as a certain Spanish cavalier said he was forbidden by the statutes of chivalry. Now, to take the part of yourself, or the part of the oppressed, with your fists, is quite as lawful in the present day as it is to refuse your coat and your shirt also to any vagabond who may ask for them, and not to refuse to pay for supper, bed, and breakfast, at the Feathers, or any other inn, after you have had the benefit of all three.

The conduct of Lavengro with respect to drink may, upon the whole, serve as a model. He is no drunkard, nor is he fond of intoxicating other people; yet when the horrors are upon him he has no objection to go to a public-house and call for a pint of ale, nor does he shrink from recommending ale to others when they are faint and downcast. In one instance, it is true, he does what cannot be exactly justified; he encourages the Priest in the dingle, in more instances than one, in drinking more hollands and water than is consistent with decorum. He has a

motive indeed in doing so; a desire to learn from the knave in his cups the plans and hopes of the Propaganda of Rome. Such conduct, however, was inconsistent with strict fair dealing and openness; and the author advises all those whose consciences never reproach them for a single unfair or covert act committed by them, to abuse him heartily for administering hollands and water to the Priest of Rome. In that instance the hero is certainly wrong; yet in all other cases with regard to drink, he is manifestly right. To tell people that they are never to drink a glass of ale or wine themselves, or to give one to others, is cant; and the writer has no toleration for cant of any description. Some cants are not dangerous; but the writer believes that a more dangerous cant than the temperance cant, or as it is generally called, tectotalism, is scarcely to be found. The writer is willing to believe that it originated with well meaning, though weak people; but there can be no doubt that it was quickly turned to account by people who were neither well meaning nor weak. Let the reader note particularly the purpose to which this cry has been turned in America; the land, indeed, par excellence, of humbug and humbug cries. It is there continually in the mouth of the most violent political party, and is made an instrument of almost unexampled persecution. The writer would say more on the temperance cant, both in England and America, but want of space prevents him. There is one point on which he cannot avoid making a few brief remarks—that is the inconsistent conduct of its

apostles in general. The tectotal apostle says, it is a dreadful thing to be drunk. So it is, teetotaller; but if so, why do you get drunk? I get drunk? Yes, unhappy man, why do you get drunk on smoke and passion? Why are your garments impregnated with the odour of the Indian weed? Why is there a pipe or a cigar always in your mouth? Why is your language more dreadful than that of a Poissarde? Tobacco-smoke is more deleterious than ale, teetotaller; bile more potent than brandy. You are fond of telling your hearers what an awful thing it is to die drunken. So it is, teetotaller. Then take good care that you do not die with smoke and passion, drunken, and with temperance language on your lips; that is, abuse and calumny against all those who differ from you. One word of sense you have been heard to say, which is, that spirits may be taken as a medicine. Now you are in a fever of passion, teetotaller; so, pray take this tumbler of brandy; take it on the homœopathic principle, that heat is to be expelled by heat. You are in a temperance fury, so swallow the contents of this tumbler, and it will, perhaps, cure you. You look at the glass wistfully—you say you occasionally take a glass medicinally—and it is probable you do. Take one now. Consider what a dreadful thing it would be to die passion drunk; to appear before your Maker with *in*temperate language on your lips. That's right! You don't seem to wince at the brandy. That's right!—well done! All down in two pulls. Now you look like a reasonable being!

If the conduct of Lavengro with regard to drink is open to little censure, assuredly the use which he makes of his fists is entitled to none at all. Because he has a pair of tolerably strong fists, and knows to a certain extent how to use them, is he a swaggerer or oppressor? To what ill account does he turn them? Who more quiet, gentle, and inoffensive than he? He beats off a ruffian who attacks him in a dingle; has a kind of friendly tuzzle with Mr. Petulengro, and behold the extent of his fistic exploits.

Ay, but he associates with prize-fighters; and that very fellow, Petulengro, is a prize-fighter, and has fought for a stake in a ring. Well, and if he had not associated with prize-fighters, how could he have used his fists? Oh, anybody can use his fists in his own defence, without being taught by prize-fighters. Can they? Then why does not the Italian, or Spaniard, or Affghan use his fists when insulted or outraged, instead of having recourse to the weapons which he has recourse to? Nobody can use his fists without being taught the use of them by those who have themselves been taught, no more than any one can "whiffle" without being taught by a master of the art. Now let any man of the present day try to whiffle. Would not any one who wished to whiffle have to go to a master of the art? Assuredly! but where would he find one at the present day? The last of the whifflers hanged himself about a fortnight ago on a bell-rope in a church steeple of "the old town," from pure grief that there

was no further demand for the exhibition of his art, there being no demand for whiffling since the discontinuation of Guildhall banquets. Whiffling is lost. The old chap left his sword behind him; let any one take up the old chap's sword and try to whiffle. Now much the same hand as he would make who should take up the whiffler's sword and try to whiffle, would he who should try to use his fists who had never had the advantage of a master. Let no one think that men use their fists naturally in their own disputes—men have naturally recourse to any other thing to defend themselves or to offend others; they fly to the stick, to the stone, to the murderous and cowardly knife, or to abuse as cowardly as the knife, and occasionally more murderous. Now which is best when you hate a person, or have a pique against a person, to clench your fist and say "Come on," or to have recourse to the stone, the knife, or murderous calumny? The use of the fist is almost lost in England. Yet are the people better than they were when they knew how to use their fists? The writer believes not. A fisty combat is at present a great rarity, but the use of the knife, the noose, and of poison, to say nothing of calumny, are of more frequent occurrence in England than perhaps in any country in Europe. Is polite taste better than when it could bear the details of a fight? The writer believes not. Two men cannot meet in a ring to settle a dispute in a manly manner without some trumpery local newspaper letting loose a volley of abuse against "the disgraceful exhibition," in which

abuse it is sure to be sanctioned by its dainty readers; whereas some murderous horror, the discovery for example of the mangled remains of a woman in some obscure den, is greedily seized hold on by the moral journal, and dressed up for its readers, who luxuriate and gloat upon the ghastly dish. Now, the writer of Lavengro has no sympathy with those who would shrink from striking a blow, but would not shrink from the use of poison or calumny; and his taste has little in common with that which cannot tolerate the hardy details of a prize-fight, but which luxuriates on descriptions of the murder dens of modern England. But prize-fighters and pugilists are blackguards, a reviewer has said; and blackguards they would be provided they employed their skill and their prowess for purposes of brutality and oppression; but prize-fighters and pugilists are seldom friends to brutality and oppression; and which is the blackguard, the writer would ask, he who uses his fists to take his own part, or instructs others to use theirs for the same purpose, or the being who from envy and malice, or at the bidding of a malicious scoundrel, endeavours by calumny, falsehood, and misrepresentation to impede the efforts of lonely and unprotected genius?

One word more about the race, all but extinct, of the people opprobriously called prize-fighters. Some of them have been as noble, kindly men as the world ever produced. Can the rolls of the English aristocracy exhibit names belonging to more noble, more heroic men than those who were

called respectively Pearce, Cribb, and Spring? Did ever one of the English aristocracy contract the seeds of fatal consumption by rushing up the stairs of a burning edifice, even to the topmost garret, and rescuing a woman from seemingly inevitable destruction? The writer says No. A woman was rescued from the top of a burning house; but the man who rescued her was no aristocrat; it was Pearce, not Percy, who ran up the burning stairs. Did ever one of those glittering ones save a fainting female from the libidinous rage of six ruffians? The writer believes not. A woman was rescued from the libidinous fury of six monsters on . . . . Down; but the man who rescued her was no aristocrat; it was Pearce, not Paulet, who rescued the woman, and thrashed my lord's six gamekeepers — Pearce, whose equal never was, and probably never will be, found in sturdy combat. Are there any of the aristocracy of whom it can be said that they never did a cowardly, cruel, or mean action, and that they invariably took the part of the unfortunate and weak against cruelty and oppression? As much can be said of Cribb, of Spring, and the other; but where is the aristocrat of whom as much can be said? Wellington? Wellington, indeed! a skilful general, and a good man of valour, it is true, but with that cant word of "duty" continually on his lips, did he rescue Ney from his butchers? Did he lend a helping hand to Warner?

In conclusion, the writer would strongly advise those of his country-folks who may read his book to

have nothing to do with the two kinds of canting nonsense described above, but in their progress through life to enjoy as well as they can, but always with moderation, the good things of this world, to put confidence in God, to be as independent as possible, and to take their own parts. If they are low-spirited, let them not make themselves foolish by putting on sackcloth, drinking water, or chewing ashes, but let them take wholsesome exercise, and eat the most generous food they can get, taking up and reading occasionally, not the lives of Ignatius Loyola and Francis Spira, but something more agreeable; for example, the life and adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell, the deaf and dumb gentleman; the travels of Captain Falconer in America, and the journal of John Randall, who went to Virginia and married an Indian wife; not forgetting, amidst their eating and drinking, their walks over heaths, and by the sea-side, and their agreeable literature, to be charitable to the poor, to read the Psalms, and to go to church twice on a Sunday. In their dealings with people, to be courteous to everybody, as Lavengro was, but always independent like him; and if people meddle with them, to give them as good as they bring, even as he and Isopel Berners were in the habit of doing; and it will be as well for him to observe that he by no means advises women to be too womanly, but bearing the conduct of Isopel Berners in mind, to take their own parts, and if anybody strikes them, to strike again.

Beating of women by the lords of the creation has

become very prevalent in England since pugilism has been discountenanced. Now the writer strongly advises any woman who is struck by a ruffian to strike him again; or if she cannot clench her fists, and he advises all women in these singular times to learn to clench their fists, to go at him with tooth and nail, and not to be afraid of the result, for any fellow who is dastard enough to strike a woman, would allow himself to be beaten by a woman, were she to make at him in self-defence, even if, instead of possessing the stately height and athletic proportions of the aforesaid Isopel, she were as diminutive in stature, and had a hand as delicate, and a foot as small, as a certain royal lady, who was some time ago assaulted by a fellow upwards of six feet high, whom the writer has no doubt she could have beaten had she thought proper to go at him. Such is the deliberate advice of the author to his countrymen and women—advice in which he believes there is nothing unscriptural or repugnant to common sense.

The writer is perfectly well aware that, by the plain language which he has used in speaking of the various kinds of nonsense prevalent in England, he shall make himself a multitude of enemies; but he is not going to conceal the truth, or to tamper with nonsense, from the fear of provoking hostility. He has a duty to perform, and he will perform it resolutely; he is the person who carried the Bible to Spain; and as resolutely as he spoke in Spain against the superstitions of Spain, will he speak in England against the nonsense of his own native

land. He is not one of those who, before they sit down to write a book, say to themselves, what cry shall we take up? what principles shall we advocate? what principles shall we abuse? before we put pen to paper we must find out what cry is the loudest, what principle has the most advocates, otherwise, after having written our book, we may find ourselves on the weaker side.

A sailor of the "Bounty," waked from his sleep by the noise of the mutiny, lay still in his hammock for some time, quite undecided whether to take part with the captain, or to join the mutineers. "I must mind what I do," said he to himself, "lest, in the end, I find myself on the weaker side;" finally, on hearing that the mutineers were successful, he went on deck, and seeing Bligh pinioned to the mast, he put his fist to his nose, and otherwise insulted him. Now, there are many writers of the present day whose conduct is very similar to that of the sailor. They lie listening in their corners till they have ascertained which principle has most advocates; then, presently, they make their appearance on the deck of the world with their book; if truth has been victorious, then has truth their hurrah! but if truth is pinioned against the mast, then is their fist thrust against the nose of truth, and their gibe and their insult spirted in her face. The strongest party had the sailor, and the strongest party has almost invariably the writer of the present day.

CHAPTER IX.

PSEUDO-CRITICS.

A CERTAIN set of individuals calling themselves critics have attacked Lavengro with much virulence and malice. If what they call criticism had been founded on truth, the author would have had nothing to say. The book contains plenty of blemishes, some of them, by-the-by, wilful ones, as the writer will presently show; not one of these, however, has been detected and pointed out; but the best passages in the book, indeed whatever was calculated to make the book valuable, have been assailed with abuse and misrepresentation. The duty of the true critic is to play the part of a leech, and not of a viper. Upon true and upon malignant criticism there is an excellent fable by the Spaniard Iriarte. The viper says to the leech, "Why do people invite your bite, and flee from mine?" "Because," says the leech, "people receive health from my bite, and poison from yours." "There is as much difference," says the clever Spaniard, "between true and malignant criticism, as between poison and medicine." Certainly a great many meritorious writers have allowed themselves to be poisoned by malignant criticism; the writer, however,

is not one of those who allow themselves to be poisoned by pseudo-critics; no! no! he will rather hold them up by their tails, and show the creatures wriggling, blood and foam streaming from their broken jaws. First of all, however, he will notice one of their objections. "The book isn't true," say they. Now one of the principal reasons with those that have attacked Lavengro for their abuse of it is, that it is particularly true in one instance, namely, that it exposes their own nonsense, their love of humbug, their slavishness, their dressings, their goings out, their scraping and bowing to great people; it is the showing up of "gentility-nonsense" in Lavengro that has been one principal reason for the raising of the above cry; for in Lavengro is denounced the besetting folly of the English people, a folly which those who call themselves guardians of the public taste are far from being above. "We can't abide anything that isn't true!" they exclaim. Can't they? Then why are they so enraptured with any fiction that is adapted to purposes of humbug, which tends to make them satisfied with their own proceedings, with their own nonsense, which does not tell them to reform, to become more alive to their own failings, and less sensitive about the tyrannical goings on of the masters, and the degraded condition, the sufferings, and the trials of the serfs in the star Jupiter? Had Lavengro, instead of being the work of an independent mind, been written in order to further any of the thousand and one cants, and species of nonsense prevalent in England, the author

would have heard much less about its not being true, both from public detractors and private censurers.

"But Lavengro pretends to be an autobiography," say the critics; and here the writer begs leave to observe, that it would be well for people who profess to have a regard for truth, not to exhibit in every assertion which they make a most profligate disregard of it; this assertion of theirs is a falsehood, and they know it to be a falsehood. In the preface Lavengro is stated to be a dream; and the writer takes this opportunity of stating that he never said it was an autobiography; never authorised any person to say that it was one; and that he has in innumerable instances declared in public and private, both before and after the work was published, that it was not what is generally termed an autobiography: but a set of people who pretend to write criticisms on books, hating the author for various reasons, — amongst others, because, having the proper pride of a gentleman and a scholar, he did not, in the year '43, choose to permit himself to be exhibited and made a zany of in London, and especially because he will neither associate with, nor curry favour with, them who are neither gentlemen nor scholars,—attack his book with abuse and calumny. He is, perhaps, condescending too much when he takes any notice of such people; as, however, the English public is wonderfully led by cries and shouts, and generally ready to take part against any person who is either unwilling or unable to defend himself, he deems it advisable not to be altogether quiet with those who

assail him. The best way to deal with vipers is to tear out their teeth; and the best way to deal with pseudo-critics is to deprive them of their poison-bag, which is easily done by exposing their ignorance. The writer knew perfectly well the description of people with whom he would have to do, he therefore very quietly prepared a stratagem, by means of which he could at any time exhibit them, powerless and helpless, in his hand. Critics, when they review books, ought to have a competent knowledge of the subjects which those books discuss.

Lavengro is a philological book, a poem if you choose to call it so. Now, what a fine triumph it would have been for those who wished to vilify the book and its author, provided they could have detected the latter tripping in his philology — they might have instantly said that he was an ignorant pretender to philology—they laughed at the idea of his taking up a viper by its tail, a trick which hundreds of country urchins do every September, but they were silent about the really wonderful part of the book, the philological matter – they thought philology was his stronghold, and that it would be useless to attack him there; they of course would give him no credit as a philologist, for anything like fair treatment towards him was not to be expected at their hands, but they were afraid to attack his philology—yet that was the point, and the only point, in which they might have attacked him successfully; he was vulnerable there. How was this? Why, in order to have an opportunity of

holding up pseudo-critics by the tails, he wilfully spelt various foreign words wrong—Welsh words, and even Italian words—did they detect these misspellings? not one of them, even as he knew they would not, and he now taunts them with ignorance; and the power of taunting them with ignorance is the punishment which he designed for them—a power which they might but for their ignorance have used against him. The writer, besides knowing something of Italian and Welsh, knows a little of Armenian language and literature, but who knowing anything of the Armenian language, unless he had an end in view, would say, that the word for sea in Armenian is anything like the word tide in English? The word for sea in Armenian is dzow, a word connected with the Tebetian word for water, and the Chinese shuy, and the Turkish su, signifying the same thing; but where is the resemblance between dzow and tide? Again, the word for bread in ancient Armenian is hats; yet the Armenian on London Bridge is made to say zhats, which is not the nominative of the Armenian noun for bread, but the accusative: now, critics, ravening against a man because he is a gentleman and a scholar, and has not only the power but also the courage to write original works, why did not you discover that weak point? Why, because you were ignorant, so here ye are held up! Moreover, who with a name commencing with Z, ever wrote fables in Armenian? There are two writers of fables in Armenian — Varthan and Koscht, and illustrious writers they are, one in the simple, and the other in

the ornate style of Armenian composition, but neither of their names begins with a Z. Oh, what a precious opportunity ye lost, ye ravening crew, of convicting the poor, half-starved, friendless boy of the book, of ignorance or misrepresentation, by asking who with a name beginning with Z ever wrote fables in Armenian; but ye couldn't help yourselves, ye are duncie. We duncie! Ay, duncie. So here ye are held up by the tails, blood and foam streaming from your jaws.

The writer wishes to ask here, what do you think of all this, Messieurs les Critiques? Were ye ever served so before? But don't you richly deserve it? Haven't you been for years past bullying and insulting everybody whom you deemed weak, and currying favour with everybody whom ye thought strong? "*We* approve of this. We disapprove of that. Oh, this will never do. These are fine lines!" The lines perhaps some horrid sycophantic rubbish addressed to Wellington, or Lord So-and-so. To have your ignorance thus exposed, to be shown up in this manner, and by whom? A gypsy! Ay, a gypsy was the very right person to do it. But is it not galling after all?

Ah, but *we* don't understand Armenian, it cannot be expected that *we* should understand Armenian, or Welsh, or . . . . Hey, what 's this? The mighty *we* not understand Armenian or Welsh, or . . . . Then why does the mighty *we* pretend to review a book like Lavengro? From the arrogance with which it continually delivers itself, one would think that the

mighty *we* is omniscient; that it understands every language; is versed in every literature; yet the mighty *we* does not even know the word for bread in Armenian. It knows bread well enough by name in English, and frequently bread in England only by its name, but the truth is, that the mighty *we*, with all its pretension, is in general a very sorry creature, who, instead of saying nous disons, should rather say nous dis: Porny in his "Guerre des Dieux," very profanely makes the three in one say, Je faisons; now, Lavengro, who is anything but profane, would suggest that critics, especially magazine and Sunday newspaper critics, should commence with nous dis, as the first word would be significant of the conceit and assumption of the critic, and the second of the extent of the critic's information. The *we* says its say, but when fawning sycophancy or vulgar abuse are taken from that say, what remains? Why a blank, a void like Ginnungagap.

As the writer, of his own accord, has exposed some of the blemishes of his book—a task, which a competent critic ought to have done—he will now point out two or three of its merits, which any critic, not altogether blinded with ignorance, might have done, or not replete with gall and envy would have been glad to do. The book has the merit of communicating a fact connected with physiology, which in all the pages of the multitude of books was never previously mentioned—the mysterious practice of touching objects to baffle the evil chance. The miserable detractor will, of course, instantly begin to rave about such a

habit being common: well and good; but was it ever before described in print, or all connected with it dissected? He may then vociferate something about Johnson having touched:—the writer cares not whether Johnson—who, by the by, during the last twenty or thirty years, owing to people having become ultra Tory mad from reading Scott's novels and the "Quarterly Review," has been a mighty favourite, especially with some who were in the habit of calling him a half crazy old fool—touched, or whether he did not; but he asks where did Johnson ever describe the feelings which induced him to perform the magic touch, even supposing that he did perform it? Again, the history gives an account of a certain book called the "Sleeping Bard," the most remarkable prose work of the most difficult language but one, of modern Europe,—a book, for a notice of which, he believes, one might turn over in vain the pages of any review printed in England, or, indeed, elsewhere. —So here are two facts, one literary and the other physiological, for which any candid critic was bound to thank the author, even as in the Romany Rye there is a fact connected with Iro Norman Myth, for the disclosing of which any person who pretends to have a regard for literature is bound to thank him, namely, that the mysterious Finn or Fingal of "Ossian's Poems" is one and the same person as the Sigurd Fofnisbane of the Edda and the Wilkina, and the Siegfried Horn of the Lay of the Niebelungs.

The writer might here conclude, and, he believes, most triumphantly; as, however, he is in the cue for

writing, which he seldom is, he will for his own gratification, and for the sake of others, dropping metaphors about vipers and serpents, show up in particular two or three sets or cliques of people, who, he is happy to say, have been particularly virulent against him and his work, for nothing indeed could have given him greater mortification than their praise.

In the first place, he wishes to dispose of certain individuals who call themselves men of wit and fashion—about town—who he is told have abused his book "vaustly"—their own word. These people paint their cheeks, wear white kid gloves, and dabble in literature, or what they conceive to be literature. For abuse from such people, the writer was prepared. Does any one imagine that the writer was not well aware, before he published his book, that, whenever he gave it to the world, he should be attacked by every literary coxcomb in England who had influence enough to procure the insertion of a scurrilous article in a magazine or newspaper! He has been in Spain, and has seen how invariably the mule attacks the horse; now why does the mule attack the horse? Why, because the latter carries about with him that which the envious hermaphrodite does not possess.

They consider, forsooth, that his book is low—but he is not going to waste words about them—one or two of whom, he is told, have written very duncie books about Spain, and are highly enraged with him, because certain books which he wrote about Spain were not considered duncie. No, he is not going to waste words upon them, for verily he dislikes their

company, and so he 'll pass them by, and proceed to others.

The Scotch Charlie o'er the water people have been very loud in the abuse of Lavengro — this again might be expected; the sarcasms of the Priest about the Charlie o'er the water nonsense of course stung them. Oh! it is one of the claims which Lavengro has to respect, that it is the first, if not the only work, in which that nonsense is, to a certain extent, exposed. Two or three of their remarks on passages of Lavengro, he will reproduce and laugh at. Of course your Charlie o'er the water people are genteel exceedingly, and cannot abide anything low. Gypsyism they think is particularly low, and the use of gypsy words in literature beneath its gentility; so they object to gypsy words being used in Lavengro where gypsies are introduced speaking— "What is Romany forsooth?" say they. Very good! And what is Scotch? has not the public been nauseated with Scotch for the last thirty years? "Ay, but Scotch is not"—the writer believes he knows much better than the Scotch what Scotch is and what it is not; he has told them before what it is, a very sorry jargon. He will now tell them what it is not—a sister or an immediate daughter of the Sanscrit, which Romany is. "Ay, but the Scotch are"—foxes, foxes, nothing else than foxes, even like the gypsies—the difference between the gypsy and Scotch fox being that the first is wild, with a mighty brush, the other a sneak with a gilt collar and without a tail.

A Charlie o'er the water person attempts to be witty, because the writer has said that perhaps a certain old Edinburgh High-School porter, of the name of Boee, was perhaps of the same blood as a certain Bui, a Northern Kemp who distinguished himself at the battle of Horinger Bay. A pretty matter, forsooth, to excite the ridicule of a Scotchman! Why, is there a beggar or trumpery fellow in Scotland, who does not pretend to be somebody, or related to somebody? Is not every Scotchman descended from some king, kemp, or cow-stealer of old, by his own account at least? Why, the writer would even go so far as to bet a trifle that the poor creature, who ridicules Boee's supposed ancestry, has one of his own, at least as grand and as apocryphal as old Boee's of the High School.

The same Charlie o'er the water person is mightily indignant that Lavengro should have spoken disrespectfully of William Wallace; Lavengro, when he speaks of that personage, being a child of about ten years old, and repeating merely what he had heard. All the Scotch, by the by, for a great many years past, have been great admirers of William Wallace, particularly the Charlie o'er the water people, who in their nonsense-verses about Charlie generally contrive to bring in the name of William, Willie, or Wullie Wallace. The writer begs leave to say that he by no means wishes to bear hard against William Wallace, but he cannot help asking why, if William, Willie, or Wullie Wallace was such a particularly nice person, did his brother Scots betray him to a

certain renowned southern warrior, called Edward Longshanks, who caused him to be hanged and cut into four in London, and his quarters to be placed over the gates of certain towns? They got gold, it is true, and titles, very nice things no doubt; but, surely, the life of a patriot is better than all the gold and titles in the world—at least Lavengro thinks so,—but Lavengro has lived more with gypsies than Scotchmen, and gypsies do not betray their brothers. It would be some time before a gypsy would hand over his brother to the harum-beck, even supposing you would not only make him a king, but a justice of the peace, and not only give him the world, but the best farm on the Holkham estate; but gypsies are wild foxes, and there is certainly a wonderful difference between the way of thinking of the wild fox who retains his brush, and that of the scurvy kennel creature who has lost his tail.

Ah! but thousands of Scotch, and particularly the Charlie o'er the water people, will say, "We didn't sell Willie Wallace, it was our forbears who sold Willie Wallace . . . . If Edward Longshanks had asked us to sell Wullie Wallace, we would soon have shown him that" . . . . Lord better ye, ye poor trumpery set of creatures, ye would not have acted a bit better than your forefathers; remember how ye have ever treated the few amongst ye who, though born in the kennel, have shown something of the spirit of the wood. Many of ye are still alive who delivered over men, quite as honest and patriotic as William Wallace,

into the hands of an English minister, to be chained and transported for merely venturing to speak and write in the cause of humanity, at the time when Europe was beginning to fling off the chains imposed by kings and priests. And it is not so very long since Burns, to whom ye are now building up obelisks rather higher than he deserves, was permitted by his countrymen to die in poverty and misery, because he would not join with them in songs of adulation to kings and the trumpery great. So say not that ye would have acted with respect to William Wallace one whit better than your fathers—and you in particular, ye children of Charlie, whom do ye write nonsense-verses about? A family of dastard despots, who did their best, during a century and more, to tread out the few sparks of independent feeling still glowing in Scotland—but enough has been said about ye.

Amongst those who have been prodigal in abuse and defamation of Lavengro, have been your modern Radicals, and particularly a set of people who filled the country with noise against the King and Queen, Wellington and the Tories, in '32. About these people the writer will presently have occasion to say a good deal, and also of real Radicals. As, however, it may be supposed that he is one of those who delight to play the sycophant to kings and queens, to curry favour with Tories, and to bepraise Wellington, he begs leave to state that such is not the case.

About kings and queens he has nothing to say: about Tories, simply that he believes them to be a bad set; about Wellington, however, it will be necessary for him to say a good deal, of mixed import, as he will subsequently frequently have occasion to mention him in connection with what he has to say about pseudo-Radicals.

CHAPTER X.

PSEUDO-RADICALS.

About Wellington, then, he says, that he believes him at the present day to be infinitely overrated. But there certainly was a time when he was shamefully underrated. Now what time was that? Why the time of pseudo-radicalism, par excellence, from '20 to '32. Oh, the abuse that was heaped on Wellington by those who traded in radical cant—your newspaper editors and review writers! and how he was sneered at then by your Whigs, and how faintly supported he was by your Tories, who were half ashamed of him; for your Tories, though capital fellows as followers, when you want nobody to back you, are the faintest creatures in the world when you cry in your agony, "Come and help me!" Oh, assuredly Wellington was infamously used at that time, especially by your traders in Radicalism, who howled at and hooted him; said he had every vice—was no general—was beaten at Waterloo—was a poltroon—moreover a poor illiterate creature, who could scarcely read or write; nay, a principal Radical paper said bodily he could not read, and devised an ingenious plan for teaching Wellington how to

read. Now this was too bad; and the writer, being a lover of justice, frequently spoke up for Wellington, saying, that as for vice, he was not worse than his neighbours; that he was brave; that he won the fight at Waterloo, from a half-dead man, it is true, but that he did win it. Also, that he believed he had read "Rules for the Manual and Platoon Exercises" to some purpose; moreover, that he was sure he could write, for that he the writer had once written to Wellington, and had received an answer from him; nay, the writer once went so far as to strike a blow for Wellington; for the last time he used his fists was upon a Radical sub-editor, who was mobbing Wellington in the street, from behind a rank of grimy fellows; but though the writer spoke up for Wellington to a certain extent when he was shamefully underrated, and once struck a blow for him when he was about being hustled, he is not going to join in the loathsome sycophantic nonsense which it has been the fashion to use with respect to Wellington these last twenty years. Now what have those years been to England? Why the years of ultra-gentility, everybody in England having gone gentility mad during the last twenty years, and no people more so than your pseudo-Radicals. Wellington was turned out, and your Whigs and Radicals got in, and then commenced the period of ultra-gentility in England. The Whigs and Radicals only hated Wellington as long as the patronage of the country was in his hands, none of which they were tolerably sure he would bestow on them; but no sooner did

they get it into their own, than they forthwith became admirers of Wellington. And why? Because he was a duke, petted at Windsor and by foreign princes, and a very genteel personage. Formerly many of your Whigs and Radicals had scarcely a decent coat on their backs; but now the plunder of the country was at their disposal, and they had as good a chance of being genteel as any people. So they were willing to worship Wellington because he was very genteel, and could not keep the plunder of the country out of their hands. And Wellington has been worshipped, and prettily so, during the last fifteen or twenty years. He is now a noble fine-hearted creature; the greatest general the world ever produced; the bravest of men; and – and—mercy upon us! the greatest of military writers! Now the present writer will not join in such sycophancy. As he was not afraid to take the part of Wellington when he was scurvily used by all parties, and when it was dangerous to take his part, so he is not afraid to speak the naked truth about Wellington in these days, when it is dangerous to say anything about him but what is sycophantically laudatory. He said, in '32, that as to vice, Wellington was not worse than his neighbours; but he is not going to say, in '54, that Wellington was a noble-hearted fellow; for he believes that a more cold-hearted individual never existed. His conduct to Warner, the poor Vaudois, and Marshal Ney, showed that. He said, in '32, that he was a good general and a brave man; but he is not going, in '54, to say that he

was the best general, or the bravest man the world ever saw. England has produced a better general—France two or three—both countries many braver men. The son of the Norfolk clergyman was a braver man; Marshal Ney was a braver man. Oh, that battle of Copenhagen! Oh, that covering the retreat of the Grand Army! And though he said in '32 that he could write, he is not going to say in '54 that he is the best of all military writers. On the contrary, he does not hesitate to say that any Commentary of Julius Cæsar, or any chapter in Justinus, more especially the one about the Parthians, is worth the ten volumes of Wellington's Despatches; though he has no doubt that, by saying so, he shall especially rouse the indignation of a certain newspaper, at present one of the most genteel journals imaginable—with a slight tendency to liberalism, it is true, but perfectly genteel—which is nevertheless the very one which, in '32, swore bodily that Wellington could neither read nor write, and devised an ingenious plan for teaching him how to read.

Now, after the above statement, no one will venture to say, if the writer should be disposed to bear hard upon Radicals, that he would be influenced by a desire to pay court to princes, or to curry favour with Tories, or from being a blind admirer of the Duke of Wellington; but the writer is not going to declaim against Radicals, that is, real Republicans, or their principles; upon the whole, he is something of an admirer of both. The writer has always had

as much admiration for everything that is real and honest as he has had contempt for the opposite. Now real Republicanism is certainly a very fine thing, a much finer thing than Toryism, a system of common robbery, which is nevertheless far better than Whiggism*—a compound of petty larceny, popular instruction, and receiving of stolen goods. Yes, real Republicanism is certainly a very fine thing, and your real Radicals and Republicans are certainly very fine fellows, or rather were fine fellows, for the

* As the present work will come out in the midst of a vehement political contest, people may be led to suppose that the above was written expressly for the time. The writer therefore begs to state that it was written in the year 1854. He cannot help adding that he is neither Whig, Tory, nor Radical, and cares not a straw what party governs England, provided it is governed well. But he has no hopes of good government from the Whigs. It is true that amongst them there is one very great man, Lord Palmerston, who is indeed the sword and buckler, the chariots and the horses of the party; but it is impossible for his lordship to govern well with such colleagues as he has—colleagues which have been forced upon him by family influence, and who are continually pestering him into measures anything but conducive to the country's honour and interest. If Palmerston would govern well, he must get rid of them; but from that step, with all his courage and all his greatness, he will shrink. Yet how proper and easy a step it would be! He could easily get better, but scarcely worse, associates. They appear to have one object in view, and only one—jobbery. It was chiefly owing to a most flagitious piece of jobbery, which one of his lordship's principal colleagues sanctioned and promoted, that his lordship experienced his late parliamentary disasters.

Lord only knows where to find them at the present day—the writer does not. If he did, he would at any time go five miles to invite one of them to dinner, even supposing that he had to go to a workhouse in order to find the person he wished to invite. Amongst the real Radicals of England, those who flourished from the year '16 to '20, there were certainly extraordinary characters, men partially insane, perhaps, but honest and brave—they did not make a market of the principles which they professed, and never intended to do so; they believed in them, and were willing to risk their lives in endeavouring to carry them out. The writer wishes to speak in particular of two of these men, both of whom perished on the scaffold—their names were Thistlewood and Ings. Thistlewood, the best known of them, was a brave soldier, and had served with distinction as an officer in the French service: he was one of the excellent swordsmen of Europe; had fought several duels in France, where it is no child's play to fight a duel; but had never unsheathed his sword for single combat, but in defence of the feeble and insulted—he was kind and open-hearted, but of too great simplicity; he had once ten thousand pounds left him, all of which he lent to a friend, who disappeared and never returned him a penny. Ings was an uneducated man, of very low stature, but amazing strength and resolution; he was a kind husband and father, and though a humble butcher, the name he bore was one of the royal names of the heathen Anglo-Saxons. These two

men, along with five others, were executed, and their heads hacked off, for levying war against George the Fourth; the whole seven dying in a manner which extorted cheers from the populace; the most of them uttering philosophical or patriotic sayings. Thistlewood, who was, perhaps, the most calm and collected of all, just before he was turned off, said, "We are now going to discover the great secret." Ings, the moment before he was choked, was singing "Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled." Now there was no humbug about those men, nor about many more of the same time and of the same principles. They might be deluded about Republicanism, as Algernon Sidney was, and as Brutus was, but they were as honest and brave as either Brutus or Sidney; and as willing to die for their principles. But the Radicals who succeeded them were beings of a very different description; they jobbed and traded in Republicanism, and either parted with it, or at the present day are eager to part with it for a consideration. In order to get the Whigs into power, and themselves places, they brought the country by their inflammatory language to the verge of a revolution, and were the cause that many perished on the scaffold; by their incendiary harangues and newspaper articles they caused the Bristol conflagration, for which six poor creatures were executed; they encouraged the mob to pillage, pull down and burn, and then rushing into garrets looked on. Thistlewood tells the mob the Tower is a second Bastile; let it be pulled down. A mob tries to pull down the

Tower: but Thistlewood is at the head of that mob; he is not peeping from a garret on Tower Hill like Gulliver at Lisbon. Thistlewood and Ings say to twenty ragged individuals, Liverpool and Castlereagh are two satellites of despotism; it would be highly desirable to put them out of the way. And a certain number of ragged individuals are surprised in a stable in Cato Street, making preparations to put Castlereagh and Liverpool out of the way, and are fired upon with muskets by Grenadiers, and are hacked at with cutlasses by Bow Street runners; but the twain who encouraged those ragged individuals to meet in Cato Street are not far off, they are not on the other side of the river, in the Borough, for example, in some garret or obscure cellar. The very first to confront the Guards and runners are Thistlewood and Ings; Thistlewood whips his long thin rapier through Smithers' lungs, and Ings makes a dash at Fitzclarence with his butcher's knife. Oh, there was something in those fellows! honesty and courage—but can as much be said for the inciters of the troubles of '32. No; they egged on poor ignorant mechanics and rustics, and got them hanged for pulling down and burning, whilst the highest pitch to which their own daring ever mounted was to mob Wellington as he passed in the streets.

Now, these people were humbugs, which Thistlewood and Ings were not. They raved and foamed against kings, queens, Wellington, the aristocracy, and what not, till they had got the Whigs into power, with whom they were in secret alliance, and with

whom they afterwards openly joined in a system of robbery and corruption, more flagitious than the old Tory one, because there was more cant about it; for themselves they got consulships, commissionerships, and in some instances governments; for their sons clerkships in public offices; and there you may see those sons with the never-failing badge of the low scoundrel-puppy, the gilt chain at the waistcoat pocket; and there you may hear and see them using the languishing tones, and employing the airs and graces which wenches use and employ, who, without being in the family way, wish to make their keepers believe that they are in the family way. Assuredly great is the cleverness of your Radicals of '32, in providing for themselves and their families. Yet, clever as they are, there is one thing they cannot do —they get governments for themselves, commissionerships for their brothers, clerkships for their sons, but there is one thing beyond their craft—they cannot get husbands for their daughters, who, too ugly for marriage, and with their heads filled with the nonsense they have imbibed from gentility novels, go over from Socinus to the Pope, becoming sisters in fusty convents, or having heard a few sermons in Mr. Platitude's "chapelle," seek for admission at the establishment of mother S . . . ., who, after employing them for a time in various menial offices, and making them pluck off their eyebrows hair by hair, generally dismisses them on the plea of sluttishness; whereupon they return to their papas to eat the bread of the country, with the comfortable prospect of eating

it still in the shape of a pension after their sires are dead. Papa (ex uno disce omnes) living as quietly as he can: not exactly enviably it is true, being now and then seen to cast an uneasy and furtive glance behind, even as an animal is wont, who has lost by some mischance a very sightly appendage; as quietly however as he can, and as dignifiedly, a great admirer of every genteel thing and genteel personage, the Duke in particular, whose "Despatches," bound in red morocco, you will find on his table. A disliker of coarse expressions, and extremes of every kind, with a perfect horror for revolutions and attempts to revolutionize, exclaiming now and then, as a shriek escapes from whipped and bleeding Hungary, a groan from gasping Poland, and a half-stifled curse from down-trodden but scowling Italy, "Confound the revolutionary canaille, why can't it be quiet!" in a word, putting one in mind of the parvenu in the "Walpurgis Nacht." The writer is no admirer of Göthe, but the idea of that parvenu was certainly a good one. Yes, putting one in mind of the individual who says—

"Wir waren wahrlich auch nicht dumm,
Und thaten oft was wir nicht sollten;
Doch jetzo kehrt sich alles um und um,
Und eben da wir's fest erhalten wollten."

We were no fools, as every one discern'd,
And stopp'd at nought our projects in fulfilling;
But now the world seems topsy-turvy turn'd,
To keep it quiet just when we were willing.

Now, this class of individuals entertain a mortal hatred for Lavengro and its writer, and never lose an opportunity of vituperating both. It is true that such hatred is by no means surprising. There is certainly a great deal of difference between Lavengro and their own sons; the one thinking of independence and philology, whilst he is clinking away at kettles, and hammering horse-shoes in dingles; the others stuck up at public offices with gilt chains at their waistcoat-pockets, and giving themselves the airs and graces of females of a certain description. And there certainly *is* a great deal of difference between the author of Lavengro and themselves—he retaining his principles and his brush; they with scarlet breeches on, it is true, but without their republicanism and their tails. Oh, the writer can well afford to be vituperated by your pseudo-Radicals of '32!

Some time ago the writer was set upon by an old Radical and his wife; but the matter is too rich not to require a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD RADICAL.

"This very dirty man, with his very dirty face,
Would do any dirty act, which would get him a place."

Some time ago the writer was set upon by an old Radical and his wife; but before he relates the manner in which they set upon him, it will be as well to enter upon a few particulars tending to elucidate their reasons for doing so.

The writer had just entered into his eighteenth year, when he met at the table of a certain Anglo-Germanist an individual, apparently somewhat under thirty, of middle stature, a thin and weaselly figure, a sallow complexion, a certain obliquity of vision, and a large pair of spectacles. This person, who had lately come from abroad, and had published a volume of translations, had attracted some slight notice in the literary world, and was looked upon as a kind of lion in a small provincial capital. After dinner he argued a great deal, spoke vehemently against the Church, and uttered the most desperate Radicalism that was perhaps ever heard, saying, he hoped that in a short time there would not be a king or queen in Europe, and inveighing bitterly against the English aris-

tocracy, and against the Duke of Wellington in particular, whom he said, if he himself was ever president of an English republic—an event which he seemed to think by no means improbable—he would hang for certain infamous acts of profligacy and bloodshed which he had perpetrated in Spain. Being informed that the writer was something of a philologist, to which character the individual in question laid great pretensions, he came and sat down by him, and talked about languages and literature. The writer, who was only a boy, was a little frightened at first, but, not wishing to appear a child of absolute ignorance, he summoned what little learning he had, and began to blunder out something about the Celtic languages and their literature, and asked the Lion who he conceived Finn Ma Coul to be? and whether he did not consider the "Ode to the Fox," by Red Rhys of Eryry, to be a master-piece of pleasantry? Receiving no answer to these questions from the Lion, who, singular enough, would frequently, when the writer put a question to him, look across the table, and flatly contradict some one who was talking to some other person, the writer dropped the Celtic languages and literature, and asked him whether he did not think it a funny thing that Temugin, generally called Genghis Khan, should have married the daughter of Prester John?* The Lion, after giving a side-glance at the writer through his left spectacle glass, seemed about to reply, but

* A fact.

was unfortunately prevented, being seized with an irresistible impulse to contradict a respectable doctor of medicine, who was engaged in conversation with the master of the house at the upper and further end of the table, the writer being a poor ignorant lad, sitting of course at the bottom. The doctor, who had served in the Peninsula, having observed that Ferdinand the Seventh was not quite so bad as had been represented, the Lion vociferated that he was ten times worse, and that he hoped to see him and the Duke of Wellington hanged together. The doctor, who, being a Welshman, was somewhat of a warm temper, growing rather red, said that at any rate he had been informed that Ferdinand the Seventh knew sometimes how to behave himself like a gentleman—this brought on a long dispute, which terminated rather abruptly. The Lion having observed that the doctor must not talk about Spanish matters with one who had visited every part of Spain, the doctor bowed, and said he was right, for that he believed no people in general possessed such accurate information about countries as those who had travelled them as bagmen. On the Lion asking the doctor what he meant, the Welshman, whose under jaw began to move violently, replied, that he meant what he said. Here the matter ended, for the Lion, turning from him, looked at the writer. The writer, imagining that his own conversation hitherto had been too trivial and common-place for the Lion to consider it worth his while to take much notice of

it, determined to assume a little higher ground, and after repeating a few verses of the Koran, and gabbling a little Arabic, asked the Lion what he considered to be the difference between the Hegira and the Christian era, adding, that he thought the general computation was in error by about one year; and being a particularly modest person, chiefly, he believes, owing to his having been at school in Ireland, absolutely blushed at finding that the Lion returned not a word in answer. "What a wonderful individual I am seated by," thought he, "to whom Arabic seems a vulgar speech, and a question about the Hegira not worthy of an answer!" not reflecting that as lions come from the Saharra, they have quite enough of Arabic at home, and that the question about the Hegira was rather mal a propos to one used to prey on the flesh of hadjis. "Now I only wish he would vouchsafe me a little of his learning," thought the boy to himself, and in this wish he was at last gratified; for the Lion, after asking him whether he was acquainted at all with the Sclavonian languages, and being informed that he was not, absolutely dumbfoundered him by a display of Sclavonian erudition.

Years rolled by—the writer was a good deal about, sometimes in London, sometimes in the country, sometimes abroad; in London he occasionally met the man of the spectacles, who was always very civil to him, and, indeed, cultivated his acquaintance. The writer thought it rather odd that, after he himself had become acquainted with the Sclavonian

languages and literature, the man of the spectacles talked little or nothing about them. In a little time, however, the matter ceased to cause him the slightest surprise, for he had discovered a key to the mystery. In the mean time, the man of the spectacles was busy enough: he speculated in commerce, failed, and paid his creditors twenty pennies in the pound; published translations, of which the public at length became heartily tired; having, indeed, got an inkling of the manner in which those translations were got up. He managed, however, to ride out many a storm, having one trusty sheet-anchor—Radicalism. This he turned to the best advantage—writing pamphlets and articles in reviews, all in the Radical interest, and for which he was paid out of the Radical fund; which articles and pamphlets, when Toryism seemed to reel on its last legs, exhibited a slight tendency to Whiggism. Nevertheless, his abhorrence of desertion of principle was so great in the time of the Duke of Wellington's administration, that when S . . . . left the Whigs and went over, he told the writer, who was about that time engaged with him in a literary undertaking, that the said S . . . . was a fellow with a character so infamous, that any honest man would rather that you should spit in his face, than insult his ears with the mention of the name of S . . . .

The literary project having come to nothing,—in which, by the by, the writer was to have all the labour, and his friend all the credit, provided any credit should accrue from it,—the writer did not see

the latter for some years, during which time considerable political changes took place; the Tories were driven from, and the Whigs placed in, office, both events being brought about by the Radicals coalescing with the Whigs, over whom they possessed great influence for the services which they had rendered. When the writer next visited his friend, he found him very much altered; his opinions were by no means so exalted as they had been—he was not disposed even to be rancorous against the Duke of Wellington, saying that there were worse men than he, and giving him some credit as a general; a hankering after gentility seeming to pervade the whole family, father and sons, wife and daughters, all of whom talked about genteel diversions—gentility novels, and even seemed to look with favour on high Churchism, having in former years, to all appearance, been bigoted Dissenters. In a little time the writer went abroad; as, indeed, did his friend; not, however, like the writer, at his own expense, but at that of the country—the Whigs having given him a travelling appointment, which he held for some years, during which he is said to have received upwards of twelve thousand pounds of the money of the country, for services which will, perhaps, be found inscribed on certain tablets, when another Astolfo shall visit the moon. This appointment, however, he lost on the Tories resuming power—when the writer found him almost as radical and patriotic as ever, just engaged in trying to get into Parliament, into which he got by the assistance of his

Radical friends, who, in conjunction with the Whigs, were just getting up a crusade against the Tories, which they intended should be a conclusive one.

A little time after the publication of "The Bible in Spain," the Tories being still in power, this individual, full of the most disinterested friendship for the author, was particularly anxious that he should be presented with an official situation, in a certain region a great many miles off. "You are the only person for that appointment," said he; "you understand a great deal about the country, and are better acquainted with the two languages spoken there than any one in England. Now I love my country, and have, moreover, a great regard for you, and as I am in Parliament, and have frequent opportunities of speaking to the Ministry, I shall take care to tell them how desirable it would be to secure your services. It is true they are Tories, but I think that even Tories would give up their habitual love of jobbery in a case like yours, and for once show themselves disposed to be honest men and gentlemen; indeed, I have no doubt they will, for having so deservedly an infamous character, they would be glad to get themselves a little credit, by a presentation which could not possibly be traced to jobbery or favouritism." The writer begged his friend to give himself no trouble about the matter, as he was not desirous of the appointment, being in tolerably easy circumstances, and willing to take some rest after a life of labour. All, however, that he could say was

of no use, his friend indignantly observing, that the matter ought to be taken entirely out of his hands, and the appointment thrust upon him for the credit of the country. "But may not many people be far more worthy of the appointment than myself?" said the writer. "Where?" said the friendly Radical. "If you don't get it, it will be made a job of, given to the son of some steward, or, perhaps, to some quack who has done dirty work; I tell you what, I shall ask it for you, in spite of you; I shall, indeed!" and his eyes flashed with friendly and patriotic fervour through the large pair of spectacles which he wore.

And, in fact, it would appear that the honest and friendly patriot put his threat into execution. "I have spoken," said he, "more than once to this and that individual in Parliament, and everybody seems to think that the appointment should be given to you. Nay, that you should be forced to accept it. I intend next to speak to Lord A . . . ." And so he did, at least it would appear so. On the writer calling upon him one evening, about a week afterwards, in order to take leave of him, as the writer was about to take a long journey for the sake of his health, his friend no sooner saw him than he started up in a violent fit of agitation, and glancing about the room, in which there were several people, amongst others two Whig members of Parliament, said, "I am glad you are come, I was just speaking about you. This," said he, addressing the two members, "is so and so, the author of so and so, the well-

known philologist; as I was telling you, I spoke to Lord A . . . . this day about him, and said that he ought forthwith to have the head appointment in . . . .; and what did the fellow say? Why, that there was no necessity for such an appointment at all, and if there were, why . . ., and then he hummed and ha'd. Yes," said he, looking at the writer, "he did indeed. What a scandal! what an infamy! But I see how it will be, it will be a job. The place will be given to some son of a steward or to some quack, as I said before. Oh, these Tories! Well, if this does not make one . . . ." Here he stopped short, crunched his teeth, and looked the image of desperation.

Seeing the poor man in this distressed condition, the writer begged him to be comforted, and not to take the matter so much to heart; but the indignant Radical took the matter very much to heart, and refused all comfort whatever, bouncing about the room, and, whilst his spectacles flashed in the light of four spermaceti candles, exclaiming, "It will be a job—a Tory job! I see it all, I see it all, I see it all!"

And a job it proved, and a very pretty job, but no Tory job; shortly afterwards the Tories were out, and the Whigs were in. From that time the writer heard not a word about the injustice done to the country in not presenting him with the appointment to . . . .; the Radical, however, was busy enough to obtain the appointment, not for the writer, but for himself, and eventually succeeded, partly through Radical influence, and partly through that of a certain

Whig lord, for whom the Radical had done, on a particular occasion, work of a particular kind. So, though the place was given to a quack, and the whole affair a very pretty job, it was one in which the Tories had certainly no hand.

In the meanwhile, however, the friendly Radical did not drop the writer. Oh, no! On various occasions he obtained from the writer all the information he could about the country in question, and was particularly anxious to obtain from the writer, and eventually did obtain, a copy of a work written in the court language of that country, edited by the writer. A language exceedingly difficult, which the writer, at the expense of a considerable portion of his eyesight, had acquired, at least as far as by the eyesight it could be acquired. What use the writer's friend made of the knowledge he had gained from him, and what use he made of the book, the writer can only guess; but he has little doubt that when the question of sending a person to . . . . was mooted in a Parliamentary Committee—which it was at the instigation of the Radical supporters of the writer's friend—the Radical, on being examined about the country, gave the information which he had obtained from the writer as his own, and flashed the book and its singular characters in the eyes of the Committee; and then of course his Radical friends would instantly say, "This is the man! there is no one like him. See what information he possesses; and see that book written by himself in the court language of

Serendib. This is the only man to send there. What a glory, what a triumph it would be to Britain, to send out a man so deeply versed in the mysterious lore of . . . ., as our illustrious countryman; a person who with his knowledge could beat with their own weapons the wise men of . . . . Is such an opportunity to be lost? Oh, no! surely not; if it is, it will be an eternal disgrace to England, and the world will see that Whigs are no better than Tories."

Let no one think the writer uncharitable in these suppositions. The writer is only too well acquainted with the antecedents of the individual, to entertain much doubt that he would shrink from any such conduct, provided he thought that his temporal interest would be forwarded by it. The writer is aware of more than one instance in which he has passed off the literature of friendless young men for his own, after making them a slight pecuniary compensation, and deforming what was originally excellent by interpolations of his own. This was his especial practice with regard to translation, of which he would fain be esteemed the king. This Radical literato is slightly acquainted with four or five of the easier dialects of Europe, on the strength of which knowledge he would fain pass for a universal linguist, publishing translations of pieces originally written in various difficult languages; which translations, however, were either made by himself from literal renderings done for him into French or German, or had been made from the originals into English, by friendless young men, and then deformed by his alterations.

Well, the Radical got the appointment, and the writer certainly did not grudge it him. He, of course, was aware that his friend had behaved in a very base manner towards him, but he bore him no ill-will, and invariably when he heard him spoken against, which was frequently the case, took his part when no other person would; indeed, he could well afford to bear him no ill-will. He had never sought for the appointment, nor wished for it, nor, indeed, ever believed himself qualified for it. He was conscious, it is true, that he was not altogether unacquainted with the language and literature of the country with which the appointment was connected. He was likewise aware that he was not altogether deficient in courage and in propriety of behaviour. He knew that his appearance was not particularly against him; his face not being like that of a convicted pickpocket, nor his gait resembling that of a fox who has lost his tail; yet he never believed himself adapted for the appointment, being aware that he had no aptitude for the doing of dirty work, if called to do it, nor pliancy which would enable him to submit to scurvy treatment, whether he did dirty work or not—requisites, at the time of which he is speaking, indispensable in every British official; requisites, by the by, which his friend, the Radical, possessed in a high degree; but though he bore no ill-will towards his friend, his friend bore anything but good-will towards him; for from the moment that he had obtained the appointment for himself, his mind was filled with the most bitter malignity against the writer, and naturally

enough: for no one ever yet behaved in a base manner towards another, without forthwith conceiving a mortal hatred against him. You wrong another, know yourself to have acted basely, and are enraged, not against yourself—for no one hates himself—but against the innocent cause of your baseness; reasoning very plausibly, "But for that fellow, I should never have been base; for had he not existed I could not have been so, at any rate against him;" and this hatred is all the more bitter, when you reflect that you have been needlessly base.

Whilst the Tories are in power the writer's friend, of his own accord, raves against the Tories because they do not give the writer a certain appointment, and makes, or says he makes, desperate exertions to make them do so; but no sooner are the Tories out, with whom he has no influence, and the Whigs in, with whom he, or rather his party, has influence, than he gets the place for himself, though, according to his own expressed opinion—an opinion with which the writer does not, and never did, concur—the writer was the only person competent to hold it. Now had he, without saying a word to the writer, or about the writer with respect to the employment, got the place for himself when he had an opportunity, knowing, as he very well knew, himself to be utterly unqualified for it, the transaction, though a piece of jobbery, would not have merited the title of a base transaction; as the matter stands, however, who can avoid calling the whole affair not only a piece of—come,

come, out with the word—scoundrelism on the part of the writer's friend, but a most curious piece of uncalled-for scoundrelism? and who, with any knowledge of fallen human nature, can wonder at the writer's friend entertaining towards him a considerable portion of gall and malignity?

This feeling on the part of the writer's friend was wonderfully increased by the appearance of Lavengro, many passages of which the Radical in his foreign appointment applied to himself and family—one or two of his children having gone over to Popery, the rest become members of Mr. Platitude's chapel, and the minds of all being filled with ultra notions of gentility.

The writer, hearing that his old friend had returned to England, to apply, he believes, for an increase of salary, and for a title, called upon him, unwillingly, it is true, for he had no wish to see a person for whom, though he bore him no ill-will, he could not avoid feeling a considerable portion of contempt; the truth is, that his sole object in calling was to endeavour to get back a piece of literary property which his friend had obtained from him many years previously, and which, though he had frequently applied for it, he never could get back. Well, the writer called; he did not get his property, which, indeed, he had scarcely time to press for, being almost instantly attacked by his good friend and his wife—yes, it was then that the author was set upon by an old Radical and his wife—the wife, who looked the very image

of shame and malignity, did not say much, it is true, but encouraged her husband in all he said. Both of their own accord introduced the subject of Lavengro. The Radical called the writer a grumbler, just as if there had ever been a greater grumbler than himself until, by the means above described, he had obtained a place: he said that the book contained a melancholy view of human nature—just as if anybody could look in his face without having a melancholy view of human nature. On the writer quietly observing that the book contained an exposition of his principles; the pseudo-Radical replied, that he cared nothing for his principles—which was probably true, it not being likely that he would care for another person's principles after having shown so thorough a disregard for his own. The writer said that the book, of course, would give offence to humbugs; the Radical then demanded whether he thought him a humbug?—the wretched wife was the Radical's protection, even as he knew she would be; it was on her account that the writer did not kick his good friend; as it was, he looked at him in the face and thought to himself, "How is it possible I should think you a humbug, when only last night I was taking your part in a company in which everybody called you a humbug?"

The Radical, probably observing something in the writer's eye which he did not like, became all on a sudden abjectly submissive, and, professing the highest admiration for the writer, begged him to visit

him in his government; this the writer promised faithfully to do, and he takes the present opportunity of performing his promise.

This is one of the pseudo-Radical calumniators of Lavengro and its author; were the writer on his death-bed he would lay his hand on his heart and say, that he does not believe that there is one trait of exaggeration in the portrait which he has drawn. This is one of the pseudo-Radical calumniators of Lavengro and its author; and this is one of the genus, who, after having railed against jobbery for perhaps a quarter of a century, at present batten on large official salaries which they do not earn. England is a great country, and her interests require that she should have many a well-paid official both at home and abroad; but will England long continue a great country if the care of her interests, both at home and abroad, is in many instances intrusted to beings like him described above, whose only recommendation for an official appointment was that he was deeply versed in the secrets of his party and of the Whigs?

Before he concludes, the writer will take the liberty of saying of Lavengro that it is a book written for the express purpose of inculcating virtue, love of country, learning, manly pursuits, and genuine religion, for example, that of the Church of England, and for awakening a contempt for nonsense of every kind, and a hatred for priestcraft, more especially that of Rome.

And in conclusion, with respect to many passages of his book in which he has expressed himself in terms neither measured nor mealy, he will beg leave to observe, in the words of a great poet, who lived a profligate life it is true, but who died a sincere penitent—thanks, after God, to good Bishop Burnet—

> "All this with indignation I have hurl'd
> At the pretending part of this proud world,
> Who, swollen with selfish vanity, devise
> False freedoms, formal cheats, and holy lies,
> Over their fellow fools to tyrannize."
>
> ROCHESTER.

THE END.

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"Gone, gone are thy gates, Dinas Bran on the height;
Thy warders are blood-crows and ravens I trow.
Now no one would wend from the field of the fight
To the fortress on high save the raven and crow."

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Their language they shall keep;
Their land they shall lose,
Except wild Wales."

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"They move 'gainst the monarch
Whose might makes them pine,
'Gainst the king, the Norse king,
Who keeps court at Utstein:
Flinch'd the king's bark at first,
For they ply'd her right well;
There was hammering on helmets
Ere Haklangr fell."

Harald Harfagr's Drapa.

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"Still be glory unto Odin,
And the ancient Northern brave,
Glorious was the path they trode in,
Following precepts Odin gave;
Glory to the never sparing
Hero of the Kempion songs,
Verland's son, on buckler bearing
Verland's hammer, Verland's tongs."

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The Story of the Daughter of Stroey.
The Story of Klim.
The Story of Prince Vikor.
The Story of Prince Peter.
The Story of Yvashka with the Bear's Ear.

"Prince Ydán, walking about, met a shoemaker, of whom he inquired: 'Do you know any one to whom I can let myself for some kind of work?' The shoemaker replied: 'If you are acquainted with shoemaking, I don't mind hiring you myself.'"

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"Every one beneath the heaven
Should of death expect the day;
And let him whilst life is given
Bright with fame his name array.

"For, amongst the countless number,
In the clay-cold grave at rest,
Lock'd in arms of iron slumber,
Him I call most truly blest."

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WANDERINGS IN QUEST OF MANX LITERATURE.

The Manx have a literature; a native vernacular Gaelic literature. This fact has been frequently denied, but it is now established beyond the possibility of doubt. Some time ago, a gentleman went to Man with the express purpose of discovering whether the Manx had a literature or not. He possessed a slight knowledge of Manx, and was tolerably well acquainted with the Irish and Scotch Gaelic. The Manx tongue, it will be necessary to observe, is called Gailk, and is closely connected with the vernacular speech of the Highlands, and also with that of Ireland, bearing a closer resemblance to the former than the latter; it has, however, certain peculiarities. Amongst others, it has a dual number. The gentleman in question visited every part of the island on foot, and was a great deal amongst the peasantry of the mountainous districts, whose confidence he contrived to win. He was not slow in discovering that they possessed a literature of their own, entirely manuscript. This literature consists of ballads on sacred subjects, which are called "carvals," a corruption of the English word carol. It was formerly the custom in the Isle of Man for young people who thought themselves endowed with the poetic gift to compose carols some time before Christmas, and to recite them in the parish churches. Those pieces which were approved of by the clergy were subsequently chanted by their authors through their immediate neighbourhoods, both before and after the holy festival. Many of these songs have been handed down

by writing to the present time; some of them possess considerable merit, and a printed collection of them would be a curious addition to the literature of Europe. Amongst the most famous of them is the carval of Joseph, the carval of David and Goliah, the carval of the Day of Judgment, and the carval of the Evil Women; this last is a very curious piece, and must certainly have found its way abroad without clerical sanction: it is written in dispraise of women, and will remind the scholar of the poem by Simonides on the same subject. It enumerates all the bad women mentioned in Scripture, and relates their evil actions. "Such are women, such their ways," says the poet. At last he says:—"I will, however, forgive them all, because the mother of Jesus was a woman." It is supposed to have been written by a smuggler and privateer's-man, called Moore, about sixty years ago. Many of these pieces are nearly a century old. The carvals are preserved in uncouth-looking smoke-stained volumes in low farm-houses and cottages, situated in mountain gills and glens. They constitute the genuine literature of Ellan Vannin. The Manx, however, formerly possessed poetry of a widely-different character; it consisted of songs founded on the exploits of Fin Ma Coyle, or Fingal: unfortunately, however, this poetry was never written down, and is now irrevocably lost; only a few snatches of the songs still lingering in the remembrance of some of the very old people, who understand little or no English. The peasantry, however, have still much to say about Fin, or Fingal; and those near Laxey still point out some singular-looking remains of walls on the side of Sleu Leadan, a hill contiguous to Sneefiel, as the ruins of Fin's house, and call a spring on the eastern side of Sneefiel "Fearane Fin Ma Coyle," or Fingal's spring. Of the carval books the gentleman procured two, though not without considerable difficulty, the peasantry not being at all willing in general to part with their volumes. He says that in the whole world there is not a more honest kindly race than the genuine Manx. Towards strangers they exercise unbounded

hospitality without the slightest idea of receiving any compensation, and they are, whether men or women, at any time willing to go two or three miles over mountain and bog to put strangers into the right road. It seems that the Manx language is falling fast into disuse, and it is probable that within sixty years it will have ceased to exist as a spoken language. It is now seldom or never used in churches, except in two or three in the northern district, for example, in those of Jerby and Bilaf. The Manx may occasionally prove of great use to the antiquary and philologist: some knowledge of it is indispensable for understanding some of the inscriptions on the Runic stones; for instance, the one on that which stands on the wall of Michaelkirk yard to the memory of Mal Moro. Who was Mal Moro? Why some principal man of the Morrisons, or Clan Morris. Mal-o-voro, or Mal-o-voirey, in the present Manx stands for Morrison. The literal meaning of it is, "Praise to Mary." The origin of Morris, or Morrison, seems to have been the devoting of a child at his birth to the Virgin Mary. As Mal Moro' means praise to Mary, so Myl-Chreest, a genuine Manx name, means praise to Christ, and originated in a similar manner; it nearly corresponds with the Highland name Gilchrist, which means servant of Christ. Malew, the name of a parish in Man, means praise to Loup, or Lupus, the church having been dedicated to that saint. It is curious enough that the Gaelic name Malcolm may be explained through the Manx. The meaning of Malcolm in English is praise to Columb, the illustrious saint of Iona. Mal, mail, mel, and myl, are all synonymous with the Welsh mawl, praise.

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